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TO

MY FELLOW-AMERICANS

WHO

HATE THE CURSE

OF

THRALL, TYRANNY, USURPATION AND BIGOTRY;

WHO,

AT THE SACRED SHRINE OF TRUTH,

WILL OFFER UP THEIR PREJUDICES, HOW INVETERATE SOEVER,
WHEN HER BRIGHT TORCH ILLUMINATES THEIR MINDS;

WHO,

INHERITING THE INESTIMABLE BLESSINGS

OF

THRICE-HOLY AND REVERED LIBERTY, ACQUIRED BY AN
ARDUOUS STRUGGLE AGAINST A MERE INCIPIENT
DESPOTISM, WILL DEMAND

THE

RECOGNITION OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC

WHICH IS CONTENDING BRAVELY AND HEROICALLY AGAINST AS
CRIMINAL AN OPPRESSION AS EVER TRIED TO CRUSH

A NOBLE AND GENEROUS NATION

WHICH FOR SEVEN CENTURIES HAS STRUGGLED IN THE SAME
GLORIOUS CAUSE AS DID

LEONIDAS, EPAMINONDAS, WILLIAM TELL, LAFAYETTE, HANCOCK,
ADAMS, FRANKLIN AND WASHINGTON,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED.

It is Likewise Dedicated to

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

of

The O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the O'Mores,
The Sarsfields,
The Fitzgeralds, the Shearses, the Emmets,
THE TONES, THE PEARSES,
The Lalors, the Mitchels, the Davises, the Mac Curtins,
the Barrys, the Mac Swineys and
THE GREAT, SPLENDID, FAITHFUL, COMMON PEOPLE
OF IRELAND,

That Dumb Multitudinous Throng
Which Sorrowed
During the Penal Night, Which Bled in '98, Which
Starved in the Famine, and Which is in Ireland
Still—What is Left of It—

With Its Volunteers, Cuman na mBan, Fianna
and Girl Scouts,

UNBOUGHT and UNTERRIFIED.

WHAT MADE IRELAND SINN FEIN

THE CHIEF POLITICAL CONTENT

OF

PEARSE, THE GAEL OF GAELS;

SOMETHING OF

MAC NEILL, IRELAND'S HISTORIAN,

GRIFFITH, IRELAND'S STATISTICIAN,

AND

THE O'RAHILLY, A LEADER OF THE VOLUNTEERS

The Result of a Year's (1919) Study
in Ireland of Sinn Fein

EDITED BY

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(Kevin Stroma Dorbene)

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A Word of Thanks

Here I desire to express my gratitude to Mr. William J. Reid, of Boston, an American without a drop of Irish blood in his veins, who so liberally assisted me in the publication of this work; to Sean and Eileen Foley, for constant inspiration; to Art Joyce, for assistance in proof-reading; and to Dennis Driscoll, for aid beyond words; lastly, to the printer, Mr. John F. Harrigan, Ireland's devoted friend.

J. X. R.

Boston, Mass., 1921.

INTRODUCTION

Even those heretofore unattracted by the sacrifices that have starred the recent years of Irish history are now being held and stirred by the heroic witnesses coming forward wave after wave in testimony of a people's right and duty to live their own lives. They clamor for information. They are eager to know something of Ireland's history. They are avid of learning its salient facts quickly. And their chief query is, *"What is the best history of Ireland?"*

I do not know of any adequate reply to this important query unless it is contained, indirectly, in the observation of Padraic Pearse that the student of Irish affairs who does not know Irish literature is ignorant of the awful intensity of the Irish desire for Separation as he is ignorant of one of the chief forces which make Separation inevitable, and directly, one may almost aver, in the writings of Pearse himself. Boldly I make the claim that the best short history of Ireland, the history that is most vital and psychological, the history containing the supreme synthesis of Eire's story, is to be had in Padraic Pearse's writings. Bold and novel as this claim may appear, its justice cannot, I think, be assailed. Not professedly a history, still his writings comprehend the very marrow of Ireland's gallant and sorrowful story. Very many of the books which profess to be histories of Ireland are the products of hostile minds, or minds lacking in sympathetic knowledge, or minds that were not thoroughly Gaelic. But Padraic Pearse's mind was Gaelic in its every fibre. Some one has said that the ancient and medieval and modern Gaelic currents meet in Pearse. I would go farther and maintain that they are concentrated in this truly great Gael. Even the most casual study

of Pearse's writings must compel the judgment that his are the thoughts of a spiritual and catholic mind; the ideals of a mind generous and refined, the expressions of a mind at once faithful, tender and robust,—all the qualities that distinguish the historic Gaelic mind. No Irishman so vividly or so eloquently impressed the temper, the vision, and the genius of the Gaelic mind on what he did and what he wrote as did Pearse.

Professor Eoin Mac Neill in his scholarly work, *"Phases of Irish History,"* undoubtedly evinces the Gaelicness of his mind. At the end of this book he states and answers an obvious objection that occurs to the student of Irish history. Because this passage is so valuable, so just and so noble I cannot refrain from citing it here in full. He says:

"What I have said of Irish institutions has of necessity taken often the form of an apologia; of necessity, because I have found the balance heavily weighted down. But, one may object, there must have been some radical defect in this ancient civilisation; otherwise its inherent soundness would have been more secure against either castles or saltpetre. How came it that a brave and intelligent and energetic people did not keep itself in the forefront of western development?

"My answer to that is, that Ireland was ruled by a patrician class—and that is not all, for other countries have made remarkable progress under a patrician rule. The Irish nobility were rendered incapable of using their intelligence to profit with the times by one defect—they were perhaps the most intensely proud class of men that ever existed. The pride was bred in their bones. It came to them out of an immemorial past. The history of the Gaelic peoples falls into cycles of four centuries, beginning with our earliest knowledge of the Celts in the Hallstatt Period. There are four centuries of conquest, expansion and domination, before the Celts came to Ireland. By this time, pride of race was already their dominant sentiment.

"Four centuries more established the Celtic rule in Ireland.

Their rule in Ireland remained secure during four centuries of Roman domination in Gaul and Britain. During four centuries of Germanic invasion and conquest, Ireland stood intact. After four centuries of Norse supremacy over neighboring seas and islands, Ireland emerged unconquered. Two thousand years of unbroken sway may suffice to set pride above prudence in the traditions of any class. At the end of another cycle, when the Irish nobles were scattered over Europe, the nobility of their bearing and the distinction of their manners won admiration for them in every land but one.

"This intense pride is blazoned on the pages of our medieval literature, in annals, genealogies, stories, poems. The poets lived by ministering to it.

"Too much pride blinded the native rulers of Ireland to the insecurity of their state, and made them careless of their safety, and neglectful of the measures it required. Glorying in the long vista of the past, they did not look before them. They were conservative, inadaptable, unproviding. Herein lay the fatal weakness of medieval Ireland." (PP. 354, 355)

And in the same book Eoin Mac Neill writes thus of Irish nationality:

"You will not find anywhere in Europe during that age (the twelfth century) *any approach towards the definite and concrete sense of nationality—of country and people in one—which is the common expression of the Irish mind in that age. Beginning with the sixth century chronicle, every Irish history is a history of Ireland—there is not one history of a tribal territory or of any grouping of tribal territories. Every Irish law-book is a book of the laws of Ireland—there are no territorial laws and no provincial laws. The whole literature is pervaded by the notion of one country common to all Irishmen. So far as Mr. Orpen's statement is concerned with the expression of historical truth, it has this much of truth—that neither in Ireland nor in any other country was the modern sentiment of political nationality fully formed in the popular mind. Mr. Orpen goes on to contrast Irish localism with the centralised*

monarchies of Europe. Let us hope he does not imagine that any one of these centralised monarchies was the expression of the sentiment of country in the popular mind or in the mind of the ruler. It is true that the sentiment of country sometimes obtained its delimitation from centralised power—but the sentiments which found expression in centralised power were those of fear on the one side and domination on the other; and students who study medieval history with a map will quickly apprehend that these two sentiments, fear and domination, shaped the boundaries of country in defiance of the sentiments connected with country, race, language, nationality. In Ireland, on the other hand, we find the clear development of the national consciousness, associated with the country, to a degree that is found nowhere else . . . the Irish people stand singular and eminent in those times, from the fifth century forward, as the possessors of an intense national consciousness. (PP. 246-248)

But indisputably no contemporary Irishman knew and expressed Irish history so accurately, briefly, and interestingly as Pearse. He reflected the thoughts of Tone, of Mitchel, of Lalor, and of Davis, the highest exponents, the authentic voices of the national tradition. He loved them, pondered them, knew them by heart. His own living, fresh phrases and memorable utterances are the foil on which he gives us, often in their own words, the aims and ideals, the thoughts and the principles of these, *"the fathers of the national faith,"* as he calls them. In swift, vivid phrases Pearse pours out from his own burning, kindred spirit contagious admiration for the outstanding names in Irish history. Of Tone he says: *"He was the greatest of Irish nationalists; I believe he was the greatest of Irish men . . . he made articulate the dumb voices of the centuries, he gave Ireland a clear and precise and worthy concept of nationality. . . . Thinker and doer, dreamer of the immortal dream and doer of the immortal deed. . . . This man's soul was a burning flame, a flame so ardent, so generous, so pure, that to come into communion with it is to come unto a new baptism,*

unto a new regeneration and cleansing." Of Mitchel he writes: *"Mitchel was of the stuff of which the great prophets and ecstatics have been made. He did really hold converse with God; he did really deliver God's word to man, deliver it fiery-tongued. Mitchel's is the last of the four gospels of the new testament of Irish nationality, the last and the fieriest and the most sublime. It flames with apocalyptic wrath, such wrath as there is nowhere else in literature."* He writes of Lalor: *"Lalor was a fiery spirit, as of some angelic missionary, imprisoned for a few years in a very frail tenement, drawing his earthly breath in pain; but strong with a great spiritual strength and gifted with a mind which had the trenchant beauty of steel. What he had to say for his people (and for all mankind) was said in a very few words. No one who wrote as little as Lalor has ever written so well."* And of Davis he writes: *"Davis was the first of modern Irishmen to make explicit the truth that a nationality is a spirituality . . . a very great man, one of our greatest men. None of his contemporaries had any doubt about his greatness. He was the greatest influence among them, and the noblest influence; and he has been the greatest and noblest influence in Irish history since Tone. . . . The highest form of genius is the genius for sanctity, the genius for noble life and thought. That genius was Davis's. Character is the greatest thing in man; and Davis's character was such as the Apollo Belvidere is said to be in the physical order,—in his presence all men stood more erect."*

Pearse also compares, discriminates, and contrasts all the great leaders in Irish history. He describes and traces the whole philosophy of Irish nationality with a splendid conciseness, shows its origin, its continuity, its inevitability, how the past is the forerunner of the present, the present the growth of the past, and proves that the chain of the Separatist tradition never once snapped during the centuries. He declares, and I do not think his statement can be justly denied, that the Irish mind "is the clearest mind that has ever applied itself to the

consideration of nationality and of national freedom." Time and time again he insists upon the antiquity, the spirituality, the unchangeability, the fixity, the determinateness, the continuity, the indestructibility of Irish nationality. His searching intellect "has quickened the dead years and all the quiet dust."

For Pearse's style, the essays contained in this volume will probably speak better than elaborate comment. It is a style with life and distinction; is terse and impressive; everywhere permeated with the Gaelic note and spirit. Gaelic in every pulse of his being, Pearse is rich in spirituality, in ethical fervor. Characterised by that natural and noble simplicity which is the hallmark of the highest art, his language is eminently lucid and virile, the vehicle of thought never superficial but always profound and philosophical. Indeed it is difficult to speak of his style with restraint. Natural and unaffected as those who knew him have told me he was, it has a glow and loftiness that belong only to the master, a fire and music that are associated only with a man who has lived his subject, whose life followed the lead whole-heartedly of one transcendent idea, the independence of his country, with all it implies, imports and connotes, a man who died for what he had lived, Ireland. As he wrote a few hours before death:

"I have lived and loved and labored
With a patriot's heart and will,
That the dawning years might find thee
Fearless and unfettered still."

Ireland's magnificent past, a past with a splendor and magnificence and beauty practically unknown to the modern world, haunted Padraic Pearse like a passion,—her folk-lore, her heroes, and her martyrs were all to him

"An appetite, a feeling and a love."

This old civilisation of Ireland so splendid in its traditions and its achievements he loved with an exceeding great love. Early

in life, in his teens still, Pearse clearly perceived that only in a free Ireland should or could there be scope for the grand, noble ideals of the Gael. In his *"Future of the Gael"* he showed how vivid was his sensing of the modern world's yearning need of these ideals. Living and communing with Ireland's greatest he resolved to follow the path they trod. His resolution made, he never deviated by one hair's breadth from his supreme purpose, never suffered any influence to interfere with or deflect his efforts from freeing his country.

In every generation it has been the impetus of the Irish tradition that has flung forward the Tones and the Pearses, or rather of what Pearse called *"the repositories of the Irish tradition, as well the spiritual tradition of nationality as the kindred tradition of stubborn physical resistance to England . . . the great, splendid, faithful, common people,—that dumb multitudinous throng which sorrowed during the penal night, which bled in '98, which starved in the famine; and which is here still—what is left of it—unbought and unterrified. Let no man be mistaken as to who will be lord in Ireland when Ireland is free. The people will be lord and master. The people who wept in Gethsemane, who trod the sorrowful way, who died naked on a cross, who went down into hell, will rise again glorious and immortal, will sit on the right hand of God, and will come in the end to give judgment, a judge just and terrible."* I think it was Duffy who said "two things fashion their own channel, the strong man and the waterfall." Pearse in the present generation was the strong man because he was a thinker—his was a telescopic and microscopic intellect. His words were sanctified by the grace of pure Gaelic thought. The truth, obvious or recondite, Pearse loved. The philosophy of things, the profound and ultimate reasons, effects far and remote from their causes this true Noble among men dug for with the unremitting energy, patience, and persistence of the scholar. One star, one criterion alone guided him as erect he advanced through life—Truth. And his intellect was too steady, too well-balanced, too sound to play the fool about or

disregard very simple, palpable facts. He saw that the many did this to their intellectual degradation. And like the foremost lovers of Truth he never ran away from it in times of danger for the shelter of expediency or selfish prudence. His devotion to Truth and Justice he sealed by his splendid death. Pearse saw life clearly and he saw it whole.

Is it any wonder, then, that I maintain that the arresting facts of Ireland's history so superbly enunciated by Padraic Pearse, his unexcelled proclamation of Irish truths, his unmistakably complete harmony and kinship with "all that was olden and beautiful and Gaelic in Ireland," in a word, the utter Gaelicness of all he thought, wrote, spoke, and did, were What Made Ireland Sinn Fein? He but spoke the ancient, unbroken, holy tradition of Ireland to her men and women of his time and day but his voice rang out at an hour when the tide of English ideas was gaining on the shores of Irish life, and he spoke it with a purer accent than had yet been heard in the modern world. From November, 1919, to October, 1920, I was in Ireland with the specific purpose of studying the genesis and genius of Sinn Fein. I may almost put this down as my ultimate conclusion that the sum total of my experience was the absorption of the content of Pearse, his life and teaching. I saw that it was Pearse's ideas and ideals, or rather, I should say, the ideas and ideals that are the rich inheritance of Irish national tradition and which Pearse taught and lived with such passionate, Gaelic sincerity that had awakened and fired the soul of a whole people. I saw that it was chiefly due to Pearse's influence that the instinct for liberty which I beheld everywhere in Ireland was so practical and so intense, in AE. and the humblest Volunteer, in north, south, east, and west alike. I came into contact with a fearless people inflexibly resolute after seven centuries of oppression probably unparalleled; I mingled in intimate intercourse with a people gay and buoyant despite a tornado of inhuman repression, raids, arrests, murders, the trying ordeal of a pandemonium of ruthlessness. And their hopes and thoughts were Pearse's, their dynamic

maxims Pearse's, the unconquerable hope they nursed was that nursed by all the heroic generations of Ireland.

The more one studies the writings of Pearse, the more one is convinced,—one may almost say,—so deeply had he absorbed the Gaelic spirit, so true a Gael was he,—that to be familiar with Pearse is to be familiar with the Gaelic tradition, to know Pearse's mind is to know the Gaelic mind. And with no desire to detract from the considerable contributions of others in previous generations and in the present, I cannot but believe that Pearse's influence, especially as exerted on the political and national thought of his country was largest, as probably his opportunity was greatest. Even from the viewpoint of summary I am not contending that Pearse's writings exhaust the subject of Irish history, but, in my judgment, they go farther than any other in presenting and expounding a synthetic, comprehensive, true view of it, the philosophy of it.

When in addition to all this we find Pearse's writings strikingly earnest, always interesting, without monotony or diffuseness, with predictions that have been verified by subsequent events, I venture to declare that they will be the chief classics of Irish nationality. Masterful is his performance, and unless we realise something of what it means in all its aspects, we cannot justly appreciate either the Ireland of the centuried conflict or the fighting Ireland of today. It was a performance, to which Irishmen, unless false to themselves and recreant to all their traditions, could not fail to respond, one which only a man who had been gifted with Gaelic vision and had verily become Gaelic tradition incarnated, could conceive and achieve; so extensive in its influence not only upon Irish minds all over the world but also upon human thought and endeavor that future ages may well wonder at the wisdom, the intellectual and moral stature of the man.

To men who place honor above riches, sincerity above fame, the climbing up steep ways to justice rather than the easy swim with the current, the hopes and the projects, the

ideals and the deeds of pure-souled men like Padraic Pearse will have perennial interest.

As supplementary to Pearse's writings I conjoin some important articles by Professor Mac Neill, Arthur Griffith, and The O'Rahilly.

Some results from a little research into our American past I also include as valuable against attacks of pseudo-Americans.

JOHN X. REGAN, M.A.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 1920.

GHOSTS *

P. H. Pearse
St. Enda's College,
Rathfarnham,
Christmas Day, 1915.

I.

THERE has been nothing more terrible in Irish history than the failure of the last generation. Other generations have failed in Ireland, but they have failed nobly; or, failing ignobly, some man among them has redeemed them from infamy by the splendor of his protest. But the failure of the last generation has been mean and shameful, and no man has arisen from it to say or do a splendid thing in virtue of which it shall be forgiven. The whole episode is squalid. It will remain the one sickening chapter in a story which, gallant or sorrowful, has everywhere else some exaltation of pride.

"Is mairg do-ghní go holc agus bhíos bocht ina dhiaidh," says the Irish proverb. "Woe to him that doeth evil and is poor after it." The men who have led Ireland for twenty-five years have done evil, and they are bankrupt. They are bankrupt in policy, bankrupt in credit, bankrupt now even in words. They have nothing to propose to Ireland, no way of wisdom, no counsel of courage. When they speak they speak only

* (Preface—Here be ghosts that I have raised this Christmastide, ghosts of dead men that have bequeathed a trust to us living men. Ghosts are troublesome things in a house or in a family, as we knew even before Ibsen taught us. There is only one way to appease a ghost. You must do the thing it asks you. The ghosts of a nation sometimes ask very big things, and they must be appeased whatever the cost. Of the shade of the Norwegian dramatist I beg forgiveness for a plagiaristic, but inevitable, title.)

untruth and blasphemy. Their utterances are no longer the utterances of men. They are the mumblings and the gibberings of lost souls.

One finds oneself wondering what sin these men have been guilty of that so great a shame should come upon them. Is it that they are punished with loss of manhood because in their youth they committed a crime against manhood? . . . Does the ghost of Parnell hunt them to their damnation?

Even had the men themselves been less base, their failure would have been inevitable. When one thinks over the matter for a little one sees that they have built upon an untruth. They have conceived of nationality as a material thing, whereas it is a spiritual thing. They have made the same mistake that a man would make if he were to forget that he has an immortal soul. They have not recognised in their people the image and likeness of God. Hence, the nation to them is not all holy, a thing inviolate and inviolable, a thing that a man dare not sell or dishonor on pain of eternal perdition. They have thought of nationality as a thing to be negotiated about as men negotiate about a tariff or about a trade route, rather than as an immediate jewel to be preserved at all peril, a thing so sacred that it may not be brought into the market places at all or spoken of where men traffic.

He who builds on lies rears only lies. The untruth that nationality is corporeal, a thing defined by statutes and guaranteed by mutual interests, is at the base of the untruth that freedom, which is the condition of a hale nationality, is a status to be conceded rather than a glory to be achieved; and of the other untruth that it can ever be lawful in the interest of empire, in the interest of wealth, in the interest of quiet living, to forego the right to freedom. The contrary is the truth. Freedom, being a spiritual necessity, transcends all corporal necessities, and when freedom is being considered interests should not be spoken of. Or, if the terms of the countinghouse be the ones that are best understood, let us put it that it is the highest interest of a nation to be free.

Like a divine religion, national freedom bears the marks of unity, of sanctity, of catholicity, of apostolic succession. Of unity, for it contemplates the nation as one; of sanctity, for it is holy in itself and in those who serve it; of catholicity, for it embraces all the men and women of the nation; of apostolic succession, for it, or the aspiration after it, passes down from generation to generation from the nation's fathers. A nation's fundamental idea of freedom is not affected by the accidents of time and circumstance. It does not vary with the centuries, or with the comings and goings of men or of empires. The substance of truth does not change, nor does the substance of freedom. Yesterday's definition of both the one and the other is today's definition and will be tomorrow's. As the body of truth which a true church teaches can neither be increased nor diminished—though truths implicit in the first definition may be made explicit in later definitions—so a true definition of freedom remains constant; it cannot be added to, or subtracted from or varied in its essentials, though things implicit in it may be made explicit by a later definition. If the definition can be varied in its essentials, or added to, or subtracted from, it was not a true definition in the first instance.

To be concrete, if we today are fighting for something either greater than or less than the thing our fathers fought for, either our fathers did not fight for freedom at all, or we are not fighting for freedom. If I do not hold the faith of Tone, and if Tone was not a heretic, then I am. If Tone said "Break the connection with England," and if I say "Maintain the connection with England," I may be preaching a saner (as I am certainly preaching a safer) gospel than his, but I am obviously not preaching the same gospel.

Now what Tone taught, and the fathers of our national faith before and after Tone, is ascertainable. It stands recorded. It has fulness, it has clarity, the sufficiency and definiteness of dogma. It lives in great and memorable

phrases, a grandiose national faith. They, too, have left us their Credo.

The Irish mind is the clearest mind that has ever applied itself to the consideration of nationality and of national freedom. A chance phrase of Keating's might almost stand as a definition. He spoke of Ireland as "domhan beag innti féin," a little world in herself. It was characteristic of Irish-speaking men that when they thought of the Irish nation they thought less of its outer forms and pomps than of the inner thing which was its soul. They recognised that the Irish life was the thing that mattered, and that, the Irish life dead, the Irish nation was dead. But they recognised that freedom was the essential condition of a vigorous Irish life. And for freedom they raised their ranns; for freedom they stood in battle through five bloody centuries.

II.

Irish nationality is an ancient spiritual tradition, one of the oldest and most august traditions in the world. Politically, Ireland's claim has been for freedom in order to the full and perpetual life of that tradition. The generations of Ireland have gone into battle for no other thing. To the Irish mind for more than a thousand years freedom has had but one definition. It has meant not a limited freedom, a freedom conditioned by the interests of another nation, a freedom compatible with the suzerain authority of a foreign parliament, but absolute freedom, the sovereign control of Irish destinies. It has meant not the freedom of a class, but the freedom of a people. It has meant not the freedom of a geographical fragment of Ireland, but the freedom of all Ireland, of every sod of Ireland.

And the freedom thus defined has seemed to the Irish the most desirable of all earthly things. They have valued it more than land, more than wealth, more than ease, more than empire.

"Fearr bheith i mbarraibh fuairbheann
I bhfeitheamh shuainghearr ghrinnmhear,
Ag seilg troda ar fhéinn eachtrann
'Gá bhfuil fearann bhur sinnsear,"

said Angus Mac Daighre O'Daly. "Better to be on the tops of the cold bens keeping watch, short of sleep yet gladsome, urging fight against the foreign soldiery that hold your fathers' land." And Fearflatha O'Gnive spoke for the generations that preferred exile to slavery:

"Má thug an deonughadh dhi
Sacsa nua darbh' ainm Eire
Bheith re a linn-si i láimh bíodhbhadh,
Do'n inse is cáir ceileabhradh."

"If Thou has consented (O God) that there be a new England named Ireland, to be ever in the grip of a foe, then to this isle we must bid farewell."

I make the contention that the national demand of Ireland is fixed and determined; that that demand has been made by every generation; that we of this generation receive it as a trust from our fathers; that we are bound by it; that we have not the right to alter it or to abate it by one jot or tittle; and that any undertaking made in the name of Ireland to accept in full satisfaction of Ireland's claim anything less than the generations of Ireland have stood for is null and void, binding on Ireland neither by the law of God nor by the law of nations.

A nation can bind itself by treaty to do or to forego specific things, as a man can bind himself by contract; but no treaty which places a nation's body and soul in the power of another nation, no treaty which abnegates a nation's nationhood, is binding on that nation, any more than a contract of perpetual slavery is binding on an individual. If in a drunken frolic or in mere abject unmanliness I sell myself and my posterity to a slaveholder to have and to hold as a chattel property to himself and his heirs, am I bound by the contract?

Are my children bound by it? Can any legal contract make a wrong thing binding? And if not, can a contract executed in my name, but without my express or implied authority, make a wrong thing binding on me and on my children's children?

Ireland's historic claim is for Separation. Ireland has authorised no man to abate that claim. The man who, in the name of Ireland, accepts as "a final settlement" anything less by one fraction of an iota than Separation from England will be repudiated by the new generation as surely as O'Connell was repudiated by the generation that came after him. The man who, in return for the promise of a thing which is not merely less than Separation but which denies Separation and proclaims the Union perpetual, the man who, in return for this, declares peace between Ireland and England and sacrifices to England as a peace-holocaust the blood of fifty thousand Irishmen, is guilty of so immense an infidelity, so immense a crime against the Irish nation, that one can only say of him that it were better for that man (as it were certainly better for his country) that he had not been born.

I have proved this terrible infidelity against a living Irishman, against all who have supported him, against the majority of Irishmen who are now past middle life, if I can establish that the historic claim of Ireland has been for Separation. And I proceed to establish this.

III.

It will be conceded to me that the Irish who opposed the landing of the English in 1169 were Separatists. Else why oppose those who came to annex? It will be conceded that the twelve generations of the Irish nation, the "mere Irish" of the English state-papers, who maintained a winning fight against English domination in Ireland from 1169 to 1509 (roughly speaking), were Separatist generations. The Irish princes who brought over Edward Bruce and made him King

of Ireland were plainly Separatists. The Mac Murrough who hammered the English for fifty years and twice out-generalled and out-fought an English king was obviously a Separatist. The turbulence of Shane O'Neill becomes understandable when it is realised that he was a Separatist: Separatists are apt, from of old, to be cranky and sore-headed. The Fitzmaurice who brought the Spaniards to Smerwick Harbor was a mere Separatist: he was one of the pro-Spaniards of those days,—Separatists are always pro-Something which the English disapprove. That proud dissembling O'Neill and that fiery O'Donnell who banded the Irish and the Anglo-Irish against the English, who brought the Spaniards to Kinsale, who fought the war that, but for a guide losing his way, would have been known as the Irish War of Separation, were, it will be granted, Separatists. Rory O'More was uncommonly like a Separatist. Owen Roe O'Neill was admittedly a Separatist, the leader of the Separatist Party in the Confederation of Kilkenny. When O'Neill sent his veterans into the battle-gap at Benburb with the words "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, charge for Ireland!" the word Ireland had for him a very definite meaning. If Sarsfield fought technically for an English king, the popular literature of the day leaves no doubt that in the people's mind he stood for Separation, and that it was not an English faction but the Irish nation that rallied behind the walls of Limerick. So, up to 1691 Ireland was Separatist.

IV.

During the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century a miracle wrought itself. So does the germ of Separation inhere in the soil of Ireland that the very Cromwellians and Williamites were infected with it. The Palesmen began to realise themselves as part of the Irish nation, and in the fulness of time they declared themselves Separatists. While this process was slowly accomplishing itself, the authentic

voice of Ireland is to be sought in her literature. And that literature is a Separatist literature. The "secret songs" of the dispossessed Irish are the most fiercely Separatist utterances in any literature. Not until Mitchel did Anglo-Irish literature catch up that Irish vehemence. The poet of the "Roman Vision" sang of the Ireland that was to be:

"No man shall be bound unto England
Nor hold friendship with dour Scotsmen,
There shall be no place in Ireland for outlanders,
Nor any recognition for the English speech."

The prophetic voice of Mitchel seems to ring in this:

"The world hath conquered, the wind hath scattered like dust
Alexander, Cæsar, and all that shared their sway,
Tara is grass, and behold how Troy lieth low,—
And even the English, perchance their hour will come!"

An unknown poet, seeing the corpse of an Englishman hanging on a tree, sings:

"Good is thy fruit, O tree!
The luck of thy fruit on every bough!
Would that the trees of Inisfail
Were full of thy fruit every day!"

The poet of the "Druimfhionn Donn Dílis" cries:

"The English I'd rend as I'd rend an old brogue,
And that's how I'd win me the Druimfhionn Donn Og!"

I do not defend this blood-thirstiness any more than I apologise for it. I simply point it out as the note of a literature.

Finally, when the poet of the "Róisín Dubh" declares that

"The Erne shall rise in rude torrents, hills shall be rent,
The sea shall roll in red waves, and blood be poured out,
Every mountain glen in Ireland, and the bogs shall quake,"

is it to be supposed that these apocalyptic disturbances are to usher in merely a statutory legislation subordinate to the imperial parliament at Westminster whose supreme authority over Ireland shall remain unimpaired "anything in this Act notwithstanding"?

The student of Irish affairs who does not know Irish literature is ignorant of the awful intensity of the Irish desire for Separation as he is ignorant of one of the chief forces which make Separation inevitable.

V.

The first man who spoke, or seemed to speak, for Ireland and who was not a Separatist was Henry Grattan. And it was against Henry Grattan's Constitution that Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen rose. Thus the Pale made common cause with the Gael and declared itself Separatist. It will be conceded that Wolfe Tone was a Separatist: he is *The* Separatist. It will be conceded that Robert Emmet was a Separatist. O'Connell was not a Separatist; but, as the United Irishmen revolted against Grattan, Young Ireland revolted against O'Connell. And Young Ireland, in its final development, was Separatist. To Young Ireland belong three of the great Separatist voices. After Young Ireland the Fenians; and it will be admitted that the Fenians were Separatists. They guarded themselves against future misrepresentation by calling themselves the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

It thus appears that Ireland has been Separatist up to the beginning of the generation that is now growing old. Separa-

tism, in fact, is the national position. Whenever an Irish leader has taken up a position different from the national position he has been repudiated by the next generation. The United Irishmen repudiated Grattan. The Young Irelanders repudiated O'Connell. The Irish Volunteers have repudiated Mr. Redmond.

The chain of the Separatist tradition has never once snapped during the centuries. Veterans of Kinsale were in the '41; veterans of Benburb followed Sarsfield. The poets kept the fires of the nation burning from Limerick to Dungannon. Napper Tandy of the Volunteers was Napper Tandy of the United Irishmen. The Russell of 1803 was the Russel of 1798. The Robert Holmes of '98 and 1803 lived to be a Young Irelander. Three Young Irelanders were the founders of Fenianism. The veterans of Fenianism stand today with the Irish Volunteers. So the end of the Separatist tradition is not yet.

VI.

It would be very instructive to examine in its breadth and depth, in its connotations as well as its denotations, the Irish definition of freedom; and I propose to do this in a sequel to the present essay. For my immediate purpose it is sufficient to state that definition merely as a principle involving essentially the idea of Independence, Separation, a distinct and unfettered national existence.

The conception of an Irish nation has been developed in modern times chiefly by four great minds. On a little reflection one comes to see that what has been contributed by other minds has been almost entirely by way of explanation and illustration of what has been laid down by the four master minds; that the four have been the Fathers, and that the others are just their commentarists. Accordingly, when I have named the four names, there will be hardly any need to name any other names. Indeed, it will be difficult to think of names that

can be named in the same breath with these, difficult to think of men who have reached anything like the same stature or who have stretched out even half as far.

The names are those of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Davis, James Fintan Lalor, and John Mitchel.

It is a question here of political thinkers, not of mere political leaders. O'Connell was a more effective political leader than either Lalor or Mitchel, but no one gives O'Connell a place in the history of political thought. He did not propound, he did not even attempt to propound, any body of political truths. He was a political strategist of extraordinary ability, a rhetorician of almost superhuman power. But we owe no political doctrine to O'Connell except the obviously untrue doctrine that liberty is too dearly purchased at the price of a single drop of blood. The political position of O'Connell—his falling back on the treaty of 1782-3—was not the statement of any national principle, the embodiment of any political truth,—it was an able, though as it happened, unsuccessful, strategical move.

Parnell must be considered. If one had to add a fifth to the four I have named, the fifth would inevitably be Parnell. Now Parnell was less a political thinker than an embodied conviction; a flame that seared, a sword that stabbed. He deliberately disclaimed political theories, deliberately confined himself to political action. He did the thing that lay nearest to his hand, struck at the English with such weapons as were available. His instinct was a Separatist instinct; and, far from being prepared to accept Home Rule as a "final settlement between the two nations," he was always careful to make it clear that, whether Home Rule came or did not come, the way must be left open for the achievement of the greater thing. In 1885 he said:

"It is given to none of us to forecast the future, and just as it is impossible for us to say in what way or by what means the national question may be settled—in what way full justice may be done to Ireland—so it is impossible for us to say to

what extent that justice should be done. We cannot ask for less than the restitution of Grattan's Parliament, with its important privileges and wide and far-reaching constitution. We cannot, under the British constitution, ask for more than the restitution of Grattan's Parliament, but no man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation. No man has a right to say "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further"; and we have never attempted to fix the *ne plus ultra* to the progress of Ireland's nationhood, and we never shall. But, gentlemen, while we leave these things to time, circumstances, and the future, we must each one of us resolve in our own hearts that we shall at all times do everything that within us lies to obtain for Ireland the fullest measure of her rights. In this way we shall avoid difficulties and contentions amongst each other. In this way we shall not give up anything which the future may put in favor of our country; and while we struggle today for that which may seem possible for us without combination, we must struggle for it with the proud consciousness that we shall not do anything to hinder or prevent better men who may come after us from gaining better things than those for which we now contend."

And again, in the same year:

"Ireland a nation! Ireland has been a nation: she is a nation; and she shall be a nation. . . . England will respect you in proportion as you and we respect ourselves. They will not give anything to Ireland out of justice or righteousness. They will concede you your liberties and your rights when they must and no sooner. . . . We can none of us do more than strive for that which may seem attainable to-day; but we ought at the same time to recollect that we should not impede or hamper the march of our nation; and although our programme may be limited and small, it should be such a one as shall not prevent hereafter the fullest realisation of the hopes of Ireland; and we shall, at least if we keep this principle in mind, have this consolation that, while we may have done something to enable Ireland in some measure to retain her posi-

tion as a nation, to strengthen her position as a nation, we shall have done nothing to hinder others who may come after us from taking up the work with perhaps greater strength, ability, power, and advantages than we possess, and from pushing to that glorious and happy conclusion which is embodied in the words of the toast which I now ask you to drink—'Ireland a nation!'"

These words justify me in summoning the pale and angry ghost of Parnell to stand beside the ghosts of Tone and Davis and Lalor and Mitchel. If words mean anything, these mean that to Parnell the final and inevitable and infinitely desirable goal of Ireland was Separation; and that those who thought it prudent and feasible, as he did, to proceed to Separation by Home Rule must above all things do nothing that might impair the Separatist position or render the future task of the Separatists more difficult. Of Parnell it may be said with absolute truth that he never surrendered the national position. His successors have surrendered it. They have written on his monument in Dublin those noble words of his, that no man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation; and then they have accepted the Home Rule Act as "a final settlement" between Ireland and England. It is as if a man were to write on a monument "I believe in God and in Life Everlasting" and then to sell his chance of Heaven to the Evil One for a purse, not of gold, but of I. O. U.'s.

If I could think of any other name that, with due regard for proportion, could be named with the great names, I should name it and proceed to examine its claims. But I can think of no other name. I can think of heroic leaders like Emmet; I can think of brilliant rhetoricians like Meagher; I can think of able and powerful publicists like Duffy; I can think of secret organisers like Stephens: and all these were Separatist. But I cannot think of anyone who has left behind him a *body of teaching* that requires to be examined. Emmet's mind was as great as any of the four minds except Tone's; but we have not its fruits; only an indication of its riches in his speech from the

dock, and of its strength and sanity in the draft proclamation for his Provisional Government.

I can think, again, of three great political thinkers of Anglo-Ireland before Tone: Berkeley, Swift, and Burke. And from the writings of these three I could construct the case for Irish Separatism. But this would be irrelevant to my purpose. I am seeking to find, not those who have thought most wisely about Ireland, but those who have thought most authentically for Ireland, the voices that have come out of the Irish struggle itself. And those voices, subject to what I have said as to Parnell, are the voices of Tone, of Davis, of Lalor, of Mitchel.

Let us see what they have said.

VII.

First, Tone. Of 1790:

"I made speedily what was to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our Government, and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connection with England lasted."

Of 1791:

"It (a communication from Russell) immediately set me on thinking more seriously than I had yet done upon the state of Ireland. I soon formed my theory, and on that theory I have invariably acted ever since.

"To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to break the connection with England, the never failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in the place of the

denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means."

I hold all Irish nationalism to be implicit in these words. Davis was to make explicit certain things here implicit, Lalor certain other things; Mitchel was to thunder the whole in words of apocalyptic wrath and splendor. But the Credo is here: "I believe in One Irish Nation and that Free."

And before his judges Tone thus testified:

"I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, while it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries."

Next Davis:

" . . . Will she (England) allow us, for good or ill, to govern ourselves, and see if we cannot redress our own griefs. 'No, never, never,' she says, 'though all Ireland cried for it—never! Her fields shall be manured with the shattered limbs of her sons, and her hearths quenched in their blood; but never, while England has a ship or a soldier, shall Ireland be free.'

"And this is your answer? We shall see—we shall see!

"And now, Englishmen, listen to us! Though you were to-morrow to give us the best tenures on earth—though you were to equalize Presbyterian, Catholic, and Episcopalian—though you were to give us the amplest representation in your Senate—though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs—and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources

of your genius to do us worship and honor—still we tell you—we tell you, in the names of liberty and country—we tell you, in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls, and fearless spirits—we tell you, by the past, the present, and the future, we would spurn your gifts, if the condition were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you, and all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war—we tell you, in the name of Ireland, that Ireland shall be a Nation!"

Lest it may be pretended (as it has been pretended) that the nationhood thus claimed in the name of Ireland by this passionate Nationalist was a mere statutory "nationhood," federalism or something less, I quote a passage which makes it clear that Davis (loyally though he supported the official policy of the *Nation,* which at that stage did not go beyond Repeal) was thinking all the time of a sovereign independent Ireland. Urging the need of foreign alliances for Ireland, he writes (the italics are Davis's):

"When Ireland is a nation she will not, with her vast population* and her military character, require such alliances as a *security* against an English *re-conquest;* but they will be useful in banishing any *dreams of invasion* which might *otherwise* haunt the brain of our old enemy."

Elsewhere Davis sums up the national position in a sentence worthy of Tone:

"Ireland's aspiration is for unbounded nationality."

Next Lalor:

"Repeal, in its vulgar meaning, I look on as utterly impracticable by any mode of action whatever; and the constitution of '82 was absurd, worthless, and worse than worthless. The English Government will never concede or surrender to any species of moral force whatsoever; and the country-peasantry will never arm and fight for it—neither will I. If I am to stake life and fame it must assuredly be for something better

* Nearly 9,000,000 then.

and greater, more likely to last, more likely to succeed, and better worth success. And a stronger passion, a higher purpose, a nobler and more needful enterprise is fermenting in the hearts of the people. A mightier question moves Ireland to-day than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution that Wolfe Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain—independence; full and absolute independence for this island, and for every man within this island. Into no movement that would leave an enemy's garrison in possession of all our lands, masters of our liberties, our lives, and all our means of life and happiness—into no such movement will a single man of the greycoats enter with an armed hand, whatever the town population may do. On a wider fighting field, with stronger positions and greater resources than are afforded by the paltry question of Repeal, must we close for our final struggle with England, or sink and surrender.

"Ireland her own—Ireland her own, and all therein, from the sod to the sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland, to have and hold from God alone who gave it—to have and to hold to them and to their heirs for ever, without suit or service, faith or fealty, rent or render, to any power under Heaven."

And again:

"Not to repeal the Union, then, but the conquest—not to disturb or dismantle the Empire, but to abolish it utterly for ever—not to fall back on '82, but to act up to '48—not to resume or restore an old constitution, but to found a new nation and raise up a free people, and strong as well as free, and secure as well as strong, based on a peasantry rooted like rocks in the soil of the land— this is my object, as I hope it is yours; and this, you may be assured, is the easier as it is the nobler and more pressing enterprise."

And yet again:

"In the case of Ireland now there is but *one fact* to deal with, and *one question* to be considered. The *fact* is this—that there are at present in occupation of our country some 40,000 armed men, in the livery and service of England; and the

question is—how best and soonest to kill and capture those 40,000 men."

Lastly, Mitchel takes up his hymn of hate against the Empire:

"*The Ego.*—And do you read Ireland's mind in the canting of O'Connell's son? or in the sullen silence of a gagged and disarmed people? Tell me not of O'Connell's son. His father begat him in moral force, and in patience and perseverance did his mother conceive him. I swear to you there are blood and brain in Ireland yet, as the world one day shall know. God! let me live to see it.

"On that great day of the Lord, when the kindreds and tongues and nations of the old earth shall give their banners to the wind, let this poor carcass have but breath and strength enough to stand under Ireland's immortal Green!

"*Doppelganger.*—Do you allude to the battle of Armageddon? I know you have been reading the Old Testament of late.

"*The Ego.*—Yes. 'Who is this that cometh from Edom; with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel travelling in the garments of his strength? Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine vat? I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in my heart.' Also an aspiration of King David haunts my memory when I think of Ireland and her wrongs: *'That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and that the tongue of thy dogs may be red through the same.'*"

Thus Tone, thus Davis, thus Lalor, thus Mitchel, thus Parnell. Methinks I have raised some ghosts that will take a little laying.

THE SEPARATIST IDEA *

P. H. Pearse,
St. Enda's College,
Rathfarnham,
1st. February, 1916.

I.

IN stating a little while ago the Irish definition of freedom, I said that it would be well worth while to examine that definition in its breadth and depth, in its connotations as well as in its denotations, contenting myself for the moment with making clear its essential idea of Independence, Separation, a distinct and unfettered national existence. And I said that I proposed to do this in a sequel. Such a sequel is necessary, for, while the statement that national freedom means a distinct and unfettered national existence is a true and complete statement of the nature of national freedom, it is not a sufficient revelation of the minds that have developed the conception of freedom among us Irish, not sufficiently quick with their thought nor sufficiently passionate with their desire. Freedom is so splendid a thing that one cannot worthily state it in the terms of a definition; one has to write it in some flaming symbol or to sing it in music riotous with the uproar of heaven. A Danton and a Mitchel can speak more adequately of freedom than a Voltaire and a Burke, for they have drunk more deeply of that wine with which God inebriates the

*(Preface—This is the first of the pamphlets in which I propose to develop the contention put forward in "Ghosts," the whole forming a continuous argument. The further pamphlets of the series will be entitled "The Spiritual Nation" and "The Sovereign People," respectively.)

votaries of vision. But even the sublimest things, the Trinity and the Incarnation, can be stated in terms of philosophy, and it is needful to do this now and then, though such a statement in no wise affects the spiritual fact which one either feels or does not feel. So, it is sometimes necessary to state what nationality is, what freedom, though one's statement may not reveal the awful beauty of his nation's soul to a single man or move a single village to put up its barricade.

The purpose, then, of such statements? At least they define the truth, and enable men to see who holds the truth and who hugs the falsehood. For there is an absolute truth in such matters, and the truth is ascertainable. The truth is old, and it has been handed down to us by our fathers. It is not a new thing, devised to meet the exigencies of a situation. That is the definition of an expedient.

Now the truth as to what a nation's nationality is, what a nation's freedom, is not to be found in the statute-book of the nation's enemy. It is to be found in the books of the nation's fathers.

II.

I have named Tone and Davis and Lalor and Mitchel as the four among us moderns who have chiefly developed the conception of an Irish nation. Others, I have said, have for the most part only interpreted and illustrated what has been taught by these; these are the Fathers and the rest are just their commentarists. And I need not repeat here my reasons for naming no other with these unless the other be Parnell, whom I name tentatively as the man who saw most deeply and who spoke most splendidly for the Irish nation since the great seers and speakers. I go on to examine what these have taught of Irish freedom. And first as to Tone. He stands first in point of time, and first in point of greatness. Indeed he is, as I believe, the greatest man of our nation; the greatest-hearted and the greatest-minded.

We have to consider here Tone the thinker rather than Tone the man of action. The greatest of our men of action since Hugh O'Neill, he is the greatest of all our political thinkers. His greatness, both as a man and as a thinker, consists in his sheer reality. There is no froth of rhetoric, no dilution of sentimentality in Tone; he has none even of the noble oratoric quality of a Mitchel. A man of extraordinarily deep emotion, he nevertheless thought with relentless logic, and his expression in exposition or argument is always the due and inevitable garb of his thought. He was a great visionary; but, like all the greatest visionaries, he had a firm grip upon realities, he was fundamentally sane.

It is necessary at times to insist on Tone's intellectual austerity, because the man's humanity was so gracious that his human side constantly overshadows, for us as for his contemporaries, his grave intellectual side. Most men of his greatness are loved at best by a few, feared or disliked or mistrusted by the many. Tone was one of the extremely rare great men whose greatness is crowned by those gifts of humility and sweetness that compel affection. Some men are misunderstood because they are disliked; a few men are in danger of being misunderstood because they are loved. If the greatest thing in Tone was his heroic soul, the soul that was gay in death and defeat, the second greatest thing was his austere and piercing intellect. That intellect has dominated Irish political thought for over a century. It has given us our political definitions and values. Constantly we refer doctrines and leaders and policies to its standards, measuring them by the mind of Tone as an American measures men and policies by the minds that shaped the Declaration of Independence. Tone's mind was in a very true sense a revolutionary mind. The spokesmen of the French Revolution itself did not base things more fundamentally on essential right and justice than Tone did, did not pierce through outer strata to a firmer bedrock than he found. And it was an original mind. Influenced no doubt by contemporary minds, and responsive to every thought-wave that vibrated in either

hemisphere, Tone for the most part worked out his own political system in his own way. He did not inherit or merely accept his principles; he thought himself into them.

Tone's first political utterance was a pamphlet in defence of the Whig Club, entitled "A Review of the last Session of Parliament" (1790). Of this pamphlet he writes in his Autobiography:

" . . . Though I was very far from entirely approving the system of the Whig Club, and much less their principles and motives, yet, seeing them at the time the best constituted political body which the country afforded, and agreeing with most of their positions, though my own private opinions went infinitely farther, I thought I could venture on their defence without violating my consistency."

The pamphlet contains no definitely Separatist teaching. Before the end of the year, however, Tone had found his voice. It is a Separatist that speaks in "The Spanish War" (1790), but a cautious Separatist, one who is feeling his way. Tone himself describes the expansion of his views which had taken place between the publication of his first and his second pamphlets:

"A closer examination into the history of my native country had very considerably extended my views, and, as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I soon found reason not to regret that the Whigs had not thought me an object worthy of their cultivation. I made speedily what was to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our Government, and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connection with England existed."

Accordingly:

"On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declara-

tion of war, but might, and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In examining this question, I advanced the question of separation, with scarcely any reserve, much less disguise; but the public mind was by no means so far advanced as I was, and my pamphlet made not the slightest impression."

The pamphlet, in fact, tended to prove the impossibility of Grattan's constitution, i. e., of the co-existence of a British connection with a sovereign Irish Parliament. It did not propound this in so many words, but the logical conclusion from its extraordinarily able and subtle argument is that no "half-way house" is possible as a permanent solution of the issue between Ireland and England. There were and are only two alternatives: an enslaved Ireland and a free Ireland. A "dual monarchy" is, in the nature of things, only a temporary expedient.

In 1790 Tone met Thomas Russell. Theirs was the most memorable of Irish friendships. It was in conversations and correspondence with Russell that Tone's political ideas reached their maturity. When he next speaks it is with plenary meaning and clear definition. Towards the end of 1790 he made his first attempt in political organisation. He founded a club of seven or eight members "eminent for their talents and patriotism and who had already more or less distinguished themselves by their literary productions." It was a failure, and the failure satisfied Tone that "men of genius, to be of use, must not be collected in numbers." In 1791 Russell went to Belfast. An attempt of Russell's to induce the Belfast Volunteers to adopt a declaration in favor of Catholic emancipation, which Tone had prepared at his request, was unsuccessful. Russell wrote to Tone an account of the discussion, and, says Tone:

"It immediately set me on thinking more seriously than I had yet done upon the state of Ireland. I soon formed my theory, and on that theory I have invariably acted ever since.

"To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to

break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means."

I have said that I hold all Irish nationalism to be implicit in these words. Davis was to make explicit certain things here implicit, Lalor certain other things. But the Credo is here: "I believe in One Irish Nation and that Free."

Tone had convinced himself as to the end and the means. And now for work:

"I sat down accordingly, and wrote a pamphlet addressed to the Dissenters, and which I entitled 'An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland,' the object of which was to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest and one common enemy; that the depression and slavery of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them, and that, consequently, to assert the independence of their country, and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and to form for the future but one people."

This pamphlet, signed "A Northern Whig," gave Tone his place in Irish politics. The Catholic leaders approached him and commenced the connection which led ultimately to his selection as their agent; the Volunteers of Belfast elected him an honorary member of their corps. He was soon afterwards invited to Belfast, where he founded, with Russell, Neilson, the Simmses, Sinclair, and Mac Cabe, the first club of United Irishmen. Tone wrote for the United Irishmen the following declaration:

"In the present great era of reform when unjust governments are falling in every quarter of Europe; when religious

persecution is compelled to abjure her tyranny over conscience; when the Rights of Man are ascertained in Theory and that Theory substantiated by Practice; when antiquity can no longer defend absurd and oppressive forms against the common sense and common interests of mankind; when all government is acknowledged to originate from the people, and to be so far only obligatory as it protects their rights and promotes their welfare; we think it our duty as Irishmen to come forward and state what we feel to be our heavy grievance, and what we know to be its effectual remedy.

"We have no National Government; we are ruled by Englishmen and the servants of Englishmen, whose object is the interest of another country; whose instrument is corruption; whose strength is the weakness of Ireland; and these men have the whole of the power and patronage of the country as means to seduce and subdue the honesty and the spirit of her representatives in the legislature. Such an extrinsic power, acting with uniform force in a direction too frequently opposite to the true line of our obvious interests, can be resisted with effect solely by unanimity, decision, and spirit in the people, qualities which may be exerted most legally, constitutionally, and efficaciously by that great measure essential to the prosperity and freedom of Ireland—an equal Representation of all the People in Parliament. . . ."*

The declaration was not openly Separatist. Tone, however, avows that, while not yet definitely a republican, his ultimate goal, even as early as 1791, was Separation: the union of Irishmen was to be but a means to an end. Commenting on the foundation (9th November, 1791) of the Dublin Club of United Irishmen, in which the republican Tandy co-operated with him, Tone writes:

"For my own part, I think it right to mention that, at

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*(I know of no exposition of the philosophy, concretely, succinctly, expressed, of the bane of English rule in Ireland and the means employed to degrade Irishmen, equal to the above of Tone.—Editor.)

this time the establishment of a Republic was not the immediate object of my speculations. My object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government, to which I was led by a hatred of England so deeply rooted in my nature that it was rather an instinct than a principle. I left to others, better qualified for the inquiry, the investigation and merits of the different forms of government, and I contented myself with laboring on my own system, which was luckily in perfect coincidence as to its operation with that of those men who viewed the question on a broader and juster scale than I did at the time I mention."

Thus, Tone in November, 1791, had not yet settled his views on abstract theories of government, but on the practical business of separating Ireland from England his resolve was fixed and unshakable.

In June, 1791, there had been issued a secret Manifesto to the Friends of Freedom in Ireland which is attributed to Tone in collaboration with Neilson and others. Tone himself makes no reference to this document in his Autobiography. If it is really his it is the nearest approach to a formulation of the theory of freedom which we have from the mind of this essentially practical statesman. Whether it be Tone's or another's, it is one of the noblest utterances of the age and is a document of primary importance in the history of Ireland. It may be described as the first manifesto of modern Irish democracy. It bases the Irish claim to freedom on the bedrock foundation of human rights:

"This society is likely to be a means the most powerful for the promotion of a great end. What end? *The Rights of Man in Ireland.* The greatest happiness of the greatest number in this island, the inherent and indefeasible claims of every free nation to rest in this nation—the will and the power to be happy, to pursue the common weal as an individual pursues his private welfare, and to stand in insulated independence, an imperatorial people.

"The greatest happiness of the Greatest Number.—On the

rock of this principle let this society rest; by this let it judge and determine every political question, and whatever is necessary for this end let it not be accounted hazardous, but rather our interest, our duty, our glory, and our common religion: The Rights of Man are the Rights of God, and to vindicate the one is to maintain the other. We must be free in order to serve Him whose service is perfect freedom. . . .

"'Dieu et mon Droit' (God and my right) is the motto of kings. 'Dieu et la liberté (God and liberty), exclaimed Voltaire when he beheld Franklin, his fellow-citizen of the world. 'Dieu et nos Droits' (God and our rights)—let every Irishman cry aloud to each other the cry of mercy, of justice and of victory."

The Rights of Man in Ireland is almost an adequate definition of Irish freedom. And the historic claim of Ireland has never been more worthily stated than in these words: *"The inherent and indefeasible claims of every free nation to rest in this nation—the will and the power to be happy, to pursue the common weal as an individual pursues his private welfare, and to stand in insulated independence, an imperatorial people."*

The deep and radical nature of Tone's revolutionary work, the subtlety and power of the man himself, cannot be grasped unless it is clearly remembered that *this* is the secret manifesto of the movement of which the carefully constitutional declaration of the United Irishmen is the public manifesto. Tone himself, in a letter to Russell at the beginning of 1792, admits his ulterior designs while at the same time laying stress on the necessity of caution in public utterances. Referring to the declaration of the United Irishmen, he says:

"The foregoing contains my true and sincere opinion of the state of this country, *so far as in the present juncture it may be advisable to publish it.* They certainly fall short of the truth, but truth itself must sometimes condescend to temporise. My unalterable opinion is that the bane of Irish prosperity is in the influence of England: I believe that influence will ever be extended while the connection between the countries con-

tinues;* nevertheless, as I know that opinion is, *for the present,* too hardy, though a very little time may establish it universally, I have not made it a party of the resolutions, I have only proposed to set up a reformed parliament, as a barrier against that mischief which every honest man that will open his eyes must see in every instance overbears the interest of Ireland: I have not said one word that looks like a wish for *separation,* though I give it to you and your friends as my most decided opinion that such an event would be a regeneration to this country."

In 1792 Tone became agent to the General Committee of the Catholics. Before the end of the year his dream of a union between the Catholics and the Dissenters was an accomplished fact. In December the Catholic Convention met. Catching Tone's spirit, it demanded complete emancipation. The Government proposed a compromise to the leaders. Tone was against any compromise, but the Catholic leaders yielded. "Merchants, I see, make bad revolutionists," commented Tone. The Act of 1793, admitting Catholics to the Parliamentary franchise, marks the end of Tone's "constitutional" period. He pressed on towards Separation, adopting revolutionary methods. The United Irishmen were reorganised as a secret association, with "a Republican Government and Separation from England" as its aims. In 1795 Tone, compromised by his relations with Jackson, left Ireland for America. It was out of settled policy that at this stage he chose exile rather than a contest with the Government. He had already conceived the idea of appealing for help to the French Republic. Shortly before he left Dublin he went out with Russell to Rathfarnham, to see Thomas Addis Emmet.

"As we walked together into town I opened my plan to them both. I told them that I considered my compromise with Government to extend no further than the banks of the Dela-

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*(How prophetic, when one examines Ireland's history during the nineteenth century—the frightful famines, semi-extermination of the population, and the unreckoned agonies of the whole nation.—Editor.)

ware, and that the moment I landed I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me, for the emancipation of my country. . . . I then proceeded to tell them that my intention was, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French Minister, to detail to him, fully, the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French Government, and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, and to set off instantly for Paris, and apply, in the name of my country, for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence."

To the fulfilment of this purpose Tone devoted the three years of life that remained to him. He landed in France in 1796. The notes in his Journal of his conferences with the representatives of the French Government and the two masterly memorials which he submitted to the Executive Directory remain the fullest and most practical statement, not only of the necessity of Separation but of the means by which Separation is to be attained, that has been made by any Irishman. In the concluding passage of his second memorial Tone sums up as follows:

"I submit to the wisdom of the French Government that England is the implacable, inveterate, irreconcilable enemy of the Republic, which never can be in perfect security while that nation retains the dominion of the sea; that, in consequence, every possible effort should be made to humble her pride and to reduce her power; that it is in Ireland, *and in Ireland only,* that she is vulnerable—a fact of the truth of which the French Government cannot be too strongly impressed; that by establishing a free Republic in Ireland they attach to France a grateful ally whose cordial assistance, in peace and war, she might command, and who, from situation and produce, could most essentially serve her; that at the same time they cut off from England her most firm support, in losing which she is laid under insuperable difficulties in recruiting her army, and especially in equipping, victualling, and manning her navy, which, unless for the resources she drew from Ireland, she

would be absolutely unable to do; that by these means—and, suffer me to add, *by these means only*—her arrogance can be effectually humbled, and her enormous and increasing power at sea reduced within due bounds—an object essential, not only to France, but to all Europe; that it is at least possible, by the measures mentioned, that not only her future resources, as to her navy, may be intercepted and cut off at the fountain head, but that a part of her fleet may be actually transferred to the Republic of Ireland; that the Irish people are united and prepared, and want but the means to begin; that, not to speak of the policy or the pleasure of revenge in humbling a haughty and implacable rival, it is in itself a great and splendid act of generosity, worthy of the Republic, to rescue a whole nation from a slavery under which they have groaned for six hundred years; that it is for the glory of France, after emancipating Holland and receiving Belgium into her bosom, to establish one more free Republic in Europe; that it is for her interest to cut off for ever, as she now may do, one half of the resources of England, and lay her under extreme difficulties in the employment of the other. For all these reasons, in the name of justice, of humanity, of freedom, of my own country, and of France herself, I supplicate the Directory to take into consideration the state of Ireland; and by granting her the powerful aid and protection of the Republic, to enable her at once to vindicate her liberty, to humble her tyrant, and to assume that independent station among the nations of the earth for which her soil, her productions and her position, her population and her spirit have designed her."

Finally—after Bantry Bay, The Texel, and Lough Swilly—Tone before his judges thus testified to his faith as a Separatist:

"I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth, I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish

nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries.

"That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honorable poverty I rejected offers which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally to rescue three millions of my countrymen from . . . "

Here the prisoner was interrupted by the President of the Court-Martial.

III.

In order to complete this brief study of Tone's teaching it is necessary to consider him as a democrat. And Tone, the greatest of modern Irish Separatists, is the first and greatest of modern Irish democrats. It was Tone that said:

"Our independence must be had at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall: we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community—*the men of no property.*"

In this glorious appeal to Caesar modern Irish democracy has its origin.

I have already quoted the secret Manifesto to the Friends of Freedom, attributed to Tone, in which the right to national freedom is made to rest on its true basis, the right to individual freedom. The abstract theory of freedom was not further developed by Tone who devoted his life to the pursuit of a practical object rather than to the working out of a philosophy. When, however, any question arose which involved the rela-

tions of a democracy and an aristocracy, of the people and the gentry ("as they affect to call themselves"), of the "men of no property" and the "men of property," Tone's decision was instant and unerring. The people must rule; if the aristocracy make common cause with the people so much the better; if not, woe to the aristocracy. One passage from his journal, under date April 27th, 1798, says all that need be said as to the practical question of dealing with a hostile aristocracy in a national revolution:

"What miserable slaves are the gentry of Ireland! The only accusation brought against the United Irishmen by their enemies, is that they wish to break the connection with England, or, in other words, to establish the independence of their country—an object in which surely the men of property are most interested. Yet the very sound of independence seems to have terrified them out of all sense, spirit, or honesty. If they had one drop of Irish blood in their veins, one grain of true courage or genuine patriotism in their hearts, they should have been the first to support this great object; the People would have supported them; the English government would never have dared to atttempt the measures they have since triumphantly pursued, and continue to pursue; our Revolution would have been accomplished without a shock, or perhaps one drop of blood spilled; which now can succeed, if it does succeed, only by all the calamities of a most furious and sanguinary contest: for the war in Ireland, whenever it does take place, will not be an ordinary one. The armies will regard each other not as soldiers but as deadly enemies. Who, then, are to blame for this? The United Irishmen, who set the question afloat, or the English government and their partisans, the Irish gentry, who resist it? If independence be good for a country as liberty for an individual, the question will soon be decided. Why does England so pertinaciously resist our independence? Is it for love of us—is it because *she* thinks *we* are better as we are? That single argument, if it stood alone, should determine every honest Irishman.

"But, it will be said, the United Irishmen extend their views farther; they go now to a distribution of property, and an agrarian law. I know not whether they do or no. I am sure in June, 1795, when I was forced to leave the country, they entertained no such ideas. If they have since taken root among them, the Irish gentry may accuse themselves. Even then they made themselves parties to the business: not content with disdaining to hold communications with the United Irishmen, they were among the foremost of their persecutors; even those who were pleased to denominate themselves patriots were more eager to vilify, and, if they could, to degrade them, than the most devoted and submissive slaves of the English government. What wonder if the leaders of the United Irishmen, finding themselves not only deserted, but attacked by those who, for every reason, should have been their supporters and fellow-laborers, felt themselves no longer called upon to observe any measures with men only distinguished by the superior virulence of their persecuting spirit? If such men, in the issue, lose their property, they are themselves alone to blame, by deserting the first and most sacred of duties—the duty to their country. They have incurred a wilful forfeiture by disdaining to occupy the station they might have held among the People, and which the People would have been glad to see them fill; they left a vacancy to be seized by those who had more courage, more sense, and more honesty; and not only so, but by this base and interested desertion they furnished their enemies with every argument of justice, policy, and interest, to enforce the system of confiscation.

* * * *

"The best that can be said in palliation of the conduct of the English party, is that they are content to sacrifice the liberty and independence of their country to the pleasure of revenge, and their own personal security. They see Ireland only in their rent rolls, their places, their patronage, and their

pensions. There is not a man among them who, in the bottom of his soul, does not feel that he is a degraded being in comparison of those whom he brands with the names of incendiaries and traitors. It is this stinging reflection which, amongst other powerful motives, is one of the most active in spurring them on to revenge. Their dearest interests, their warmest passions, are equally engaged. Who can forgive the man that forces him to confess that he is a voluntary slave, and that he has sold for money everything that should be most precious to an honorable heart? that he has trafficked in the liberties of his children and his own, and that he is hired and paid to commit a daily parricide on his country? Yet these are charges which not a man of that infamous caste can deny to himself before the sacred tribunal of his own conscience. At least the United Irishmen, as I have already said, have a grand, a sublime object in view. Their enemies have not as yet ventured, in the long catalogue of their accusations, to insert the charge of interested motives. Whilst that is the case they may be feared and abhorred, but they can never be despised; and I believe there are few men who do not look upon contempt as the most insufferable of all human evils. Can the English faction say as much? In vain do they crowd together, and think by their numbers to disguise or lessen their infamy. The public sentiment, the secret voice of their own corrupt hearts, has already condemned them. They see their destruction rapidly approaching, and they have the consciousness that when they fall no honest man will pity them. *They shall perish like their own dung; those who have seen them shall say, Where are they?"*

Tone did not propose any general confiscation of private property other than the property of Englishmen in Ireland, and this only after proclamation to the English people, as distinct from the English Government, stating the grounds of the action of the Irish nation and declaring their earnest desire to avoid the effusion of blood; if, after such proclamation, the English people supported the English Government in war upon

Ireland, Tone held that the confiscation of English property "would then be an act of strict justice, as the English people would have made themselves parties to the war." Emmet's proposals in 1803 are a fuller and more detailed expression of the mind of revolutionary Ireland on the subject of property. The first decree drafted by Emmet for his Provisional Government was that "tithes are forever abolished, and church lands are the property of the nation;" the second laid down that "from this date all transfers of landed property are prohibited, each person paying his rent until the National Government is established, the national will declared, and the courts of justice be organised;" the third made a like provision with regard to the transfer of bonds and securities; and the fourth decreed the confiscation of the property of Irishmen in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer corps who, after fourteen days, should be found in arms against the Republic. When we speak of men like Tone and Emmet as "visionaries" and "idealists"* we regard only one side of their minds. Both were extraordinarily able men of affairs, masters of all the details of the national, social, and economic positions in their day; and both would have been ruthless in revolution, shedding exactly as much blood as would have been necessary to their purpose. Both, however, were Nationalists first, and revolutionists only in so far as revolution was essential to the establishment of the nation. "We war not against property," said Emmet in his proclamation, "we war against no religious sect, we war not against past opinions or prejudices,—we war against English dominion."

One is now in a position to sum up Tone's teaching in a series of propositions:

1. The Irish Nation is One.

2. The Irish Nation, like all Nations, has an indefeasible right to Freedom.

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*(So, too, Pearse himself and the men of Easter Week were termed by the impulsive and the sciolists.—Editor.)

3. Freedom denotes Separation and Sovereignty.

4. The right to National Freedom rests upon the right to Personal Freedom, and true National Freedom guarantees true Personal Freedom.

5. The object of Freedom is the pursuit of the happiness of the Nation and of the individuals that compose the Nation.

6. Freedom is necessary to the happiness and prosperity of the Nation. In the particular case of Ireland, Separation from England is necessary not only to the happiness and prosperity but almost to the continued existence of Ireland, inasmuch as the interests of Ireland and England are fundamentally at variance, and while the two nations are connected England must necessarily predominate.

7. The National Sovereignty implied in National Freedom holds good both externally and internally, i. e., the sovereign rights of the Nation are good as against all other nations and good as against all parts of the Nation. Hence—

8. The Nation has jurisdiction over lives and property within the Nation.

9. The People are the Nation.

All this Tone taught, not in the dull pages of a treatise but in the living phrases that dropped from him in his conversation, in his correspondence, in his diaries, in his impassioned pleas for his nation to the Executive Directory of France. Some of the greatest teachers have been literary men only incidentally; but their teaching has none the less the splendor of great literary utterance. The masters of literature do not always label themselves. When a great soul utters a great truth have we not always great literature? That is why the true gospels of the world are always true literature. Those who have preached the divine worth of faith and justice and charity and freedom have done so in glorious and imperishable words; and the reason is that God speaks through them.

That God spoke to Ireland through Tone and through those who after Tone, have taken up his testimony, that Tone's

teaching and theirs is true and great and that no other teaching as to Ireland has any truth or worthiness at all, is a thing upon which I stake all my mortal and all my immortal hopes. And I ask the men and women of my generation to stake their mortal and immortal hopes with me.

THE SPIRITUAL NATION *

P. H. Pearse,
St. Enda's College,
Ratharnham,
13th February, 1916.

I.

I have said that all Irish nationality is implicit in the definition of Tone, and that later teachers have simply made one or other of its truths explicit. It was characteristic of Tone that he stated his case in terms of practical politics. But the statement was none the less a complete statement. To claim independence as the indefeasible right of Ireland is to claim everything for Ireland, all spiritual exaltation and all worldly pomp to which she is entitled. Independence one must understand to include spiritual and intellectual independence as well as political independence; or rather, true political independence requires spiritual and intellectual independence as its basis, or it tends to become unstable, a thing resting merely on interests which change with time and circumstance.

I make a distinction between spiritual and intellectual independence corresponding to the distinction which exists between the spiritual and the intellectual parts in man. The distinction is not easy to express, but it is a real distinction. The soul is not the mind, though it acts by way of the mind, and it is through the mind one gets such glimpses of the soul

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*(Preface—This Tract continues and develops the argument commenced in "Ghosts," and pursued in "The Separatist Idea" . . . It is not to be taken as an attempt to represent the whole of Davis's mind or to summarise the whole of his teaching. I consider him here chiefly as one of the Separatist voices.)

as are possible. Obviously, a great and beautiful soul may sometimes have to express itself through a very ordinary mind, and a mean or a wicked soul may sometimes express itself through a regal mind; and these possibilities are full of confusion for us, so that when we think we know a man, it is sometimes only his intellect we know, the dialectician or the rhetorician or the idiot in him, and not the strange immortal thing behind. We can learn to know a man's mind, but we can rarely be quite sure that we know his soul. That is a book which only God reads plainly.

Now I think that one may speak of a national soul and of a national mind, and distinguish one from the other, and that this is not merely figurative speaking. When I was a child I believed that there was actually a woman called Erin, and had Mr. Yeats' "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" been then written and had I seen it, I should have taken it not as an allegory, but as a representation of a thing that might happen any day in any house. This I no longer believe as a physical possibility, nor can I convince myself that a friend of mine is right in thinking that there is actually a mystical entity which is the soul of Ireland, and which expresses itself through the mind of Ireland. But I believe that there is really a spiritual tradition which is the soul of Ireland, the thing which makes Ireland a living nation, and that there is such a spiritual tradition corresponding to every true nationality. This spiritual thing is distinct from the intellectual facts in which chiefly it makes its revelation, and it is distinct from them in a way analogous to that in which a man's soul is distinct from his mind. Like other spiritual things, it is independent of the material, whereas the mind is to a large extent dependent upon the material.

I have sometimes thought (but I do not put this forward as a settled belief which I am prepared to defend) that spiritually England and the United States are one nation, while intellectually they are apart. I am sure that spiritually the Walloons of Belgium are one nation with the French, and that

spiritually the Austrians are one nation with the Germans. The spiritual thing which is the essential thing in nationality would seem to reside chiefly in language (if by language we understand literature and folklore as well as sounds and idioms), and to be preserved chiefly by language; but it reveals itself in all the arts, all the institutions, all the inner life, all the actions and goings forth of the nation. It expresses itself fully and magnificently in a great free nation like ancient Greece or modern Germany; it expresses itself only partially and unworthily in an enslaved nation like Ireland. But the soul of the enslaved and broken nation may conceivably be a more splendid thing than the soul of the great free nation; and that is one reason why the enslavements of old and glorious nations that have taken place so often in history are the most terrible things that have ever happened in the world.

If nationality be regarded as the sum of the facts, spiritual and intellectual, which mark off one nation from another, and freedom as the condition which allows those facts full scope and development, it will be seen that both the spiritual and intellectual fact, nationality, and the physical condition, freedom, enter into a proper definition of independence or nationhood. Freedom is a condition which can be lost and won and lost again; nationality is a life which, if once lost, can never be recovered. A nation is a stubborn thing, very hard to kill; but a dead nation does not come back to life, any more than a dead man. There will never again be a Ligurian nation, nor an Aztec nation, nor a Cornish nation.

Irish nationality is an ancient spiritual tradition, and the Irish nation could not die as long as that tradition lived in the heart of one faithful man or woman. But had the last repository of the Gaelic tradition, the last unconquered Gael, died, the Irish nation was no more. Any free state that might thereafter be erected in Ireland, whatever it might call itself, would certainly not be the historic Irish nation.

Davis was the first of modern Irishmen to make explicit the truth that a nationality is a spirituality. Tone had postulated

the great primal truth that Ireland must be free. Davis, accepting that and developing it, stated the truth in its spiritual aspect, that Ireland must be herself; not merely a free self-governing state, but authentically the Irish nation, bearing all the majestic marks of her nationhood. That the nation may live, the Irish life, both the inner life and the outer life, must be conserved. Hence the language, which is the main repository of the Irish life, the folklore, the literature, the music, the art, the social customs, must be conserved. Davis fully realised, with the Gaelic poets, that a nationality connotes a civilisation, and that a civilisation is a body of traditions. He is thus the lineal ancestor of the spiritual movement embodied in our day in the Gaelic League. Tone had set the feet of Ireland on a steep; Davis bade her in her journey remember her old honor and her old sanctity, the fame of Tara and of Clonmacnois. Tone is the Irish nation in action, gay and heroic and terrible; Davis stands by the nation's hearthside, a faithful sentinel.

Ireland is one. Tone had insisted upon the political unity of Ireland. Davis thought of Ireland as a spiritual unity. He recognised that the thing which makes her one is her history, that all her men and women are the heirs of a common past, a past full of spiritual, emotional, and intellectual experiences, which knits them together indissolubly. The nation is thus not a mere agglomeration of individuals, but a living organic thing, with a body and a soul; twofold in nature, like man, yet one.

Davis's teaching on this head is resumed thus in one of his most lyric paragraphs:

"This country of ours is no sand bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land honored in the archives of civilisation, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valor, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organisations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we live influenced by wind and sun and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the past, we are a thriftless and a hopeless people."

And in another passage he gives the Gaelic League its watchwords:

"Men are ever valued most for peculiar and original qualities. A man who can only talk common-place, and act according to routine, has little weight. To speak, look, and do what your own soul from its depths orders you are credentials of greatness which all men understand and acknowledge. Such a man's dictum has more influence than the reasoning of an imitative or common-place man. He fills his circle with confidence. He is self-possessed, firm, accurate, and daring. Such men are the pioneers of civilisation and the rulers of the human heart.

"Why should not nations be judged thus? Is not a full indulgence of its natural tendencies essential to a *people's* greatness? . . .

"The language which grows up with a people is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution, and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.

"To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the accidents of translation—'tis to tear their identity from all places—'tis to substitute arbitrary signs for picturesque and suggestive names—'tis to cut off the entail of feeling, and separate the people from their forefathers by a deep gulf—'tis to corrupt their very organs, and abridge their power of expression.

"The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb. . . .

"A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river."

The insistence on the spiritual fact of nationality is Davis's distinctive contribution to political thought in Ire-

land, but it is not the whole of Davis. It has become common to regard him as the type of the "intellectual Nationalist," who is distinguished from that other and more troublesome person, the political irreconcilable. And there is a passage of Gavan Duffy's which lends countenance to this. But the view is a false one as regards Davis and a false one as regards the irreconcilables. Davis accepts the political doctrine of the irreconcilables, and the irreconcilables accept the spiritual teaching of Davis. The two teachings are facets of one truth. And Davis saw the whole truth. He saw that Ireland must be independent of England. It is necessary for me to prove this.

II.

First to brush away a cobweb. It has been maintained that Davis would have been satisfied with what is called a Federal settlement. The only authority for this view seems to be the following passage in Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland": "Some of them (the "moderate men" who are always with us) came to the conclusion that an Irish Legislature for purely Irish purposes, as a sort of chapel of ease to the Imperial Parliament, ought to be demanded. Mr. Sharman Crawford, on behalf of himself and others unnamed, but understood to include members of both Houses, announced that he desired the establishment of a Federal Union between England and Ireland. He wished to see a 'local body for the purpose of local legislation, combined with an Imperial representation for Imperial purposes;' and he considered that no 'Act of the Imperial Parliament having a separate action as regards Ireland should be a law in Ireland unless passed or confirmed by her own legislative body.' It is a fact worthy to be pondered on that Davis was favorable to this experiment. He desired and would have fought for independence, but he was so little of what in later times has been called 'an irreconcilable,' that such an alternative was not the first, but the last, resource he contemplated. He desired to unite and elevate the whole

nation, and he would have accepted Federation as the scheme most likely to accustom and reconcile Protestants to self-government, and as a sure step toward legislative independence in the end."

Thus Duffy on Davis. In a moment we shall let Davis speak for himself.

When Davis, in 1842, leaped into his place in Irish politics as the chief influence on the staff of the *Nation,* all Ireland was organized in the greatest constitutional movement and under the greatest constitutional leader known to history.* The demand of that movement was for Repeal of the Union. Separatism was only an inarticulate faith of the common people, remembered for the rest by a few noble old men like Robert Holmes, by a few fiery exiles like Miles Byrne. The *Nation* ranged itself under O'Connell's banner, though from the beginning its writers descried a wider horizon than O'Connell ever did or could. In 1843 O'Connell made what Duffy calls the "portentous" announcement that he felt "a preference for the Federative plan, as tending more to the utility of Ireland and the maintenance of the connection with England than the proposal of simple Repeal." Davis was away from Dublin, but Duffy, in a personal letter to O'Connell, which he printed as a leading article in the *Nation,* objected to the change of policy foreshadowed, and insisted that "the Repeal Association had no more right to alter the constitution on which its members were recruited than the Irish Parliament had to surrender its functions without consulting its constituents." When Davis returned to town he "cordially accepted," says Duffy, the policy of resistance.

Davis soon spoke in the *Nation.* He welcomed the overtures of the Federalists, but as to his own position and the

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*(A fact pregnant with obvious connotations to any fair mind, standing forever as proof, if proof were needed, both of English undemocracy and the impeachability of English motives, *re* Ireland.—Editor.)

Nation's position he had no doubt. He settled it in one sentence:

"Let the Federalists be an independent and respected party, the repealers an unbroken league—our stand is with the latter."

So that, as between Federalism and Repeal, Davis defined himself a Repealer. But was he not something more?

Davis died before Young Ireland had reached its full political stature or found its full political voice. Just as the United Irishmen spoke first the language of constitutionalism, so did the Young Irelanders. Davis, as their spokesman, spoke their official language, but he hinted and more than hinted, at a fuller utterance. Mitchel, who took up Davis's post in 1845, spoke the fuller utterance, but at his fullest he said nothing that had not been just as fully implied by Davis. For Davis was a Separatist.

Davis wrote of Tone that he was "the wisest . . . of our last generation." And he applied the adjective "wise" to Tone in contradistinction to Grattan, whom in the same sentence he called "the most sublime" of the last generation. Now Tone was the Separatist and Grattan was the British-Connectionist. When Davis wrote of Tone that he was wiser than Grattan he did not mean that he was more worldly-wise, that he was an abler business man; for Tone died a pauper and Grattan died wealthy; Tone died in a dungeon and his body with difficulty obtained Christian burial, Grattan was buried with pomp in Westminster Abbey. Davis meant that Tone was a wiser statesman than Grattan, that Separation was a wiser policy for Ireland than British-Connectionism. And he meant that he, Davis, was a disciple of Tone.

In the light of this recognition such a passage as the following, which were otherwise mere froth and foam, becomes full of substance:

"This is the history of two years never surpassed in importance and honor. This is a history which our sons shall pant

over and envy. This is a history which pledges as to perseverance. This is a history which guarantees success.

"Energy, patience, generosity, skill, tolerance, enthusiasm, created and decked the agitation. The world attended us with its thoughts and prayers. The graceful genius of Italy and the profound intellect of Germany paused to wish us well. The fiery heart of France tolerated our unarmed effort, and proffered its aid. America sent us money, thought, love—she made herself a part of Ireland in her passions and her organization.* From London to the wildest settlement which throbs in the tropics or shivers nigh the Pole, the empire of our misruler was shaken by our effort. To all earth we proclaimed our wrongs. To man and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish nation stood supreme on this island. The genius which had organized us, the energy which labored, the wisdom that taught, the manhood which rose up, the patience which obeyed, the faith which swore, and the valor that strained for action, are here still, experienced, recruited, resolute.

"The future shall realise the promise of the past."

This is Davis's passionate appeal to his own; and here is how he talks to the enemy:

"And if England will do none of these things, will she allow us, for good or ill, to govern ourselves, and see if we cannot redress our own griefs? 'No, never, never,' she says, 'though all Ireland cried for it—never! Her fields shall be manured with the shattered limbs of her sons, and her hearths quenched in their blood; but never, while England has a ship or a soldier, shall Ireland be free.'

"And this is your answer? We shall see—we shall see!

"And now, Englishmen, listen to us! Though you were tomorrow to give us the best tenures on earth—though you were

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*(The concrete story of this noble and significant episode in American history is a desideratum—But who will do the research?—Editor)

to equalize Presbyterian, Catholic, and Episcopalian—though you were to give us the amplest representation in your Senate —though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs—and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us worship and honor—still we tell you —we tell you, in the names of liberty and country—we tell you, in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls, and fearless spirits—we tell you, by the past, the present and the future, we would spurn your gifts, if the condition were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you, and all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war—we tell you, in the name of Ireland, that Ireland shall be a nation!"

Now when Davis told England that, come bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war, *Ireland shall be a nation;* when Davis reminded the men of Ireland that they had sworn "never to cease to strive until "*an Irish nation stood supreme on this island,*" he meant what he said. By an Irish nation "standing supreme" he did really mean a Sovereign Irish State living her own life, mistress of her own destinies, defending her own shores, with her ambassadors in foreign capitals and her flag on the seas. He tells us that he meant this. The most important of Davis's political articles are those in which he develops a foreign policy for Ireland. And the most significant passage in all Davis's political writings is this (the italics are his own) :

"Again, it is peculiarly needful for *Ireland* to have a Foreign Policy. Intimacy with the great powers will guard us from English interference. Many of the minor German States were too deficient in numbers, boundaries, and wealth to have outstood the despotic ages of Europe, but for those foreign alliances, which, whether resting on friendship or a desire to preserve the balance of power, secured them against their rapacious neighbors. And now time has given its sanction to

their continuance, and the progress of localisation guarantees their future safety. When Ireland is a nation she will not, with her vast population and her military character, require such alliances as a *security* against English *re-conquest;* but they will be useful in banishing any *dreams of invasion* which might *otherwise* haunt the brain of our old enemy."

As a Separatist utterance this is as plenary as anything in Tone. The "Irish nation" contemplated by Davis pre-supposed the breaking of the English connection, for it was to have military resources sufficient to guard against "an English *re-conquest,*" and was to seek foreign alliances in order to banish any "dreams of invasion" cherished by "our old enemy."

To Davis, as to Tone, England was "the enemy." Davis was as anti-English as Tone, and, for all his gentleness and charity, more bitter in the expression of his anti-Englishism than Tone was. To him the English language was "a mongrel of a thousand breeds." Modern English literature was "surpassed" by French literature.

"France is an apostle of liberty—England the turnkey of the world. France is the old friend, England the old foe, of Ireland. From one we may judge all. England has defamed *all other countries* in order to make us and her other slaves content in our fetters."

Davis saw as clearly as Tone saw that the English connection is the never-failing source of Ireland's political evils; and he stated his perception as clearly as Tone did:

"He who fancies some intrinsic objection to our nationality to lie in the co-existence of two languages, three or four great sects, and a dozen different races in Ireland, will learn that in Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium, and America, different languages, creeds, and races flourish kindly side by side, and he will seek in English intrigues the real well of the bitter woes of Ireland."

Again:

"Germany, France, and America teach us that English

economics are not fit for a nation beginning to establish a trade, though they may be for an old and plethoric trader; and, therefore, that English and Irish trading interests are directly opposed."

Yet again:

"The land tenures of France, Norway and Prussia are the reverse of England's. They resemble our own old tenures; they better suit our character and our wants than the loose holdings and servile wages system of modern England."

And finally:

"We must believe and act up to the lesson taught by reason and history, that England is our interested and implacable enemy—a tyrant to her dependants—a calumniator of her neighbors, and both the despot and the defamer of Ireland for near seven centuries."

It has thus been established, and established by his own words, first, that as between Federalism and Repeal Davis was a Repealer: but, secondly, that as between Repeal and Separation Davis was a Separatist. In other words, he held the national position which Tone held, which Lalor and Mitchel held, which the Fenians held, which the Irish Volunteers hold. The fact that he would have accepted and worked on with Repeal in no wise derogates from his status as a Separatist, any more than the fact that many of us would have accepted Home Rule (or even Devolution) and worked on with it derogates from our status as Separatists. Home Rule to us would have been a means to an end: Repeal to Davis would have been a means to an end.

In one of the phrases in which such men as he give watchwords to the generations, a phrase which strangely anticipates the most famous of Parnell's phrases, Davis tells us what that end was:

"Ireland's aspiration is for unbounded nationality."

I have shown what he meant by "unbounded nationality;" he meant sovereign nationhood, he meant spiritual, intellectual,

and political independence. The word nationality I have used here and elsewhere for the inner thing which is a nation's soul, and the word nationhood I have made to include both that inner thing and the outer status, political independence. It is obvious that Davis uses the term "nationality" in the sense in which I use the term "nationhood," for if he meant only the inner spiritual thing his phrase would be meaningless.

In order to the proper adjustment of values we may now usefully set down:

First, that the Federalism with which O'Connell dallied for a moment, but which Davis and Young Ireland protested against and O'Connell promptly disowned, abandoning it indeed with the contemptuous phrase "federalism is not worth *that*" (snapping his fingers), contemplated a domestic Irish legislature to deal with domestic Irish affairs, adequate Irish representation in an Imperial Parliament, and *power of veto in the Irish Parliament over acts of the Imperial Parliament having a separate action as regards Ireland.* It was thus a vastly bigger thing than modern Home Rule, which reserves everything of real importance from the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament, which, far from giving the Irish Parliament a veto over the acts of the Imperial Parliament regarding Ireland, gives the Imperial Parliament a veto over all acts of the Irish Parliament, and which preserves intact the power of the Imperial Parliament to pass all sorts of laws binding Ireland and to impose all sorts of taxation on Ireland, the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament to be a negligible quantity.*

Secondly, that the Repeal of the Union, which, apart from his momentary aberration into Federalism, was O'Connell's life-long demand, contemplated a Sovereign Irish Parliament co-ordinate with the English Parliament and with absolute control of Irish taxation; and while there was to be a common

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*(A fine analysis of that English-misnomered thing, "Home Rule."—Editor.)

king, army, navy, and foreign-policy, not a penny was to be raised from Ireland for the financing of those concerns except by the vote of the Irish Parliament. It will be seen that Repeal was as much a bigger thing than the Home Rule of 1914 as O'Connell was a greater man than Mr. Redmond. Repeal contemplated a sovereign co-ordinate Parliament; Home Rule specifically contemplated a subordinate Parliament. Under Repeal the Imperial Parliament would have had no jurisdiction over any man of Ireland, over any sod of Ireland's soil, over any shilling of Ireland's money; under Home Rule the jurisdiction of the Imperial Parliament over these things and all other things in Ireland was to have been absolute, for the Act laid down (Clause One) that "the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters and things in Ireland, and every part thereof."

Thirdly, that even the noble and semi-independent status which would have been secured to Ireland by Repeal was not sufficient for Tone, who rose against the very constitution which Repeal sought to restore; for Davis, who aspired to "unbounded nationality"; for Lalor, whose object was "not to repeal the Union but the conquest," and who "for Repeal had never gone into agitation and would never go into insurrection"; for Mitchel, who, far from accepting that partnership in the British Empire on which Repeal was founded, avowed it as his aim in life utterly to destroy the British Empire. What was it that these men wanted? They wanted Separation; they wanted "to BREAK the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils." Davis's principles, then, were Tone's; and as to methods. That Davis would have achieved Irish nationhood by peaceful means if he could, is undoubted. Let it not be a reproach against Davis. Obviously, if a nation can obtain its freedom without bloodshed, it is its duty so to obtain it. Those of us who believe that, in the circumstances of Ireland, it is not possible to obtain our freedom without bloodshed will admit thus much. If England,

after due pressure, were to say to us, "Here, take Ireland," no one would be so foolish as to answer, "No, we'd rather fight you for it." But things like that do not happen.* One must fight, or at least be ready to fight. And Davis knew this:

"The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in slavish men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown."

And Davis was ready to fight. No one knew better than he that England would yield only to force or the threat of force; and that England, having once yielded, could be held to her bargain only by force. The nation that he visioned was to be an armed nation; and armed for the precise purpose of preventing any "reconquest" by England. No one saw more clearly than Davis that Ireland made her mistake of mistakes when her Volunteers abdicated their arms. Referring to Madden's defence of Grattan against Flood on the question of Simple Repeal, Davis writes:

"This is unanswerable, but Grattan should have gone further. The revolution was effected mainly by the Volunteers, whom he had inspired; arms could alone have preserved the constitution. Flood was wrong in setting value on one form—Grattan in relying on any; but before and after '82 Flood seems to have had glimpses that the question was one of might, as well as of right, and the national laws could not last under such an alien army.

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*(The predominant ideas in this context are strikingly corroborated by the fact noted on P. 54; and by the failure of any government to recognize officially the expressed will of the Irish Nation in the elections of December, 1918, when a whole people Self-Determined themselves bloodlessly,—a process, up to then as unique in the world's history as it manifestly was congruous with the War-Aims, and with the world's advance, if the exponents of that advance had been sincere. (Cf. Introd. to "Ireland and Presidents of the United States," by the Editor.)—Editor.)

"Taken as military representatives, the Convention at the Rotunda was even more valuable than as a civic display. Mr. Madden censures Grattan for having been an elaborate neutral during these Reform dissensions; but that the result of *such* neutrality ruined the Convention proves the comparative want of power in Flood, who could have governed that Convention in spite of the rascally English and the feeble Irish Whigs. Oh, had Tone been in that council!"

The astonishing thing about Davis is that, writing in the still constitutional *Nation* of 1842-5, he was able to express his Separatist faith so clearly, and to avow so openly his readiness to fight for that faith. It took Duffy three years longer to reach the point which had been reached in 1845 by his dead friend.

III.

If we accept the definition of Irish freedom as "the Rights of Man in Ireland" we shall find it difficult to imagine an apostle of Irish freedom who is not a democrat. One loves the freedom of men because one loves men. There is therefore a deep humanism in every true Nationalist. There was a deep humanism in Tone; and there was a deep humanism in Davis. The sorrow of the people affected Davis like a personal sorrow. He had more respect for an aristocracy than Tone had (Tone had none), and would have been less ruthless in a revolution than Tone would have been. But he was a democrat in this truest sense, that he loved the people, and his love of the people was an essential part of the man and of his Nationalism. Even his rhetoric (for Davis, unlike Tone, was a little rhetorical) cannot disguise the sincerity of such passages as this:

"Think of the long, long patience of the people—their toils supporting you—their virtues shaming you—their huts, their hunger, their disease.

"To whomsoever God hath given a heart less cold than stone, these truths must cry day and night. Oh! how they cross

us like Banshees when we would range free on the mountain—how, as we walk in the evening light amid flowers, they startle us from rest of mind! Ye nobles! whose houses are as gorgeous as the mote's (which dwelleth in the sunbeam)—ye strong and haughty squires—ye dames exuberant with tingling blood—ye maidens whom no splendor has yet spoiled, will ye not think of the poor? . . . "

The real Davis must have been a greater man even than the Davis of the essays, or the Davis of the songs. In literary expression Davis was immature; in mind he was ripe beyond all his contemporaries. I cannot call him a very great prose writer; I am not sure that I can call him a poet at all. But I can call him a very great man, one of our greatest men. None of his contemporaries had any doubt about his greatness. He was the greatest influence among them, and the noblest influence; and he has been the greatest and noblest influence in Irish history since Tone. He was not Young Ireland's most powerful prose writer: Mitchel was that. He was not Young Ireland's truest poet: Mangan was that, or, if not Mangan, Ferguson. He was not Young Ireland's ablest man of affairs: Duffy was that. He was not Young Ireland's most brilliant orator: Meagher was that. Nevertheless, "Davis was our true leader," said Duffy; and when Davis died—the phrase is again Duffy's—"it seemed as if the sun had gone out of the heavens." "The loss of this rare and noble Irishman," said Mitchel, "has never been repaired, neither to his country nor to his friends." What was it that made Davis so great in the eyes of two such men, and two such different men, as Duffy and Mitchel? It must have been the man's immortal soul. The highest form of genius is the genius for sanctity, the genius for noble life and thought* That genius was Davis's. Character is the great-

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*(Note the ever-recurrent *Nota Gaelica propria*—the high reaches of spirituality, the loftiness of principle, the merit of the whole human orbit of activity always measured and gaged by its success in paralleling the divine.—Editor.)

est thing in a man; and Davis's character was such as the Apollo Belvidere is said to be in the physical order,—in his presence all men stood more erect. The Romans had a noble word which summed up all moral beauty and all private and civic valor: the word *"virtus."* If English had as noble a word as that it would be the word to apply to the thing which made Thomas Davis so great a man.

THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE *

P. H. Pearse,
St. Enda's College,
Rathfarnham,
31st March, 1916.

I.

NATIONAL independence involves national sovereignty. National sovereignty is twofold in its nature. It is both internal and external. It implies the sovereignty of the nation over all its parts, over all men and things within the nation; and it implies the sovereignty of the nation as against all other nations. Nationality is a spiritual fact; but nationhood includes physical freedom, and physical power in order to the maintenance of physical freedom, as well as the spiritual fact of nationality. This physical freedom is necessary to the healthy life, and may even be necessary to the continued existence of the nation. Without it the nation droops, withers, ultimately perhaps dies; only a very steadfast nation, a nation of great spiritual and intellectual strength like Ireland, can live for more than a few generations in its absence, and without it even so stubborn a nation as Ireland would doubtless ultimately perish. Physical freedom, in brief, is necessary to sane and vigorous life; for physical freedom means precisely control of the conditions that are necessary to sane and vigorous life. It is obvious that these things are partly material, and that therefore national freedom involves control

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*(Preface—This pamphlet concludes the examination of the Irish definition of freedom which I promised in "Ghosts." For my part, I have no more to say.)

of the material things which are essential to the continued physical life and freedom of the nation. So that the nation's sovereignty extends not only to all the men and women of the nation, but to all the material possessions of the nation, the nation's soil and all its resources, all wealth and all wealth-producing processes within the nation. In other words, no private right to property is good as against the public right of the nation. But the nation is under a moral obligation so to exercise its public right as to secure strictly equal rights and liberties to every man and woman within the nation. The whole is entitled to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole, but this is to be pursued exactly for the end that each of the individuals composing the whole may enjoy happiness and prosperity, the maximum amount of happiness and prosperity consistent with the happiness and prosperity of all the rest.

One may reduce all this to a few simple propositions:

1. The end of freedom is human happiness.

2. The end of national freedom is individual freedom; therefore, individual happiness.

3. National freedom implies national sovereignty.

4. National sovereignty implies control of all the moral and material resources of the nation.

I have insisted upon the spiritual fact of nationality; I have insisted upon the necessity of physical freedom in order to the continued preservation of that spiritual fact in a living people. I now insist upon the necessity of complete control of the material resources of the nation in order to the completeness of that physical freedom. And here I think I give what has been called "the material basis of freedom" its proper place and importance. A nation's material resources are not the nation, any more than a man's food is the man; but the material resources are as necessary to the nation's life as the man's food to the man's life.

And I claim that the nation's sovereignty over the nation's material resources is absolute; but that obviously such sovereignty must be exercised for the good of the nation and without prejudice to the rights of other nations, since national sovereignty, like everything else on earth, is subject to the laws of morality.*

Now the good of the nation means ultimately the good of the individual men and women who compose the nation. Physically considered, what does a nation consist of? It consists of its men and women; of all its men and women, without any exceptions. Every man and every woman within the nation has normally equal rights, but a man or a woman may forfeit his or her rights by turning recreant to the nation. No class in the nation has rights superior to those of any other class. No class in the nation is entitled to privileges beyond any other class except with the consent of the nation. The right and privilege to make laws or to administer laws does not reside in any class within the nation; it resides in the whole nation, that is, in the whole people, and can be lawfully exercised only by those to whom it is delegated by the whole people. The right to the control of the material resources of a nation does not reside in any individual or in any class of individuals; it resides in the whole people and can be lawfully exercised only by those to whom it is delegated by the whole people, and in the manner in which the whole people ordains. Once more, no individual right is good as against the right of the whole people; but the people, in exercising its sovereign rights, is morally bound to consider individual rights, to do equity between itself and each of the individuals that compose it as well as to see that equity is done between individual and individual.

To insist upon the sovereign control of the nation over all the property within the nation is not to disallow the right to

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*(Remark the norm of life is conformity to God's law. But so patent is this *Gaelic note* that further comment were superfluous.—Editor.)

private property. It is for the nation to determine to what extent private property may be held by its members, and in what items of the nation's material resources private property shall be allowed. A nation may, for instance, determine, as the free Irish nation determined and enforced for many centuries, that private ownership shall not exist in land, that the whole of a nation's soil is the public property of the nation. A nation may determine, as many modern nations have determined, that all the means of transport within a nation, all its railways and waterways, are the public property of the nation to be administered by the nation for the general benefit. A nation may go further and determine that all sources of wealth whatsoever are the property of the nation, that each individual shall give his service for the nation's good, and shall be adequately provided for by the nation, and that all surplus wealth shall go to the national treasury to be expended on national purposes, rather than be accumulated by private persons. There is nothing divine or sacrosanct in any of these arrangements;* they are matters of purely human concern, matters for discussion and adjustment between the members of a nation, matters to be decided upon finally by the nation as a whole; and matters in which the nation as a whole can revise or reverse its decision whenever it seems good in the common interests to do so. I do not disallow the right to private property; but I insist that all property is held subject to the national sanction.

And I come back again to this: that the people are the nation; the whole people, all its men and women; and that laws made or acts done by anybody purporting to represent the people but not really authorised by the people, either expressly or impliedly, to represent them and to act for them do not bind the people; are a usurpation, an impertinence, a nullity. For instance, a Government of capitalists, or a Gov-

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*(See an able article on St. Thomas and this subject by Professor Alfred O'Rahilly in "Irish Studies," 1920.—Editor.)

ernment of clerics, or a Government of lawyers, or a Government of tinkers, or a Government of red-headed men, or a Government of men born on a Tuesday, does not represent the people, and cannot bind the people, unless it is expressly or impliedly chosen and accepted by the people to represent and act for them; and in that case it becomes the lawful government of the people, and continues such until the people withdraw their mandate. Now the people, if wise, will not choose the makers and administrators of their laws on such arbitrary and fantastic grounds as the possession of capital, or the possession of red heads, or the having been born on a Tuesday; a Government chosen in such a manner, or preponderatingly representing (even if not so deliberately chosen) capitalists, red-headed men, or men born on a Tuesday will inevitably legislate and govern in the interests of capitalists, red-headed men, or men born on a Tuesday, as the case may be. The people, if wise, will choose as the makers and administrators of their laws men and women actually and fully representative of all the men and women of the nation, the men and women of no property equally with the men and women of property; they will regard such an accident as the possession of "property," "capital," "wealth" in any shape, the possession of what is called "a stake in the country," as conferring no more right to represent the people than would the accident of possessing a red head or the accident of having been born on a Tuesday. And in order that the people may be able to choose as a legislation and as a government men and women really and fully representative of themselves, they will keep the choice actually or virtually in the hands of the whole people; in other words, while, in the exercise of their sovereign rights they may, if they will, delegate the actual choice to some body among them, i. e., adopt a "restricted franchise," they will, if wise, adopt the widest possible franchise—give a vote to every adult man and woman of sound mind. To restrict the franchise in any respect is to prepare the way for some future usurpation of the rights of the sovereign people. The people, that is, the

whole people, must remain sovereign not only in theory, but in fact.

I assert, then, the divine right of the people, "God's grant to Adam and his poor children for ever," to have and to hold this good green earth. And I assert the sovereignty and the sanctity of the nations, which are the people embodied and organised. The nation is a natural division, as natural as the family, and as inevitable. That is one reason why a nation is holy, and why an empire is not holy. A nation is knit together by natural ties, ties mystic and spiritual, and ties human and kindly; an empire is at best held together by ties of mutual interest, and at worst by brute force. The nation is the family in large; an empire is a commercial corporation in large. The nation is of God; the empire is of man—if it be not of the devil.*

II.

The democratic truths that I have just stated are implicit in Tone and in Davis, though there was this difference between the two men, that Tone had a manly contempt for "the gentry (as they affect to call themselves)," while Davis had a little sentimental regard for them.

But Davis loved the people, as every Nationalist must love the people, seeing that the people are the nation; his nationalism was not mere devotion to an abstract idea, it was a devotion to the actual men and women who make up this nation of Ireland, a belief in their rights, and a resolve to establish them as the owners of Ireland and the masters of all her destinies. There is no other sort of nationalism than this, the nationalism which believes in and seeks to enthrone the sovereign people. Tone had appealed to "that numerous and respectable class, the men of no property," and in that gallant and characteristic

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*(This is clear thinking. Is it any wonder the Irish Nation refused to enter the Great War?—The Editor.)

phrase he had revealed his perception of a great historic truth, namely, that in Ireland "the gentry (as they affect to call themselves)" have uniformly been corrupted by England, and the merchants and middle-class capitalists have, when not corrupted, been uniformly intimidated, whereas the common people have for the most part remained unbought and unterrified. It is, in fact, true that the repositories of the Irish tradition, as well the spiritual tradition of nationality as the kindred tradition of stubborn physical resistance to England, have been the great, splendid, faithful, common people,—that dumb, multitudinous throng which sorrowed during the penal night, which bled in '98, which starved in the Famine; and which is here still—what is left of it—unbought and unterrified. Let no man be mistaken as to who will be lord in Ireland when Ireland is free. The people will be lord and master. The people who wept in Gethsemane, who trod the sorrowful way, who died naked on a cross, who went down into hell, will rise again glorious and immortal, will sit on the right hand of God, and will come in the end to give judgment, a judge just and terrible.*

Tone sounded the gallant *reveillé* of democracy in Ireland. The man who gave it its battle-cries was James Fintan Lalor. Lalor was a fiery spirit, as of some angelic missionary, imprisoned for a few years in a very frail tenement, drawing his earthly breath in pain; but strong with a great spiritual strength and gifted with a mind which had the trenchant beauty of steel. What he had to say for his people (and for all mankind) was said in a very few words. This gospel of the Sovereign People that Fintan Lalor delivered is the shortest of the gospels; but so precious is it, so pregnant with meaning in its every word, that to express its sense one would have to quote it almost as it stands; which indeed one could do in a

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*(The truth and exaltation of this noble tribute (do Chlannaibh Gaedheal) will some day, I believe, command the admiration of the world.—Editor.)

tract a very little longer than this. No one who wrote as little as Lalor has ever written so well. In his first letter he laments that he has never learned the art of literary expression; in "The Faith of a Felon" he says that he has all his life been destitute of books. Commonly, it is by reading and writing that a man learns to write greatly. Lalor, who had read little and written nothing, wrote greatly from the moment he began to write. The Lord God must have inspired that poor crippled recluse, for no mortal man could of himself have uttered the things he uttered.

James Fintan Lalor, in Duffy's phrase, "announced himself" in Irish politics in 1847, and he announced himself "with a voice of assured confidence and authority." In a letter to Duffy, which startled all the Young Irelanders and which set Mitchel's heart on fire, he declared himself one of the people, one who therefore knew the people; and he told the young men that there was neither strength nor even a disposition among the people to carry O'Connell's Repeal, but that there was strength in the people to carry national independence if national independence were associated with something else.

"A mightier question is in the land—one beside which Repeal dwarfs down to a petty parish question; one on which Ireland may not alone try her own right but try the right of the world;* on which she would be not merely an asserter of old principles, often asserted, and better asserted before her, an humble and feeble imitator and follower of other countries—but an original inventor, propounder, and propagandist, in the van of the earth, and heading the nations; on which her success or her failure alike would never be forgotten by man, but would make her for ever a lodestar of history; on which Ulster would be not 'on her flank' but at her side, and on which, better and best of all, she need not plead in humble petitions her beggarly wrongs and how beggarly she bore them, nor plead any right save the right of her MIGHT. . . .

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*(As true today as when Lalor wrote it.—Editor.)

"Repeal may perish with all who support it sooner than I will consent to be fettered on this question, or to connect myself with any organised body that would ban or merge, in favour of Repeal or any other measure, that greatest of all our rights on this side of heaven—God's grant to Adam and his poor children for ever, when he sent them from Eden in His wrath and bid them go work for their bread. Why should I name it?"

His proposals as to means thrilled the young orators and debaters as the ringing voice of an angel might thrill them:

"As regards the use of none but legal means, any means and all means might be made illegal by Act of Parliament, and such pledge, therefore, is passive obedience. As to the pledge of abstaining from the use of any but moral force, I am quite willing to take such pledge, if, and provided, the English Government agree to take it also; but, 'if not, not.' Let England pledge not to argue the question by the prison, the convict-ship, or the halter; and I will readily pledge not to argue it in any form of physical logic. But dogs tied and stones loose is no bargain. Let the stones be given up; or unmuzzle the wolf-dog. . . . "

At Duffy's invitation Lalor developed his doctrines in two letters to the *Nation,* one addressed to the landlords and one to the people. To the landlords he spoke this ominous warning:

"Refuse it (to be Irishmen), and you commit yourselves to the position of paupers, to the mercy of English Ministers and English members; you throw your very existence on English support, which England soon may find too costly to afford; you lie at the feet of events; you lie in the way of a people and the movement of events and the march of a people shall be over you."

The essence of Lalor's teaching is that the right to the material ownership of a nation's soil coexists with the right to make laws for the nation and that both are inherent in the

same authority, the Sovereign People. He held in substance that Separation from England would be valueless unless it put the people—the actual people and not merely certain rich men —of Ireland in effectual ownership and possession of the soil of Ireland; as for a return to the *status quo* before 1800, it was to him impossible and unthinkable. When Mitchel's *United Irishman* was suppressed in 1848, Martin's *Irish Felon,* with Lalor as its standard-bearer and spokesman, stepped into the breach; and in an article entitled, "The Rights of Ireland" in the first issue of that paper (June 24, 1848) Lalor delivered the new gospel. A long passage must be quoted in full; but it can be quoted without any comment, for it is self-luminous:

"Without agreement as to our objects we cannot agree on the course we should follow. It is requisite the paper should have but one purpose; and the public should understand what that purpose is. Mine is not to repeal the Union, or restore Eighty-two. This is not the year '82, this is the year '48. For repeal I never went into 'Agitation,' and will not go into insurrection. On that question, I refuse to arm, or to act in any mode; and the country refuses. O'Connell made no mistake when he pronounced it not worth the price of one drop of blood; and for myself, I regret it was not left in the hands of Conciliation Hall, whose lawful property it was, and is. Moral force and repeal, the means and the purpose, were just fitted to each other—*Arcades ambo,* balmy Arcadians both. When the means were limited, it was only proper and necessary to limit the purpose. When the means were enlarged, that purpose ought to have been enlarged also. Repeal, in its vulgar meaning, I look on as utterly impracticable by any mode of action whatever; and the constitution of '82 was absurd, worthless, and worse than worthless. The English Government will never concede or surrender to any species of moral force whatsoever; and the country-peasantry will never arm and fight for it—neither will I. If I am to stake life and fame, it must assuredly be for something better and greater, more likely to last, more likely to succeed, and better worth success. And a stronger

passion, a higher purpose, a nobler and more needful enterprise is fermenting in the hearts of the people. A mightier question moves Ireland today than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution Wolfe Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain—independence; full and absolute independence for this island, and for every man within this island. Into no movement that would leave an enemy's garrison in possession of all our lands, masters of our liberties, our lives, and all our means of life and happiness—into no such movement will a single man of the grey-coats enter with an armed hand, whatever the town population may do. On a wider fighting field, with stronger positions and greater resources than are afforded by the paltry question of Repeal, must we close for our final struggle with England, or sink and surrender.

"Ireland her own—Ireland her own, and all therein, from the sod to the sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland, to have and hold from God alone who gave it—to have and to hold to them and their heirs for ever, without suit or service, faith or fealty, rend or render, to any power under Heaven. . . . When a greater and more ennobling enterprise is on foot, every inferior and feebler project or proceeding will soon be left in the hands of old women, of dastards, imposters, swindlers, and imbeciles. All the strength and manhood of the island—all the courage, energies, and ambition—all the passion, heroism, and chivalry—all the strong men and strong minds—all those that make revolutions will quickly desert it, and throw themselves into the greater movement, throng into the larger and loftier undertaking, and flock round the banner that flies nearest the sky. There go the young, the gallant, the gifted, the daring; and there, too, go the wise. For wisdom knows that in national action *littleness* is more fatal than the wildest rashness; that greatness of object is essential to greatness of effort, strength, and success; that a revolution ought never to take its stand on low or narrow ground, but seize on the broadest and highest ground it can lay hands on; and that

a petty enterprise seldom succeeds. Had America aimed or declared for less than independence, she would, probably, have failed, and been a fettered slave to-day.

"Not to repeal the Union, then, but the conquest—not to disturb or dismantle the empire, but to abolish it utterly for ever—not to fall back on '82, but act up to '48—not to resume or restore an old constitution, but found a new nation and raise up a free people, and strong as well as free, and secure as well as strong, based on a peasantry rooted like rocks in the soil of the land—this is my object, as I hope it is yours; and this, you may rest assured, is the easier, as it is the nobler and more pressing enterprise."

Lalor proceeds to develop his teaching as to the ownership of the soil of Ireland by its people:

"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon, is this: that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre, is vested of right in the people of Ireland; that they, and none but they, are the landowners and law-makers of this island; that all laws are null and void not made by them, and all titles to land invalid not conferred or confirmed by them; and that this full right of ownership may and ought to be asserted by any and all means which God has put in the power of man. In other, if not plainer words, I hold and maintain that the entire soil of a country belongs of right to the entire people of that country, and is the rightful property, not of any one class, but of the nation at large, in full effective possession, to let to whom they will, on whatever tenures, terms, rents, services, and conditions they will; one condition, however, being unavoidable and essential, the condition that the tenant shall bear full, true, and undivided fealty and allegiance to the nation, and the laws of the nation whose lands he holds, and own no allegiance whatsoever to any other prince, power, or people, or any obligation of obedience or respect to their will, orders, or laws. I hold, further, and firmly believe, that the enjoyment by the people of this

right of first ownership of the soil is essential to the vigor and vitality of all other rights, to their validity, efficacy, and value; to their secure possession and safe exercise. For let no people deceive themselves, or be deceived by the words, and colors, and phrases, and forms of a mock freedom, by constitutions, and charters, and articles, and franchise. These things are paper and parchment, waste and worthless.* Let laws and institutions say what they will, this fact will be stronger than all laws, and prevail against them—the fact that those who own your lands will make your laws, and command your liberties and your lives. But this is tyranny and slavery; tyranny in its widest scope and worst shape; slavery of body and soul, from the cradle to the coffin—slavery with all its horrors, and with none of its physical comforts and security; even as it is in Ireland, where the whole community is made up of tyrants, slaves, and slave-drivers. . . . "†

As to the question of dealing with land-owners, Lalor re-echoes Tone and Davis:

"There are, however, many landlords, perhaps, and certainly a few, not fairly chargeable with the crimes of their order; and you may think it hard they should lose their lands. But recollect the principle I assert would make Ireland, *in fact,* as she is *of right,* mistress and queen of all those lands; that she, poor lady, had ever a soft heart and grateful disposition; and that she may, if she please, in reward of allegiance, confer new titles or confirm the old. Let us crown her a queen; and then—let her do with her lands as a queen may do.

"In the case of any existing interest, of what nature soever, I feel assured that no question but one would need to be

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*(For all colonies are essentially political slaves despite the glory of words thrown about them by imperialists.—Editor.)

†(Well-worth pondering in capitalist-ridden America today.—Editor.)

answered. Does the owner of that interest assent to swear allegiance to the people of Ireland, and to hold in fee from the Irish nation? If he assent he may be assured he will suffer no loss. No eventual or permanent loss I mean; for some temporary loss he must assuredly suffer. But such loss would be incidental and inevitable to any armed insurrection whatever, no matter on what principle the right of resistance should be resorted to. If he refuses, then I say—away with him—out of this land with him—himself and all his robber rights and all the things himself and his rights have brought into our island—blood and tears, and famine, and the fever that goes with famine."

In the issue of the *Irish Felon* for July 8, Lalor, expecting suppression and arrest, wrote "The Faith of a Felon"—a statement which, ill-framed and ill-connected though he knew it to be, he firmly believed to "carry the fortunes of Ireland," and sent "forth to its fate, to conquer or be conquered." It was conquered for the time; but, like such immortal things, it was destined to rise again. In it Lalor re-affirmed his principles and re-stated his programme. The idea of the ownership of the soil by the whole people which is his essential contribution to modern political thought, was in this statement put more clearly even than before:

"What forms the right of property in land? I have never read in the direction of that question. I have all my life been destitute of books. But from the first chapter of Blackstone's second book, the only page I ever read on the subject, I know that jurists are unanimously agreed in considering 'first occupancy' to be the only true original foundation on the right of property and possession of land.

"Now I am prepared to prove that 'occupancy' wants every character and quality that could give it moral efficacy as a foundation of right. I am prepared to prove this, when 'occupancy' has first been *defined*. If no definition can be given, I am relieved from the necessity of showing any claim founded on occupancy to be weak and worthless.

"To any plain understanding the right of private property is very simple. It is the right of man to possess, enjoy, and transfer the substance and use of whatever *he has himself CREATED.* This title is good against the world; and it is the *sole* and *only* title by which a valid right of absolute private property can possibly vest.

"But no man can plead any such title to a right of property in the substance of the soil.

"The earth, together with all it *spontaneously* produces, is the free and common property of all mankind, of natural right, and by the grant of God—and all men being equal, no man, therefore, has a right, to appropriate exclusively to himself any part or portion thereof, except with and by the *common consent* and *agreement* of all other men.

"The sole original right of property in land which I acknowledge to be morally valid, is this right of common consent and agreement. Every other I hold to be fabricated and fictitious, null, void, and of no effect."

As for Lalor's programme of action, it was in brief:

1. To refuse all rent and arrears beyond the value of the overplus of harvest remaining after due provision for the tenants' subsistence for twelve months.

2. To resist eviction under the English law of ejection.

3. To refuse all rent to the usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors, had decided in national congress what rents were to be paid, and to whom.

4. That the people should decide that rents should "be paid to *themselves,* the people, for public purposes, and for behoof and benefit of them, the entire general people."

Lalor saw clearly that this programme might, and almost certainly would, lead to armed revolution. If so—

"Welcome be the will of God. We must only try to keep our harvest, to offer a peaceful, passive resistance, to barricade the island, to break up the roads, to break down the bridges—

and, should need be, and favorable occasions offer, surely we may venture to try the steel. . . .

"It has been said to me that such a war, on the principles I propose, would be looked on with detestation by Europe. I assert the contrary. I say such a war would propagate itself throughout Europe. Mark the words of this prophecy:—The principle I propound goes to the foundations of Europe, and sooner or later, will cause Europe to outrise. Mankind will yet be masters of the earth. The right of the people to make the laws—this produced the first great modern earthquake, whose latest shocks, even now, are heaving in the heart of the world. The right of the people to own the land—this will produce the next. Train your hands, and your son's hands, gentlemen of earth, for you and they will yet have to use them. I want to put Ireland foremost, in the van of the world, at the head of the nations—to set her aloft in the blaze of the sun, and to make her for ages the lodestar of history. Will she take the path I point out—the path to be free, and famed, and feared, and followed—the path that goes sunward? . . . "

A fortnight later, in the *Irish Felon* for July 22, Lalor wrote the article "Clearing the Decks," which was intended to declare the revolution. It was worthy of a braver response than it received:

"If Ireland be conquered now—or what would be worse—if she fails to fight, it will certainly not be the fault of the people at large, of those who form the rank and file of the nation. The failure and fault will be that of those who have assumed to take the office of commanding and conducting the march of a people for liberty without, perhaps, having any commission from nature to do so, or natural right, or acquired requisite.* The general population of this island are ready to find and furnish everything which can be demanded from the mass of a people—the members, the physical strength, the animal daring,

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*(This is genuine literature—it so startles one with its arresting truth and obvious modern applicability.—Editor.)

the health, hardihood, and endurance. No population on earth of equal amount would furnish a more effective military conscription. We want only competent leaders—men of courage and capacity—men whom nature meant and made for leaders. . . . These leaders are yet to be found. Can Ireland furnish them? It would be a sheer and absurd blasphemy against nature to doubt it. The first blow will bring them out. . . .

"In the case of Ireland now there is but *one fact* to deal with, and *one question* to be considered. The *fact* is this—that there are at present in occupation of our country some 40,000 armed men, in the livery and service of England; and the *question* is—how best and soonest to kill and capture these 40,000?*

"Meanwhile, however, remember this—that somewhere, and somehow, and by somebody, a beginning must be made. Who strikes the first blow for Ireland? Who wins a wreath that will be green for ever?"

That was Lalor's last word† The issue containing the article was seized, the *Irish Felon* suppressed, and Martin and Lalor arrested. In a few months Lalor was released from prison a dying man. From his sick bed he tried to rally the beaten forces; he actually went down into North Munster and endeavored to lead the people. This effort—the almost forgotten rising of 1849—failed. Lalor died in Dublin a few weeks after. But his word has marched on, conquering.

III.

The doctrine and proposals of Fintan Lalor stirred John Mitchel profoundly. Mitchel was not a democrat by instinct,

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*(There is no segment in the area of human annals where the dictum history repeats itself is so frequently proven as Ireland's. The Irish Volunteers are dealing with rare valor and vigor both with this very *fact* and *question* today, and with high success—more power to them!—Editor.)

†(And it was Pearse's, Cf. end of essay.—Editor.)

as Tone and Lalor were; he was not a revolutionary by process of thought, as Tone and Lalor were; he was not from the beginning of his public life a believer in the possibility and desirability of physical force, as Tone and Lalor were. He became all these things; and he became all these things suddenly. It was as if revolutionary Ireland, speaking through Lalor, had said to Mitchel, "Follow me," and Mitchel, leaving all things, followed. Duffy and others were amazed that the most conservative of the Young Irelanders should become the most revolutionary. They ought not to have been amazed. That deep and passionate man could not have been anything by halves. As well expect a Paul or a Teresa or an Ignatius Loyola to be a "moderate" Christian as John Mitchel, once that "Follow me" had been spoken, to be a "moderate" Nationalist. Mitchel was of the stuff of which the great prophets and ecstatics have been made. He did really hold converse with God; he did really deliver God's word to man, deliver it fiery-tongued.

Mitchel's is the last of the four gospels of the new testament of Irish nationality, the last and the fieriest and the most sublime. It flames with apocalyptic wrath, such wrath as there is nowhere else in literature. And it is because the man loved so well that his wrath was so terrible. It is foolish to say of Mitchel, as it has been said, that his is a gospel of hate, that hate is barren, that a nation cannot feed itself on hate without peril to its soul, or at least to the sanity and sweetness of its mind, that Davis, who preached love, is a truer leader and guide for Ireland than Mitchel, who preached hate. The answer to this is—first, that love and hate are not mutually antagonistic but mutually complementary; that love connotes hate, hate of the thing that denies or destroys or threatens the thing beloved: that love of good connotes hate of evil, love of truth hate of falsehood, love of freedom hate of oppression; that hate may be as pure and good a thing as love, just as love may be as impure and evil a thing as hate; that hate is no more ineffective and barren than love, both being as necessary to

moral sanity and growth as sun and storm are to physical life and growth. And, secondly, that Mitchel, the least apologetic of men, was at pains to explain that his hate was not of English men and women, but of the English thing which called itself a government in Ireland, of the English Empire, of English commercialism supported by English militarism, a thing wholly evil, perhaps the most evil thing that there has ever been in the world. To talk of such hate as unholy, unchristian, barren, is to talk folly or hypocrisy. Such hate is not only a good thing, but is a duty.

When Mitchel's critics (or his own Doppelganger, who was his severest critic) objected that his glorious wrath was merely destructive, a thing splendid in slaying, but without any fecundity or life-giving principle within it, Mitchel's answer was adequate and conclusive:

" . . . Can you dare to pronounce that the winds, and the lightnings, which tear down, degrade, destroy, execute a more ignoble office than the volcanoes and subterranean deeps that upheave, renew, recreate? Are the nether fires holier than the upper fires? The waters that are above the firmament, do they hold of Ahriman, and the waters that are below the firmament, of Ormuzd? Do you take up a reproach against the lightnings for that they only shatter and shiver, but never construct? Or have you a quarrel with the winds because they fight against the churches, and build them not? In all nature, spiritual and physical, do you not see that some powers and agents have it for their function to abolish and demolish and derange—other some to construct and set in order? But is not the destruction, then, as natural, as needful, as the construction?—Rather tell me, I pray you, which is construction—which destruction? This destruction *is* creation: Death is Birth and

" 'The quick spring like weeds out of the dead.'

Go to—the revolutionary Leveller is your only architect. Therefore, take courage, all you that Jacobins be, and stand upon your rights, and do your appointed work with all your strength,

let the canting fed classes rave and shriek as they will—where you see a respectable, fair-spoken Lie sitting in high places, feeding itself fat on human sacrifices—down with it, strip it naked, and pitch it to the demons; whenever you see a greedy tyranny (constitutional or other) grinding the faces of the poor, join battle with it on the spot—conspire, confederate, and combine against it, resting never till the huge mischief come down, though the whole 'structure of society' come down along with it. Never you mind funds and stocks; if the price of the things called *Consols* depend on lies and fraud, down with them, too. Take no heed of 'social disorganisation;' you cannot bring back chaos—never fear; no disorganisation in the world can be so complete but there will be a germ of new order in it; sansculottism, when she hath conceived, will bring forth venerable institutions. Never spare; work joyfully, according to your nature and function; and when your work is effectually done, and it is time for the counter operations to begin, why, then, you can fall a-constructing, if you have a gift that way; if not, let others do *their* work, and take your rest, having discharged your duty. Courage, Jacobins! for ye, too, are ministers of heaven. . . .

"I do believe myself incapable of desiring private vengeance; at least, I have never yet suffered any private wrong atrocious enough to stir up that sleeping passion. The vengeance I seek is the righting of my country's wrong, which includes my own. Ireland, indeed, needs vengeance; but this is public vengeance—public justice. Herein England is truly a great public criminal. England! all England, operating through her Government: through all her organised and effectual public opinion, press, platform, pulpit, Parliament, has done, is doing, and means to do, grevious wrong to Ireland. She must be punished; that punishment will, as I believe, come upon her by and through Ireland; and so will Ireland be *avenged.*"

This denunciation of woe against the enemy of Irish freedom is as necessary a part of the religion of Irish nationality as

are Davis's pleas for love and concord between brother Irishmen. The Church that preaches peace and goodwill launches her anathemas against the enemies of peace and goodwill. Mitchel's gospel is part of the testament, even as Davis's is; it but reveals a different facet of the truth. A man must accept the whole testament; but a man may prefer Davis to Mitchel, just as a man may prefer the gospel according to St. Luke, the kindliest and most human of the gospels, to the gospel of St. John

Mitchel's teaching contains nothing that is definitely new and his. He accepted Tone; he accepted Davis; he accepted in particular Lalor; and he summed up and expressed all their teaching in a language transfigured by wrath and vision.* Tone is the intellectual ancestor of the whole modern movement of Irish nationalism, of Davis, and Lalor, and Mitchel, and all their followers; Davis is the immediate ancestor of the spiritual and imaginative part of that movement, embodied in our day in the Gaelic League; Lalor is the immediate ancestor of the specifically democratic part of that movement, embodied to-day in the more virile labor organizations; Mitchel is the immediate ancestor of Fenianism, the noblest and most terrible manifestation of this unconquered nation.

And just as all the four have preached, in different terms, the same gospel, making plain in turn different facets of the same truth, so the movements I have indicated are but facets of a whole, different expressions, and each one a necessary expression, of the august, though denied, truth of Irish Nationhood; nationhood in virtue of an old spiritual tradition of nationality, nationhood involving Separation and Sovereignty, nationhood resting on and guaranteeing the freedom of all the men and women of the nation and placing them in effective possession of the physical conditions necessary to the reality and to the perpetuation of their freedom, nationhood declaring

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*(Vision and perspective are the qualities which distinguish the Irish Republican leaders today.—Editor.)

nd establishing and defending itself by the good smiting word. I who have been in and of each of these movements nake here the necessary synthesis, and in the name of all of hem I assert the forgotten truth, and ask all who accept it to estify to it with me, here in our day and, if need be, with our lood.

At the end of a former essay I set that prophecy of Mitchel's s to the coming of the time when the kindred and tongues and ations of the earth should give their banners to the wind; and is prayer that he, John Mitchel, might live to see it, and that n that great day of the Lord he might have breath and trength enough to stand under Ireland's immortal Green. ohn Mitchel did not live to see it. He died, an old man, forty ears before its dawning. But the day of the Lord is here, and ou and I have lived to see it.

And we are young. And God has given us strength and ourage and counsel. May He give us victory.

HOW DOES SHE STAND?

P. H. Pearse

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

An Address Delivered at the Grave of Wolfe Tone in Bodenstown Churchyard, 22nd June, 1913.

We have come to the holiest place in Ireland; holier to us even than the place where Patrick sleeps in Down. Patrick brought us life, but this man died for us. And though many before him and some since have died in testimony of the truth of Ireland's claim to nationhood, Wolfe Tone was the greatest of all that have made that testimony, the greatest of all that have died for Ireland whether in old time or in new. He was the greatest of Irish Nationalists; I believe he was the greatest of Irish men. And if I am right in this I am right in saying that we stand in the holiest place in Ireland, for it must be that the holiest sod of a nation's soil is the sod where the greatest of her dead lies buried.

I feel it difficult to speak to you to-day; difficult to speak in this place. It is as if one had to speak by the graveside of some dear friend, a brother in blood or a well-tried comrade in arms, and to say aloud the things one would rather keep to oneself. But I am helped by the knowledge that you who listen to me partake in my emotion: we are none of us strangers, being all in a sense own brothers to Tone, sharing in his faith, sharing in his hope still unrealised, sharing in his great love. I have, then, only to find expression for the thoughts and emotions common to us all, and you will understand even if the expression be a halting one.

We have come here not merely to salute this noble dust and to pay our homage to the noble spirit of Tone. We have come to renew our adhesion to the faith of Tone; to express

once more our full acceptance of the gospel of Irish Nationalism which he was the first to formulate in worthy terms, giving clear definition and plenary meaning to all that had been thought and taught before him by Irish-speaking or English-speaking men; uttered half articulately by a Shane O'Neill in some defiance flung at the Englishry, expressed under some passionate metaphor by a Geoffrey Keating, hinted at by a Swift in some biting gibe, but clearly and greatly stated by Wolfe Tone and not needing now ever to be stated anew for any new generation. He has spoken for all time, and his voice resounds throughout Ireland, calling to us from this grave when we wander astray following other voices that ring less true.

This then, is the first part of Wolfe Tone's achievement—he made articulate the dumb voices of the centuries, he gave Ireland a clear and precise and worthy concept of Nationality. But he did more than this: not only did he define Irish Nationalism, but he armed his generation in defence of it. Thinker and doer, dreamer of the immortal dream and doer of the immortal deed—we owe to this dead man more than we can ever repay him by making pilgrimages to his grave or by rearing to him the stateliest monument in the streets of his city. To his teaching we owe it that there is such a thing as Irish Nationalism, and to the memory of the deed he nerved his generation to do, to the memory of '98, we owe it that there is any manhood left in Ireland.

I have called him the greatest of our dead. In mind he was great above all the men of his time or of the after time; and he was greater still in spirit. It was to that nobly-dowered mind of his that Kickham, himself the most nobly-dowered of a later generation, paid reverence when he said:

> "Oh, knowledge is a wondrous power;
> 'Tis stronger than the wind.*

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*("And kings and despots shall go down
Before the might of mind."—Editor.)

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And would to the kind heavens
That Wolfe Tone were here to-day."

But greater than that full-orbed intelligence, that wide, gracious, richly stored mind, was the mighty spirit of Tone. This man's soul was a burning flame, a flame so ardent, so generous, so pure, that to come into communion with it is to come unto a new baptism, unto a new re-generation and cleansing. If we who stand by this graveside could make ourselves at one with the heroic spirit that once inbreathed this clay, could in some way come into loving contact with it, possessing ourselves of something of its ardor, its valor, its purity, its tenderness, its gaiety, how good a thing it would be for us, how good a thing for Ireland; with what joyousness and strength should we set our faces towards the path that lies before us, bringing with us fresh life from this place of death, a new resurrection of patriotic grace in our souls!

Try to get near the spirit of Tone, the gallant soldier spirit, the spirit that dared and soared, the spirit that loved and served, the spirit that laughed and sang with the gladness of a boy. I do not ask you to venerate him as a saint; I ask you to love him as a man. For myself, I would rather have known this man than any man of whom I have ever heard or ever read. I have not read or heard of any who had more of heroic stuff in him than he, any that went so gaily and so gallantly about a great deed, any who loved so well, any who was so beloved. To have been this man's friend, what a privilege that would have been! To have known him as Thomas Russell knew him! I have always loved the very name of Thomas Russell because Tone so loved him.

I do not think there has ever been a more true and loyal man than Tone. He had for his friends an immense tenderness and charity; and now and then there breaks into what he is writing or saying a gust of passionate love for his wife, for his children, "O my babies, my babies!" he exclaims. . . . Yes, this

an could love well; and it was from such love as this he exiled imself; with such love as this crushed in his faithful heart that e became a weary but indomitable ambassador to courts and amps; with the memory of such love as this, with the little ands of his children plucking at his heart-strings, that he lay own to die in that cell on Arbour Hill.

Such is the high and sorrowful destiny of the heroes: to urn their backs to the pleasant paths and their faces to the ard paths, to blind their eyes to the fair things of life, to tifle all sweet music in the heart, the low voices of women and he laughter of little children, and to follow only the far, faint all that leads them into the battle or to the harder death at the oot of a gibbet.

Think of Tone. Think of his boyhood and young manhood n Dublin and in Kildare, his adventurous spirit and plans, his arly love and marriage, his glorious failure at the bar, his ealthy contempt for what he called "a foolish wig and gown," nd then—the call of Ireland. Think of how he put virility into he Catholic movement, how this heretic toiled to make free nen of Catholic helots, how, as he worked among them, he rew to know and to love the real, the historic Irish people, and he great, clear, sane conception came to him that in Ireland here must be, not two nations or three nations, but one na- ion, that Protestant and Dissenter must be brought into mity with Catholic, and that Catholic, Protestant, and Dis- enter must unite to achieve freedom for all.

Then came the United Irishmen, and those journeys hrough Ireland—to Ulster and to Connacht—which, as escribed by him, read like epics infused with a kindly human umor. Soon the Government realises that this is the most angerous man in Ireland—this man who preaches peace among rother Irishmen. It does not suit the Government that peace nd good will between Catholic and Protestant should be reached in Ireland. So Tone goes into exile, having first ledged himself to the cause of Irish freedom on the Cave Hill bove Belfast. From America to France: one of the great im-

placable exiles of Irish history, a second and a greater Fitzmaurice, one might say to him as the poet said to Sarsfield:

"Ag déanamh do ghearáin leis na ríghthibh
Is gur fhág tú Eire's Gaedhil bhocht' claoidhte, Och, ochón!"

But it was no "complaint" that Tone made to foreign rulers and foreign senates, but wise and bold counsel that he gave them; wise because bold. A French fleet ploughs the waves and enters Bantry Bay—Tone on board. We know the sequel: how the fleet tossed about for days on the broad bosom of the Bay, how the craven in command refused to make a landing because his commander-in-chief had not come up, how Tone's heart was torn with impatience and yearning—he saw his beloved Ireland, could see the houses and the people on shore—how the fleet set sail, that deed undone that would have freed Ireland.*

It is the supreme tribute to the greatness of this man that after that cruel disappointment he set to work again, indomitable. Two more expeditions, a French and a Dutch, were fitted out for Ireland, but never reached Ireland. Then at last Tone came himself; he had said he would come, if need be, with only a corporal's guard: he came with very little more.

Three small ships enter Lough Swilly. The English follow them. Tone's vessel fights: Tone commands one of the guns. For six hours she stood alone against the whole English fleet. What a glorious six hours for Tone! A battered hulk, the vessel struck; Tone, betrayed by a friend, was dragged to Dublin and condemned to a traitor's death. Then the last scene in the Provost Prison, and Tone lies dead, the greatest of the men of '98. To this spot they bore him, and here he awaits the judgment; and we stand at his graveside and remember that his

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*(Here and in the 2d next paragraph is graphic description worthy of Demosthenes—life, visualization, rapidity, verve,—we are there—we watch the fight; our hearts are thrilled with noble emotion, our wills leap to resolute action.—Editor.)

work is still unaccomplished after more than a hundred years.

When men come to a graveside they pray; and each of us prays here in his heart. But we do not pray for Tone—men who die that their people may be free "have no need of prayer." We pray for Ireland that she may be free, and for ourselves that we may free her. My brothers, were it not an unspeakable privilege if to our generation it should be granted to accomplish that which Tone's generation, so much worthier than ours, failed to accomplish! To complete the work of Tone!* . . .

And let us make no mistake as to what Tone sought to do, what it remains for us to do. We need not re-state our programme; Tone has stated it for us:

"To break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the dominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means."

I find here implicit all the philosophy of Irish Nationalism, all the teaching of the Gaelic League and the later prophets. Ireland one and Ireland free—is not this the definition of Ireland a Nation? To that definition and to that programme we declare our adhesion anew; pledging ourselves as Tone pledged himself—and in this sacred place, by this graveside, let us not pledge ourselves unless we mean to keep our pledge—we pledge ourselves to follow in the steps of Tone, never to rest, either by day or by night, until his work be accomplished, deeming it the proudest of all privileges to fight for freedom, to fight, not in despondency, but in great joy, hoping for the victory in our day, but fighting on whether victory seem near or far, never lowering our ideal, never bartering one jot or

*(Cf. Note and reference, P. 47. What vision, what perspective in Pearse! What an eminently practical mind was his. No time for velleities had he.—Editor.)

tittle of our birthright, holding faith to the memory and the inspiration of Tone, and accounting ourselves base as long as we endure the evil thing against which he testified with his blood.

ROBERT EMMET AND THE IRELAND OF TO-DAY.

I.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE EMMET COMMEMORATION IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, 2ND MARCH, 1914.

You ask me to speak of the Ireland of to-day. What can I tell you of it that is worthy of commemoration where we commemorate heroic faith and the splendor of death? In that Ireland whose spokesmen have, in return for the promise of a poor simulacrum of liberty, pledged to our ancient enemy our loyalty and the loyalty of our children, is there, even though that pledge has been spoken, any group of true men, any right striving, any hope still cherished in virtue of which, lifting up our hearts, we can cry across the years to him whom we remember to-night, "Brother, we have kept the faith; comrade, we, too, stand ready to serve"?

For patriotism is at once a faith and a service. A faith which in some of us has been in our flesh and bone since we were moulded in our mothers' wombs, and which in others of us has at some definite moment of our later lives been kindled flaming as if by the miraculous word of God; a faith which is of the same nature as religious faith and is one of the eternal witnesses in the heart of man to the truth that we are of divine kindred; a faith which, like religious faith, when true and vital, is wonder-working, but, like religious faith, is dead without good works even as the body without the spirit. So that patriotism needs service as the condition of its authenticity, and it is not sufficient to say "I believe" unless one can say also "I serve."

And our patriotism is measured, not by the formula in which we declare it, but by the service which we render. We owe to our country all fealty and she asks always for our service; and there are times when she asks of us not ordinary but some supreme service. There are in every generation those who shrink from the ultimate sacrifice, but there are in every generation those who make it with joy and laughter, and these are the salt of the generations, the heroes who stand midway between God and men. Patriotism is in large part a memory of heroic dead men and a striving to accomplish some task left unfinished by them. Had they not gone before, made their attempts and suffered the sorrow of their failures, we should long ago have lost the tradition of faith and service, having no memory in the heart nor any unaccomplished dream.

The generation that is now growing old in Ireland had almost forgotten our heroes. We had learned the great art of parleying with our enemy and of achieving nationhood by negotiation. The heroes had trodden hard and bloody ways: we should tread soft and flowering ways. The heroes had given up all things: we had learned a way of gaining all things, land and good living and the friendship of our foe. But the soil of Ireland, yea, the very stones of our cities have cried out against an infidelity that would barter an old tradition of nationhood even for a thing so precious as peace. This the heroes have done for us; for their spirits indwell in the place where they lived, and the hills of Ireland must be rent and her cities levelled with the ground and all her children driven out upon the seas of the world before those voices are silenced that bid us be faithful still and to make no peace with England until Ireland is ours.

I live in a place that is very full of heroic memories.* In

*(I had the privilege of visiting St. Enda's with that noble and patriotic woman, Mrs. Lawrence Ginnell. It is hallowed now by memories even greater than Emmet's,—as Pearse's achievements are greater than Emmet's.—Editor.)

the room in which I work at St. Enda's College Robert Emmet is said often to have sat; in our garden is a vine which they call Emmet's Vine and from which he is said to have plucked grapes; through our wood runs a path which is called Emmet's Walk—they say that he and Sarah Curran walked there; at an angle of our boundary wall there is a little fortified lodge called Emmet's Fort. Across the road from us is a thatched cottage whose tenant in 1803 was in Green Street Courthouse all the long day that Emmet stood on trial, with a horse saddled without that he might bring news of the end to Sarah Curran. Half a mile from us across the fields is Butterfield House, where Emmet lived during the days preceding the rising. It is easy to imagine his figure coming out along the Harold's Cross Road to Rathfarnham, tapping the ground with his cane, as they say was his habit; a young, slight figure, with how noble a head bent a little upon the breast, with how high a heroism sleeping underneath that quietness and gravity! One thinks of his anxious nights in Butterfield House; of his busy days in Marshalsea Lane or Patrick Street; of his careful plans—the best plans that have yet been made for the capture of Dublin; his inventions and devices, the jointed pikes, the rockets and explosives upon which he counted so much; his ceaseless conferences, his troubles with his associates, his disappointments, his disillusionments, borne with such sweetness and serenity of temper, such a trust in human nature, such a trust in Ireland! Then the hurried rising,* the sally into the streets, the failure at the Castle gates, the catastrophe in Thomas Street, the retreat along the familiar Harold's Cross Road to Rathfarnham. At Butterfield House Anne Devlin, the faithful, keeps watch. You remember her greeting to Emmet in the first pain of her disappointment: "Musha, bad welcome to you! Is Ireland lost by you, cowards that you are, to lead the people

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*(The Irish speak of their "Risings," not rebellions; the Irish for the idea literally signifies "rising out." This evidences Gaelic accuracy. Strictly speaking, one can *rebel* only againt what is *right*.—Editor.)

to destruction and then to leave them?" And poor Emmet's reply—no word of blame for the traitors that had sold him, for the cravens that had abandoned him, for the fools that had bungled; just a halting, heartbroken exculpation, the only one he was to make for himself—"Dont' blame me, Anne; the fault is not mine." And her woman's heart went out to him and she took him in and cherished him; but the soldiery were on his track, and that was his last night in Butterfield House. The bracken was his bed thenceforth, or a precarious pillow in his old quarters at Harold's Cross until he lay down in Kilmainham to await the summons of the executioner.

No failure, judged as the world judges these things, was ever more complete, more pathetic than Emmet's. And yet he has left us a prouder memory than the memory of Brian victorious at Clontarf or of Owen Roe victorious at Benburb. It is the memory of a sacrifice Christ-like in its perfection. Dowered with all things splendid and sweet, he left all things and elected to die. Face to face with England in the dock at Green Street he uttered the most memorable words ever uttered by an Irish man: words which, ringing clear above a century's tumults, forbid us ever to waver or grow weary until our country takes her place among the nations of the earth. And his death was august. In the great space of Thomas Street an immense silent crowd; in front of St. Catherine's Church a gallows upon a platform; a young man climbs to it, quiet, serene, almost smiling, they say—ah, he was very brave; there is no cheer from the crowd, no groan; this man is to die for them, but no man dares to say aloud "God bless you, Robert Emmet." Dublin must one day wash out in blood the shameful memory of that quiescence. Would Michael Dwyer come from the Wicklow Hills? Up to the last moment Emmet seems to have expected him. He was saying "Not yet" when the hangman kicked aside the plank and his body was launched into the air. They say it swung for half-an-hour, with terrible contortions, before he died. When he was dead the comely head was severed from the body. A friend of mine knew an old woman

who told him how the blood flowed down upon the pavement, and how she sickened with horror as she saw the dogs of the street lap up that noble blood. Then the hangman showed the pale head to the people and announced: "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." A traitor? No, but a true man. O my brothers, this was one of the truest men that ever lived. This was one of the bravest spirits that Ireland has ever nurtured. This man was faithful even unto the ignominy of the gallows, dying that his people might live, even as Christ died.

Be assured that such a death always means a redemption. Emmet redeemed Ireland from acquiescence in the Union. His attempt was not a failure, but a triumph for that deathless thing we call Irish Nationality. It was by Emmet that men remembered Ireland until Davis and Mitchel took up his work again, and '48 handed on the tradition to '67, and from '67 we receive the tradition unbroken.

You ask me to speak of the Ireland of today. What need I say but that today Ireland is turning her face once more to the old path? Nothing seems more definitely to emerge when one looks at the movements that are stirring both above the surface and beneath the surface in men's minds at home than the fact that the new generation is re-affirming the Fenian faith, the faith of Emmet. It is because we know that this is so that we can suffer in patience the things that are said and done in the name of Irish Nationality by some of our leaders. What one may call the Westminster phase is passing: the National movement is swinging back again into its proper channel. A new junction has been made with the past: into the movement that has never wholly died since '67 have come the young men of the Gaelic League. Having renewed communion with its origins, Irish Nationalism is today a more virile thing than ever before in our time. Of that be sure.

I have said again and again that when the Gaelic League was founded in 1893 the Irish Revolution began. The Gaelic League brought it a certain distance upon its way; but the Gaelic League could not accomplish the Revolution. For five

or six years a new phase has been due, and lo! it is with us now. To-day Ireland is once more organising, once more learning the noble trade of arms. In our towns and country places Volunteer companies are springing up. Dublin pointed the way, Galway has followed Dublin, Cork has followed Galway, Wexford has followed Cork, Limerick has followed Wexford, Monaghan has followed Limerick, Sligo has followed Monaghan, Donegal has followed Sligo. There is again in Ireland the murmur of a marching, and talk of guns and tactics. What this movement may mean for our country no man can say. But it is plain to all that the existence on Irish soil of an Irish army is the most portentous fact that has appeared in Ireland for over a hundred years: a fact which marks definitely the beginning of the second stage of the Revolution which was commenced when the Gaelic League was founded. The inner significance of the movement lies in this, that men of every rank and class, of every section of Nationalist opinion, of every shade of religious belief, have discovered that they share a common patriotism, that their faith is one and that there is one service in which they can come together at last: the service of their country in arms. We are realising now how proud a thing it is to serve, and in the comradeship and joy of the new service we are forgetting many ancient misunderstandings. In the light of a re-discovered citizenship things are plain to us that were before obscure:

"Lo, a clearness of vision has followed, lo, a purification of sight;
Lo, the friend is discerned from the foeman, the wrong recognised from the right."

After all, there are in Ireland but two parties: those who stand for the English connection and those who stand against it. On what side, think you, stand the Irish Volunteers? I cannot speak for the Volunteers; I am not authorised to say when they will use their arms or where or how. I can speak only for myself; and it is strictly a personal perception that I am

recording, but a perception that to me is very clear, when I say that before this generation has passed the Volunteers will draw the sword of Ireland. There is no truth but the old truth and no way but the old way. Home Rule may come or may not come, but under Home Rule or in its absence there remains for the Volunteers and for Ireland the substantial business of achieving Irish nationhood. And I do not know how nationhood is achieved except by armed men; I do not know how nationhood is guarded except by armed men.

I ask you, then, to salute with me the Irish Volunteers. I ask you to mark their advent as an augury that, no matter what pledges may be given by men who do not know Ireland—the stubborn soul of Ireland—that nation of ancient faith will never sell her birthright of freedom for a mess of pottage: a mess of dubious pottage, at that. Ireland has been guilty of many meannesses, of many shrinkings back when she should have marched forward; but she will never be guilty of that immense infidelity.

II.

An Address Delivered at the Emmet Commemoration in the Aeolian Hall, New York, 9th March, 1914.

We who speak here to-night, are the voice of one of the ancient indestructible things of the world. We are the voice of an idea which is older than any empire and will outlast every empire. We and ours, the inheritors of that idea, have been at age-long war with one of the most powerful empires that have ever been built up upon the earth; and that empire will pass before we pass. We are older than England and we are stronger than England. In every generation we have renewed the struggle, and so it shall be unto the end. When England thinks she has trampled out our battle in blood, some brave man rises and rallies us again; when England thinks she has purchased us with a bribe, some good man redeems us by a

sacrifice. Wherever England goes on her mission of empire we meet her and we strike at her: yesterday it was on the South African Veldt, to-day it is in the Senate House at Washington, to-morrow it may be in the streets of Dublin. We pursue her like a sleuth-hound; we lie in wait for her and come upon her like a thief in the night; and some day we will overwhelm her with the wrath of God.

It is not that we are apostles of hate. Who like us has carried Christ's word of charity about the earth? But the Christ that said "My peace I leave you, My peace I give you" is the same Christ that said "I bring not peace, but a sword." There can be no peace between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, between justice and oppression, between freedom and tyranny. Between them it is eternal war until the wrong is righted, until the true thing is established, until justice is accomplished, until freedom is won.

So when England talks of peace we know our answer: "Peace with you? Peace while your one hand is at our throat and your other hand is in our pocket? Peace with a footpad? Peace with a pickpocket? Peace with the leech that is sucking our body dry of blood? Peace with the many armed monster whose tentacles envelop us while its system emits an inky fluid that shrouds its work of murder from the eyes of men? The time has not yet come to talk of peace."

But England, we are told, offers us terms. She holds out to us the hand of friendship. She gives us a Parliament with an Executive responsible to it. Within two years the Home Rule Senate meets in College Green and King George comes to Dublin to declare its sessions open. In anticipation of that happy event our leaders have proffered England our loyalty. Mr. Redmond accepts Home Rule as a "final settlement between the two nations;" Mr. O'Brien in the fulness of his heart cries "God Save the King;" Colonel Lynch offers England his sword in case she is attacked by a foreign power.

And so this settlement is to be a final settlement. Would Wolfe Tone have accepted it as a final settlement? Would

Robert Emmet have accepted it as a final settlement? Either we are the heirs to their principles or we are not. If we are, we can accept no settlement as final which does not *"break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils;"* if we are not, how dare we go in annual pilgrimage to Bodenstown, how dare we gather here or anywhere to commemorate the faith and sacrifice of Emmet? Did, then, these dead heroic men live in vain? Has Ireland learned a truer philosophy than the philosophy of '98, and a nobler way of salvation than the way of 1803? Is Wolfe Tone's definition superseded, and do we discharge our duty to Emmet's memory by according him annually our pity?

To do the English justice, I do not think they are satisfied that Ireland will accept Home Rule as a final settlement. I think they are a little anxious to-day. If their minds were tranquil on the subject of Irish loyalty they would hardly have proclaimed the importation of arms into Ireland the moment the Irish Volunteers had begun to organise themselves. They had given the Ulster faction which is used as a catspaw by one of the England parties two years to organise and arm against that Home Rule Bill which they profess themselves so anxious to pass: to the Nationalists of Ireland they did not give two weeks. Of course, we can arm in spite of them: to-day we are organising and training the men and we have ways and means of getting arms when the men are ready for the arms. The contention I make now, and I ask you to note it well, is that England does not trust Ireland with guns; that under Home Rule or in the absence of Home Rule England declares that we Irish must remain an unarmed people; and England is right.

England is right in suspecting Irish loyalty, and those Irishmen who promise Irish loyalty to England are wrong. I believe them honest; but they have spent so much of their lives parleying with the English, they have sat so often and so long at English feasts, that they have lost communion with the ancient unpurchasable faith of Ireland, the ancient stubborn

thing that forbids, as if with the voice of fate, any loyalty from Ireland to England, any union between us and them, any surrender of one jot or shred of our claim to freedom even in return for all the blessings of the British peace.

I have called that old faith an indestructible thing. I have said that it is more powerful than empires. If you would understand its might you must consider how it has made all the generations of Ireland heroic. Having its root in all gentleness, in a man's love for the place where his mother bore him, for the breast that gave him suck, for the voices of children that sounded in a house now silent, for the faces that glowed around a fireside now cold, for the story told by lips that will not speak again, having its root, I say, in all gentleness, it is yet a terrible thing urging the generations to perilous bloody attempts, nerving men to give up life for the death-in-life of dungeons, teaching little boys to die with laughing lips, giving courage to young girls to bare their backs to the lashes of a soldiery.*

It is easy to imagine how the spirit of Irish patriotism called to the gallant and adventurous spirit of Tone or moved the wrathful spirit of Mitchel. In them deep called unto deep: heroic effort claimed the heroic man. But consider how the call was made to a spirit of different, yet not less noble mould; and how it was answered. In Emmet it called to a dreamer and he awoke a man of action; it called to a student and a recluse and he stood forth a leader of men; it called to one who loved the ways of peace and he became a revolutionary. I wish I could help you to realise, I wish I could myself adequately realise, the humanity, the gentle and grave humanity, of Emmet. We are so dominated by the memory of that splendid death of his, by the memory of that young figure, serene and smiling, climbing to the gallows above that sea of silent men in Thomas

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*(The present generation probably surpasses all others in heroism, as I can bear testimony to from personal experience, for I heard with my own ears and beheld with my own eyes.—Editor.)

Street, that we forget the life of which that death was only the necessary completion; and the life has a nearer meaning for us than the death. For Emmet, finely gifted though he was, was just a young man with the same limitations, the same self-questionings, the same falterings, the same kindly human emotions surging up sometimes in such strength as almost to drown a heroic purpose, as many a young man we have known. And his task was just such a task as many of us have undertaken: he had to go through the same repellant routine of work, to deal with the hard, uncongenial details of correspondence and conference and committee meetings; he had the same sordid difficulties that we have, yea, even the vulgar difficulty of want of funds. And he had the same poor human material to work with, men who misunderstood, men who bungled, men who talked too much, men who failed at the last moment. . . .

Yes, the task we take up again is just Emmet's task of silent unattractive work, the routine of correspondence and committees and organising. We must face it as bravely and as quietly as he faced it, working on in patience as he worked on, hoping as he hoped; cherishing in our secret hearts the mighty hope that to us, though so unworthy, it may be given to bring to accomplishment the thing he left unaccomplished, but working on even when that hope dies within us.

I would ask you to consider now how the call I have spoken of was made to the spirit of a woman, and how, equally, it was responded to. Wherever Emmet is commemorated let Anne Devlin not be forgotten. Bryan Devlin had a dairy farm in Butterfield Lane; his fields are still green there. Five sons of his fought in '98. Anne was his daughter, and she went to keep house for Emmet when he moved into Butterfield House. You know how she kept vigil there on the night of the rising. When all was lost and Emmet came out in his hurried retreat through Rathfarnham to the mountains, her greeting was—according to tradition it was spoken in Irish, and Emmet must have replied in Irish—"Musha, bad welcome to you! Is Ireland lost by you, cowards that you are to lead the people to destruc-

tion and then to leave them?" "Don't blame me, Anne; the fault is not mine," said Emmet. And she was sorry for the pain her words had inflicted, spoken in the pain of her own disappointment. She would have tended him like a mother could he have tarried there, but his path lay to Kilmashogue, and hers was to be a harder duty. When Sirr came out with his soldiery she was still keeping her vigil. "Where is Emmet?" "I have nothing to tell you." To all their questions she had but one answer: "I have nothing to say; I have nothing to tell you." They swung her up to a cart and half-hanged her several times; after each half-hanging she was revived and questioned: still the same answer. They pricked her breast with their bayonets until the blood spurted out in their faces. They dragged her to prison and tortured her for days. Not one word did they extract from that steadfast woman. And when Emmet was sold, he was sold, not by a woman, but by a man—by the friend that he had trusted—by the counsel who, having sold him, was to go through the ghastly mockery of defending him at the bar.

The fathers and mothers of Ireland should often tell their children that story of Robert Emmet and that story of Anne Devlin. To the Irish mothers who hear me I would say that when at night you kiss your children and in your hearts call down a benediction, you could wish for your boys no higher thing than that, should the need come, they may be given the strength to make Emmet's sacrifice, and for your girls no greater gift from God than such fidelity as Anne Devlin's.

It is more than a hundred years since these things were suffered; and they were suffered in vain if nothing of the spirit of Emmet and Anne Devlin survives in the young men and young women of Ireland. Does anything of that spirit survive? I think I can speak for my own generation. I think I can speak for my contemporaries in the Gaelic League, an organisation which has not yet concerned itself with politics, but whose younger spirits are accepting the full national idea and are bringing into the national struggle the passion and the

practicalness which marked the early stages of the language movement. I think I can speak for the young men of the Volunteers. So far, they have no programme beyond learning the trade of arms: a trade which no man of Ireland could learn for over a hundred years past unless he took the English shilling. It is a good programme; and we may almost commit the future of Ireland to the keeping of the Volunteers. I think I can speak for a younger generation still: for some of the young men that are entering the National University, for my own pupils at St. Enda's College, for the boys of the Fianna Eireann. To the grey-haired men whom I see on this platform, to John Devoy and Richard Burke, I bring, then, this message from Ireland: that their seed-sowing of forty years ago has not been without its harvest, that there are young men and little boys in Ireland to-day who remember what they taught and who, with God's blessing, will one day take—or make—an opportunity of putting their teaching into practice.

AN ADDENDUM.

(August, 1914)

Since I spoke the words here reprinted there has been a quick movement of events in Ireland. The young men of the nation stand organised and disciplined, and are rapidly arming themselves; blood has flowed in Dublin streets, and the cause of the Volunteers has been consecrated by a holocaust. A European war has brought about a crisis which may contain, as yet hidden within it, the moment for which the generations have been waiting. It remains to be seen whether, if that moment reveals itself, we shall have the sight to see and the courage to do, or whether it shall be written of this generation, alone of all the generations of Ireland, that it had none among it who dared to make the ultimate sacrifice.

THE MURDER MACHINE *

I.

THE BROAD-ARROW

P. H. Pearse,
St. Enda's College,
Rathfarnham,
1st Jan., 1916.

A FRENCH writer has paid the English a very well-deserved compliment. He says that they never commit a useless crime. When they hire a man to assassinate an Irish patriot, when they blow a Sepoy from the mouth of a cannon, when they produce a famine in one of their dependencies, they have always an ulterior motive. They do not do it for fun. Humorous as these crimes are, it is not the humor of them, but their utility, that appeals to the English. Unlike Gilbert's Mikado, they would see nothing humorous in boiling oil. If they retained boiling oil in their penal code, they would retain it, as they retain flogging before execution in Egypt, strictly because it has been found useful.

This observation will help one to an understanding of some portions of the English administration of Ireland. The English administration of Ireland has not been marked by any unnecessary cruelty. Every crime that the English have planned and carried out in Ireland has had a definite end. Every absurdity that they have set up has had a grave purpose. The Famine was not enacted merely from a love of horror. The Boards that rule Ireland were not contrived in order to add

*Preface—This pamphlet is not, as its name might seem to import, a penny dreadful, at least in the ordinary sense. It consists of a series of studies of the English education system in Ireland.)

to the gaiety of nations. The Famine and the Boards are alike parts of a profound polity.

I have spent the greater part of my life in immediate contemplation of the most grotesque and horrible of the English inventions for the debasement of Ireland. I mean their education system. The English once proposed in their Dublin Parliament a measure for the castration of all Irish priests who refused to quit Ireland. The proposal was so filthy that, although it duly passed the House and was transmitted to England with the warm recommendation of the Viceroy, it was not eventually adopted. But the English have actually carried out an even filthier thing. They have planned and established an education system which more wickedly does violence to the elementary human rights of Irish children than would an edict for the general castration of Irish males. The system has aimed at the substitution for men and women of mere Things. It has not been an entire success. There are still a great many thousand men and women in Ireland. But a great many thousand of what, by way of courtesy, we call men and women are simply Things. Men and women, however depraved, have kindly human allegiances. But these Things have no allegiance. Like other Things, they are for sale.

When one uses the term education system as the name of the system of schools, colleges, universities, and what not which the English have established in Ireland, one uses it as a convenient label, just as one uses the term government as a convenient label for the system of administration by police which obtains in Ireland instead of a government. There is no education system in Ireland. The English have established the simulacrum of an education system, but its object is the precise contrary of the object of an education system. Education should foster; this education is meant to repress. Education should inspire; this education is meant to tame. Education should harden; this education is meant to enervate. The English are too wise a people to attempt to educate the Irish, in any worthy sense. As well expect them to arm us.

Professor Eoin Mac Neill has compared the English education system in Ireland to the systems of slave education which existed in the ancient pagan republics side by side with the systems intended for the education of freemen. To the children of the free were taught all noble and goodly things which would tend to make them strong and proud and valiant; from the children of the slaves all such dangerous knowledge was hidden. They were taught not to be strong and proud and valiant, but to be sleek, to be obsequious, to be dexterous: the object was not to make them good men, but to make them good slaves. And so in Ireland. The education system here was designed by our masters in order to make us willing or at least manageable slaves. It has made of some Irishmen not slaves merely, but very eunuchs, with the smoothness and softness of eunuchs, with the indifference and cruelty of eunuchs; kinless beings, who serve for pay a master that they neither love nor hate.

Ireland is not merely in servitude, but in a kind of penal servitude. Certain of the slaves among us are appointed jailors over the common herd of slaves. And they are trained from their youth for this degrading office. The ordinary slaves are trained for their lowly tasks in dingy places called schools; the buildings in which the higher slaves are trained are called colleges and universities. If one may regard Ireland as a nation in penal servitude, the schools and colleges and universities may be looked upon as the symbol of her penal servitude. They are, so to speak, the broad-arrow upon the back of Ireland.

II.

THE MURDER MACHINE

A few years ago, when people still believed in the imminence of Home Rule, there were numerous discussions as to the tasks awaiting a Home Rule Parliament and the order in which they should be taken up. Mr. John Dillon declared that one

of the first of those tasks was the recasting of the Irish education system, by which he meant the English education system in Ireland. The declaration alarmed the Bishop of Limerick, always suspicious of Mr. Dillon, and he told that statesman in effect that the Irish education system did not need recasting—that all was well there.

The positions seemed irreconcilable. Yet in the *Irish Review* I quixotically attempted to find common ground between the disputants, and to state in such a way as to command the assent of both the duty of a hypothetical Irish Parliament with regard to education. I put it that what education in Ireland needed was less a reconstruction of its machinery than a regeneration in spirit. The machinery, I said, has doubtless its defects, but what is chiefly wrong with it is that it is mere machinery, a lifeless thing without a soul. Dr. O'Dwyer was probably concerned for the maintenance of portion of the machinery, valued by him as a Catholic Bishop, and not without reason; and I for one was (and am) willing to leave that particular portion untouched, or practically so. But the machine as a whole is no more capable of fulfilling the function for which it is needed than would an automaton be capable of fulfilling the function of a living teacher in a school. A soulless thing cannot teach; but it can destroy. A machine cannot make men; but it can break men.

One of the most terrible things about the English education system in Ireland is its ruthlessness. I know no image for that ruthlessness in the natural order. The ruthlessness of a wild beast has in it a certain mercy—it slays. It has in it a certain grandeur of animal force. But this ruthlessness is literally without pity and without passion. It is cold and mechanical, like the ruthlessness of an immensely powerful engine. A machine vast, complicated, with a multitude of far-reaching arms, with many ponderous presses, carrying out mysterious and long-drawn processes of shaping and moulding, is the true image of the Irish education system. It grinds night and day; it obeys immutable and predetermined laws; it is as

devoid of understanding, of sympathy, of imagination as is any other piece of machinery that performs an appointed task. Into it is fed all the raw human material in Ireland; it seizes upon it inexorably and rends and compresses and remoulds; and what it cannot refashion after the regulation pattern it ejects with all likeness of its former self crushed from it, a bruised and shapeless thing, thereafter accounted waste.

Our common parlance has become impressed with the conception of education as some sort of manufacturing process. Our children are the "raw material"; we desiderate for their education "modern methods" which must be "efficient" but "cheap"; we send them to Clongowes to be "finished"; when "finished" they are "turned out"; specialists "grind" them for the English Civil Service and the so-called liberal professions; in each of our great colleges there is a department known as the "scrap-heap," though officially called the Fourth Preparatory —the limbo to which the débris ejected by the machine is relegated. The stuff there is either too hard or too soft to be moulded to the pattern required by the Civil Service Commissioners or the Incorporated Law Society.

In our adoption of the standpoint here indicated there is involved a primary blunder as to the nature and functions of education. For education has not to do with the manufacture of things, but with fostering the growth of things. And the conditions we should strive to bring about in our education system are not the conditions favorable to the rapid and cheap manufacture of readymades, but the conditions favorable to the growth of living organisms—the liberty and the light and the gladness of a ploughed field under the spring sunshine.

In particular I would urge that the Irish school system of the future should give freedom—freedom to the individual school, freedom to the individual teacher, freedom as far as may be to the individual pupil. Without freedom there can be no right growth; and education is properly the fostering of the right growth of a personality. Our school system must bring, too, some gallant inspiration. And with the inspiration

it must bring a certain hardening. One scarcely knows whether modern sentimentalism or modern utilitarianism is the more sure sign of modern decadence. I would boldly preach the antique faith that fighting is the only noble thing, and that he only is at peace with God who is at war with the powers of evil.

In a true education system, religion, patriotism, literature, art and science would be brought in such a way into the daily lives of boys and girls as to affect their character and conduct. We may assume that religion is a vital thing in Irish schools, but I know that the other things, speaking broadly, do not exist. There are no ideas there, no love of beauty, no love of books, no love of knowledge, no heroic inspiration. And there is no room for such things either on the earth or in the heavens, for the earth is cumbered and the heavens are darkened by the monstrous bulk of the programme. Most of the educators detest the programme. They are like the adherents of a dead creed who continue to mumble formulas and to make obeisance before an idol which they have found out to be but a spurious divinity.

Mr. Dillon was to be sympathised with, even though pathetically premature, in looking to the then anticipated advent of Home Rule for a chance to make education what it should be. But I doubt if he and the others who would have had power in a Home Rule Parliament realised that what is needed here is not reform, not even a revolution, but a vastly bigger thing—a creation. It is not a question of pulling machinery asunder and piecing it together again; it is a question of breathing into a dead thing a living soul.

III.

"I DENY"

I postulate that there is no education in Ireland apart from the voluntary efforts of a few people, mostly mad. Let us there-

fore not talk of reform, or of reconstruction. You cannot reform that which is not; you cannot by any process of reconstruction give organic life to a negation. In a literal sense the work of the first Minister of Education in a free Ireland will be a work of creation; for out of chaos he will have to evolve order and into a dead mass he will have to breathe the breath of life.

The English thing that is called education in Ireland is founded on a denial of the Irish nation. No education can start with a Nego, any more than a religion can. Everything that even pretends to be true begins with its Credo. It is obvious that the savage who says "I believe in Mumbo Jumbo" is nearer to true religion than the philosopher who says "I deny God and the spiritual in man." Now to teach a child to deny is the greatest crime a man or a State can commit. Certain schools in Ireland teach children to deny their religion; nearly all the schools in Ireland teach children to deny their nation. "I deny the spirituality of my nation; I deny the lineage of my blood; I deny my rights and responsibilities." This Nego is their Credo, this evil their good.

To invent such a system of teaching and to persuade us that it is an education system, an Irish education system to be defended by Irishmen against attack, is the most wonderful thing the English have accomplished in Ireland; and the most wicked.

IV.

AGAINST MODERNISM

All the speculations one saw a few years ago as to the probable effect of Home Rule on education in Ireland showed one how inadequately the problem was grasped. To some the expected advent of Home Rule seemed to promise as its main fruition in the field of education the raising of their salaries; to others the supreme thing it was to bring in its train was the abolition of Dr. Starkie; to some again it held out the delightful

prospect of Orange boys and Orange girls being forced to learn Irish; to others it meant the dawn of an era of commonsense, the ushering in of the reign of "a sound modern education," suitable to the needs of a progressive modern people.

I scandalised many people at the time by saying that the last was the view that irritated me most. The first view was not so selfish as it might appear, for between the salary offered to teachers and the excellence of a country's education system there is a vital connection. And the second and third forecasts at any rate opened up picturesque vistas. The passing of Dr. Starkie would have had something of the pageantry of the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena (an effect which would have been heightened had he been accompanied into exile by Mr. Bonaparte Wyse), and the prospect of the children of Sandy Row being taught to curse the Pope in Irish was rich and soul-satisfying. These things we might or might not have seen had Home Rule come. But I expressed the hope that even Home Rule would not commit Ireland to an ideal so low as the ideal underlying the phrase "a sound modern education."

It is a vile phrase, one of the vilest I know. Yet we find it in nearly every school prospectus, and it comes pat to the lips of nearly everyone that writes or talks about schools. Now there can be no such thing as "a sound modern education" —as well talk about a "lively modern faith" or a "serviceable modern religion." It should be obvious that the more "modern" an education is the less "sound," for in education "modernism" is as much a heresy as in religion. In both medievalism were a truer standard. We are too fond of clapping ourselves upon the back because we live in modern times, and we preen ourselves quite ridiculously (and unnecessarily) on our modern progress. There is, of course, such a thing as modern progress, but it has been won at how great a cost! How many precious things have we flung from us to lighten ourselves for that race!

And in some directions we have progressed not at all, or we have progressed in a circle; perhaps indeed all progress on this planet, and on every planet, is in a circle, just as every

line you draw on a globe is a circle or part of one. Modern speculation is often a mere groping where ancient men saw clearly. All the problems with which we strive (I mean all the really important problems) were long ago solved by our ancestors, only their solutions have been forgotten. There have been States in which the rich did not grind the poor, although there are no such States now; there have been free self-governing democracies, although there are few such democracies now; there have been rich and beautiful social organisations, with an art and a culture and a religion in every man's house, though for such a thing to-day we have to search out some sequestered people living by a desolate seashore or in a high forgotten valley among lonely hills—a hamlet of Iar-Connacht or a village in the Austrian Alps. Mankind, I repeat, or some section of mankind, has solved all its main problems somewhere and at some time. I suppose no universal and permanent solution is possible as long as the old Adam remains in us, the Adam that makes each one of us, and each tribe of us, something of the rebel, of the freethinker, of the adventurer, of the egoist. But the solutions are there, and it is because we fail in clearness of vision or in boldness of heart or in singleness of purpose that we cannot find them.

V.

AN IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

The words and phrases of a language are always to some extent revelations of the mind of the race that has moulded the language. How often does an Irish vocable light up as with a lantern some immemorial Irish attitude, some whole phase of Irish thought! Thus, the words which the old Irish employed when they spoke of education show that they had gripped the very heart of that problem. To the old Irish the teacher was *aite* "fosterer," the pupil was *dalta* "foster-child," the system

was *aiteachas,* "foster-age"; words which we still retain as *oide, dalta, oideachas.*

And is it not the precise aim of education to "foster"? Not to inform, to indoctrinate, to conduct through a course of studies, (though these be the dictionary meanings of the word), but, first and last, to "foster" the elements of character native to a soul, to help to bring these to their full perfection rather than to implant exotic excellences.

Fosterage implies a foster-father or foster-mother—a person—as its centre and inspiration rather than a code of rules. Modern education systems are elaborate pieces of machinery devised by highly-salaried officials for the purpose of turning out citizens according to certain approved patterns. The modern school is a state-controlled institution designed to produce workers for the State, and is in the same category with a dockyard or any other state-controlled institution which produces articles necessary to the progress, well-being, and defence of the State. We speak of the "efficiency," the "cheapness," and the "up-to-dateness" of an education system just as we speak of the "efficiency," the "cheapness," and the "up-to-dateness" of a system of manufacturing coal-gas. We shall soon reach a stage when we shall speak of the "efficiency," the "cheapness," and the "up-to-dateness" of our systems of soul-saving. We shall hear it said "Salvation is very cheap in England," or "The Germans are wonderfully efficient in prayer," or "Gee, it takes a New York parson to hustle ginks into Heaven."

Now education is as much concerned with souls as religion is. Religion is a Way of Life, and education is a preparation of the soul to live its life here and hereafter; to live it nobly and fully. And as we cannot think of religion without a Person as its centre, as we cannot think of a church without its Teacher, so we cannot think of a school without its Master. A school, in fact, according to the conception of our wise ancestors, was less a place than a little group of persons, a teacher and his pupils. Its place might be poor, nay, it might have no local habitation at all, it might be peripatetic: where the master

went the disciples followed. One may think of Our Lord and His friends as a sort of school: was He not the Master, and were not they His disciples? That gracious conception was not only the conception of the old Gael, pagan and Christian, but it was the conception of Europe all through the Middle Ages. Philosophy was not crammed out of textbooks, but was learned at the knee of some great philosopher; art was learned in the studio of some master-artist, a craft in the workshop of some master-craftsman. Always it was the personality of the master that made the school, never the State that built it of brick and mortar, drew up a code of rules to govern it, and sent hirelings into it to carry out its decrees.

I do not know how far it is possible to revive the old ideal of fosterer and foster-child. I know it were very desirable. One sees too clearly that the modern system, under which the teacher tends more and more to become a mere civil servant, is making for the degradation of education, and will end in irreligion and anarchy. The modern child is coming to regard his teacher as an official paid by the State to render him certain services; services which it is in his interest to avail of, since by doing so he will increase his earning capacity later on; but services the rendering and acceptance of which no more imply a sacred relationship than do the rendering and acceptance of the services of a dentist or a chiropodist. There is thus coming about a complete reversal of the relative positions of master and disciple, a tendency which is increased by every statute that is placed on the statute book, by every rule that is added to the education code of modern countries.

Against this trend I would oppose the ideal of those who shaped the Gaelic polity nearly two thousand years ago. It is not merely that the old Irish had a good education system; they had the best and noblest that has ever been known among men. There has never been any human institution more adequate to its purpose than that which, in pagan times, produced Cuchulainn and the Boy-Corps of Eamhain Macha and, in Christian times, produced Enda and the companions of his solitude in

Aran. The old Irish system, pagan and Christian, possessed in pre-eminent degree the thing most needful in education: an adequate inspiration. Colmcille suggested what that inspiration was when he said, "If I die it shall be from the excess of the love that I bear the Gael." A love and a service so excessive as to annihilate all thought of self, a recognition that one must give all, must be willing always to make the ultimate sacrifice—this is the inspiration alike of the story of Cuchulainn and of the story of Colmcille, the inspiration that made the one a hero and the other a saint.

VI.

MASTER AND DISCIPLES.

In the Middle Ages there were everywhere little groups of persons clustering round some beloved teacher, and thus it was that men learned not only the humanities but all gracious and useful crafts. There were no State art schools, no State technical schools: as I have said, men became artists in the studio of some master-artist, men learned crafts in the workshop of some master-craftsman. It was always the individual inspiring, guiding, fostering other individuals; never the State usurping the place of father or fosterer, dispensing education like a universal provider of readymades, aiming at turning out all men and women according to regulation patterns.

In Ireland the older and truer conception was never lost sight of. It persisted into Christian times when a Kieran or an Enda or a Colmcille gathered his little group of foster-children (the old word was still used) around him: they were collectively his family, his household, his *clann*—many sweet and endearing words were used to mark the intimacy of that relationship. It seems to me that there has been nothing nobler in the history of education than this development of the old Irish plan of fosterage under a Christian rule, when to the pagan ideals of strength and truth there were added the Christian ideals of

love and humility. And this, remember, was not the education system of an aristocracy, but the education system of a people. It was more democratic than any education system in the world today. Our very divisions into primary, secondary, and university crystallise a snobbishness partly intellectual and partly social. At Clonard Kieran, the son of a carpenter, sat in the same class as Colmcille, the son of a king. To Clonard or to Aran or to Clonmacnois went every man, rich or poor, prince or peasant, who wanted to sit at Finnian's or at Enda's or at Kieran's feet and learn of his wisdom.

Always it was the personality of the teacher that drew them there. And so it was all through Irish history. A great poet or a great scholar had his foster-children who lived at his house or fared with him through the country. Even long after Kinsale the Munster poets had their little groups of pupils; and the hedge schoolmasters of the nineteenth century were the last repositories of a high tradition.

I dwell on the importance of the personal element in education. I would have every child not merely a unit in a school attendance, but in some intimate personal way the pupil of a teacher, or, to use more expressive words, the disciple of a master. And here I nowise contradict another position of mine, that the main object in education is to help the child to be his own true and best self. What the teacher should bring to his pupil is not a set of readymade opinions, or a stock of cut-and-dry information, but an inspiration and an example; and his main qualification should be, not such an overmastering will as shall impose itself at all hazards upon all weaker wills that come under its influence, but rather so infectious an enthusiasm as shall kindle new enthusiasm. The Montessori system, so admirable in many ways, would seem at first sight to attach insufficient importance to the function of the teacher in the schoolroom. But this is not really so. True, it would make the spontaneous efforts of the children the main motive power, as against the dominating will of the teacher which is the main motive power in the ordinary schoolroom. But the

teacher must be there always to inspire, to foster. If you would realise how true this is, how important the personality of the teacher, even in a Montessori school, try to imagine a Montessori school conducted by the average teacher of your acquaintance, or try to imagine a Montessori school conducted by yourself!

VII.

OF FREEDOM IN EDUCATION.

I have claimed elsewhere that the native Irish education system possessed pre-eminently two characteristics: first, freedom for the individual, and, secondly, an adequate inspiration. Without these two things you cannot have education, no matter how you may elaborate educational machinery, no matter how you may multiply educational programmes. And because those two things are preeminently lacking in what passes for education in Ireland, we have in Ireland strictly no education system at all; nothing that by any extension of the meaning of words can be called an education system. We have an elaborate machinery for teaching persons certain subjects, and the teaching is done more or less efficiently; more efficiently, I imagine, than such teaching is done in England or in America. We have three universities and four boards of education. We have an army of inspectors, mostly overpaid. We have a host of teachers, mostly underpaid. We have a Compulsory Education Act. We have the grave and bulky code of the Commissioners of National Education, and the slim- impertinent pamphlet which enshrines the wisdom of the Commissioners of Intermediate Education. We have a vast deal more in the shape of educational machinery and stage properties. But we have, I repeat, no education system; and only in isolated places have we any education. The essentials are lacking.

And first of freedom. The word freedom is no longer understood in Ireland. We have no experience of the thing, and

we have almost lost our conception of the idea. So completely is this true that the very organisations which exist in Ireland to champion freedom show no disposition themselves to accord freedom: they challenge a great tyranny, but they erect their little tyrannies. "Thou shalt not" is half the law of Ireland, and the other half is "Thou must."

Now nowhere has the law of "Thou shalt not" and "Thou must" been so rigorous as in the schoolroom. Surely the first essential of healthy life there was freedom. But there has been and there is no freedom in Irish education; no freedom for the child, no freedom for the teacher, no freedom for the school. Where young souls, young minds, young bodies demanded the largest measure of individual freedom consistent with the common good, freedom to move and grow on their natural lines, freedom to live their own lives—for what is natural life but natural growth?—freedom to bring themselves, as I have put it elsewhere, to their own perfection, there was a sheer denial of the right of the individual to grow in his own natural way, that is, in God's way. He had to develop not in God's way, but in the Board's way. The Board, National or Intermediate as the case might be, bound him hand and foot, chained him mind and soul, constricted him morally, mentally and physically with the involuted folds of its rules and regulations, its programmes, its minutes, its reports and special reports, its pains and penalties. I have often thought that the type of English education in Ireland was the Laocoon: that agonising father and his sons seem to me like the teacher and the pupils of an Irish school, the strong limbs of the man and the slender limbs of the boys caught together and crushed together in the grip of an awful fate. And English education in Ireland has seemed to some like the bed of Procustes, the bed on which all men that passed that way must lie, be it never so big for them, be it never so small for them: the traveller for whom it was too large had his limbs stretched until he filled it; the traveller for whom it was too small had his limbs chopped off until he fitted into it—comfortably. It was a grim jest to

play upon travellers. The English have done it to Irish children not by way of jest, but with a purpose. Our English-Irish systems took, and take, absolutely no cognisance of the differences between individuals, of the differences between localities, of the differences between urban and rural communities, of the differences springing from a different ancestry, Gaelic or Anglo-Saxon. Every school must conform to a type—and what a type! Every individual must conform to a type—and what a type! The teacher has not been at liberty, and in practice is not yet at liberty, to seek to discover the individual bents of his pupils, the hidden talent that is in every normal soul, to discover which and to cherish which, that it may in the fulness of time be put to some precious use, is the primary duty of the teacher. I knew one boy who passed through several schools a dunce and a laughing-stock; the National Board and the Intermediate Board had sat in judgment upon him and had damned him as a failure before men and angels. Yet a friend and fellow-worker of mine discovered that he was gifted with a wondrous sympathy for nature, that he loved and understood the ways of plants, that he had a strange minuteness and subtlety of observation—that, in short, he was the sort of boy likely to become an accomplished botanist. I knew another boy of whom his father said to me: "He is no good at books, he is no good at work: he is good at nothing but playing a tin whistle. What am I to do with him?" I shocked the worthy man by replying (though really it was the obvious thing to reply): "Buy a tin whistle for him." Once a colleague of mine summed up the whole philosophy of education in a maxim which startled a sober group of visitors: "If a boy shows an aptitude for doing anything better than most people, he should be encouraged to do that, and to do it as well as possible; I don't care what it is—scotch-hop, if you like."

The idea of a compulsory programme imposed by an external authority upon every child in every school in a country is the direct contrary of the root idea involved in education. Yet this is what we have in Ireland. In theory the primary schools

have a certain amount of freedom; in practice they have none. Neither in theory nor in practice is such a thing as freedom dreamt of in the gloomy limbo whose presiding demon is the Board of Intermediate Education for Ireland. Education, indeed, reaches its nadir in the Irish Intermediate system. At the present moment there are 15,000 boys and girls pounding at a programme drawn up for them by certain persons sitting round a table in Hume Street. Precisely the same text-books are being read to-night in every secondary school and college in Ireland. Two of Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," with a few poems in English, will constitute the whole literary pabulum of three-quarters of the pupils of the Irish secondary schools during this twelvemonth.* The teacher who seeks to give his pupils a wider horizon in literature does so at his peril. He will, no doubt, benefit his pupils, but he will infallibly reduce his results fees. As an Intermediate teacher said to me, "Culture is all very well in its way, but if you don't stick to your programme your boys won't pass." "Stick to your programme" is the strange device on the banner of the Irish Intermediate system; and the programme bulks so large that there is no room for education.

The first thing I plead for, therefore, is freedom: freedom for each school to shape its own programme in conformity with the circumstances of the school as to place, size, personnel, and so on; freedom again for the individual teacher to impart something of his own personality to his work, to bring his own peculiar gifts to the service of his pupils, to be, in short, a teacher, a master, one having an intimate and permanent relationship with his pupils, and not a mere part of the educational machine, a mere cog in the wheel; freedom finally for the individual pupil and scope for his development within the school and within the system. And I would promote this idea of freedom by the very organisation of the school itself, giving a certain autonomy not only to the school, but to the particular

*1912-13.

parts of the school: to the staff, of course, but also to the pupils and, in a large school, to the various sub-divisions of the pupils. I do not plead for anarchy. I plead for freedom within the law, for liberty, not licence, for that true freedom which can exist only where there is discipline, which exists in fact because each, valuing his own freedom, respects also the freedom of others.

VIII.

BACK TO THE SAGAS.

That freedom may be availed of to the noble ends of education there must be, within the school system and within the school, an adequate inspiration. The school must make such an appeal to the pupil as shall resound throughout his after life, urging him always to be his best self, never his second-best self. Such an inspiration will come most adequately of all from religion. I do not think that there can be any education of which spiritual religion does not form an integral part; as it is the most important part of life, so it should be the most important part of education, which some have defined as a preparation for complete life. And inspiration will come also from the hero-stories of the world, and especially of our own people; from science and art if taught by people who are really scientists and artists, and not merely persons with certificates from Mr. T. W. Russell; from literature enjoyed as literature and not studied as "texts"; from the associations of the school place; finally and chiefly from the humanity and great-heartedness of the teacher.

A heroic tale is more essentially a factor in education than a proposition in Euclid. The story of Joan of Arc or the story of the young Napoleon means more for boys and girls than all the algebra in all the books. What the modern world wants more than anything else, what Ireland wants beyond all other modern countries, is a new birth of the heroic spirit. If our

schools would set themselves that task, the task of fostering once again knightly courage and strength and truth—that type of efficiency rather than the peculiar type of efficiency demanded by the English Civil Service—we should have at least the beginning of an educational system. And what an appeal an Irish school system might have! What a rallying cry an Irish Minister of Education might give to young Ireland! When we were starting St. Enda's I said to my boys: "We must re-create and perpetuate in Ireland the knightly tradition of Cuchulainn, 'better is short life with honor than long life with dishonor'; 'I care not though I were to live but one day and one night, if only my fame and my deeds live after me'; the noble tradition of the Fianna, 'we, the Fianna, never told a lie, falsehood was never imputed to us'; 'strength in our hands, truth on our lips, and cleanness in our hearts'; the Christ-like tradition of Colmcille, 'if I die it shall be from the excess of the love I bear the Gael.'" And to that antique evangel should be added the evangels of later days: the stories of Red Hugh and Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet and John Mitchel and O'Donovan Rossa and Eoghan O'Growney. I have seen Irish boys and girls moved inexpressibly by the story of Emmet or the story of Anne Devlin, and I have always felt it to be legitimate to make use for educational purposes of an exaltation so produced.

The value of the national factor in education would appear to rest chiefly in this, that it addresses itself to the most generous side of the child's nature, urging him to live up to his finest self. If the true work of the teacher be, as I have said, to help the child to realise himself at his best and worthiest, the factor of nationality is of prime importance, apart from any ulterior propagandist views the teacher may cherish. The school system which neglects it commits, even from the purely pedagogic point of view, a primary blunder. It neglects one of the most powerful of educational resources.

It is because the English education system in Ireland has deliberately eliminated the national factor that it has so terri-

fically succeeded. For it has succeeded—succeeded in making slaves of us. And it has succeeded so well that we no longer realise that we are slaves. Some of us even think our chains ornamental, and are a little doubtful as to whether we shall be quite as comfortable and quite as respectable when they are hacked off.

It remains the crowning achievement of the "National" and Intermediate systems that they have wrought such a change in this people that once loved freedom so passionately. Three-quarters of a century ago there still remained in Ireland a stubborn Irish thing which Cromwell had not trampled out, which the Penal Laws had not crushed, which the horrors of '98 had not daunted, which Pitt had not purchased: a national consciousness enshrined mainly in a national language. After three-quarters of a century's education that thing is nearly lost.

A new education system in Ireland has to do more than restore a national culture. It has to restore manhood to a race that has been deprived of it. Along with its inspiration it must, therefore, bring a certain hardening. It must lead Ireland back to her sagas.

Finally, I say, inspiration must come from the teacher. If we can no longer send the children to the heroes and seers and scholars to be fostered, we can at least bring some of the heroes and seers and scholars to the schools. We can rise up against the system which tolerates as teachers the rejected of all other professions rather than demanding for so priestlike an office the highest souls and noblest intellects of the race. I remember once going into a schoolroom in Belgium and finding an old man talking quietly and beautifully about literature to a silent class of boys; I was told that he was one of the most distinguished of contemporary Flemish poets. Here was the sort of personality, the sort of influence, one ought to see in a schoolroom. Not, indeed, that every poet would make a good schoolmaster, or every schoolmaster a good poet. But how seldom here has the teacher any interest in literature at all;

how seldom has he any horizon above his time-table, any soul larger than his results fees!

The fact is that, with rare exceptions, the men and women who are willing to work under the conditions as to personal dignity, freedom, tenure, and emolument which obtain in Irish schools are not the sort of men and women likely to make good educators. This part of the subject has been so much discussed in public that one need not dwell upon it. We are all alive to the truth that a teacher ought to be paid better than a policeman, and to the scandal of the fact that many an able and cultured man is working in Irish secondary schools at a salary less than that of the Viceroy's chauffeur.

IX.

WHEN WE ARE FREE.

In these chapters I have sufficiently indicated the general spirit in which I would have Irish education re-created. I say little of organisation, of mere machinery. That is the least important part of the subject. We can all foresee that the first task of a free Ireland must be destructive: that the lusty strokes of Gael and Gall, Ulster taking its manful part, will hew away and cast adrift the rotten and worm-eaten boards which support the grotesque fabric of the English education system. We can all see that, when an Irish Government is constituted, there will be an Irish Minister of Education responsible to the Irish Parliament; that under him Irish education will be drawn into a homogeneous whole—an organic unity will replace a composite freak in which the various members are not only not directed by a single intelligence but are often mutually antagonistic, and sometimes engaged in open warfare one with the other, like the preposterous donkey in the pantomime whose head is in perpetual strife with his heels because they belong to different individuals. The individual entities that compose the English-Irish educational donkey are four: the Commissioners of National Education, the Commis-

sioners of Intermediate Education, the Commissioners of Education for certain Endowed Schools, and last, but not least, the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction—the modern Ioldanach which in this realm protects science, art, fishery, needlework, poultry, foods and drugs, horse-breeding, etc., etc., etc., etc., and whose versatile chiefs can at a moment's notice switch off their attention from archaeology in the Nile Valley to the Foot and Mouth Disease in Mullingar. I must admit that the educational work of the Department as far as it affects secondary schools is done efficiently; but one will naturally expect this branch of its activity to be brought into the general education scheme under the Minister of Education. In addition to the four Boards I have enumerated I need hardly say that Dublin Castle has its finger in the pie, as it has in every unsavory pie in Ireland. And behind Dublin Castle looms the master of Dublin Castle, and the master of all the Boards, and the master of everything in Ireland—the British Treasury—arrogating claims over the veriest details of education in Ireland for which there is no parallel in any other administration in the world and no sanction even in the British Constitution. My scheme, of course, presupposes the getting rid not only of the British Treasury, but of the British connection.

One perceives the need, too, of linking up the whole system and giving it a common impulse. Under the Minister there might well be chiefs of the various sub-divisions, elementary, secondary, higher, and technical; but these should not be independent potentates, each entrenched in a different stronghold in a different part of the city. I do not see why they could not all occupy offices in the same corridor of the same building. The whole government of the free kingdom of Belgium was carried on in one small building. A Council of some sort, with sub-committees, would doubtless be associated with the Minister, but I think its function should be advisory rather than executive; that all acts should be the acts of the Minister. As to the local organisations of elementary schools, there will

always be need of a local manager, and personally I see no reason why the local management should be given to a district council rather than left as it is at present to some individual in the locality interested in education, but a thousand reasons why it should not. I would, however, make the teachers, both primary and secondary, a national service, guaranteeing an adequate salary, adequate security of tenure, adequate promotion, and adequate pension: and all this means adequate endowment, and freedom from the control of parsimonious officials.

In the matter of language I would order things bi-lingually. But I would not apply the Belgian system exactly as I have described it in *An Claidheamh Soluis*. The *status quo* in Ireland is different from that in Belgium; the ideal to be aimed at in Ireland is different from that in Belgium. Ireland is six-sevenths English-speaking with an Irish-speaking seventh. Belgium is divided into two nearly equal halves, one Flemish, the other French. Irish Nationalists would restore Irish as a vernacular to the English-speaking six-sevenths, and would establish Irish as the national language of a free Ireland: Belgian Nationalists would simply preserve their "two national languages," according them equal rights and privileges. What then? Irish should be made the language of instruction in districts where it is the home language, and English the "second language," taught as a school subject: I would not at any stage use English as a medium of instruction in such districts, anything that I have elsewhere said as to Belgian practice notwithstanding. Where English is the home language it must of necessity be the "first language" in the schools, but I would have a compulsory "second language" satisfied that this "second language" in five-sixths of the schools would be Irish. And I would see that the "second language" be utilised as a medium of instruction from the earliest stages. In this way, and in no other way that I can imagine, can Irish be restored as a vernacular to English-speaking Ireland.

But in all the details of their programmes the schools

should have autonomy. The function of the central authority should be to co-ordinate, to maintain a standard, to advise, to inspire, to keep the teachers in touch with educational thought in other lands. I would transfer the centre of gravity of the system from the education office to the teachers; the teachers in fact would be the system. Teachers, and not clerks, would henceforth conduct the education of the country.

The inspectors, again, would be selected from the teachers, and the chiefs of departments from the inspectors. And promoted teachers would man the staffs of the training colleges, which, for the rest, would work in close touch with the universities.

I need hardly say that the present Intermediate system must be abolished. Good men will curse it in its passing. It is the most evil thing that Ireland has ever known. Dr. Hyde once finely described the National and Intermediate Boards as

> "Death and the nightmare Death-in-Life
> That thicks men's blood with cold."

Of the two Death-in-Life is the more hideous. It is sleeker than, but equally as obscene as, its fellow-fiend. The thing has damned more souls than the Drink Traffic or the White Slave Traffic. Down with it,—down among the dead men! Let it promote competitive examinations in the under-world, if it will.

Well-trained and well-paid teachers, well-equipped and beautiful schools, and a fund at the disposal of each school to enable it to award prizes on its own tests based on its own programme—these would be among the characteristics of a new secondary system. Manual work, both indoor and outdoor, would, I hope, be part of the programme of every school. And the internal organisation might well follow the models of the little child-republics I have elsewhere described, with their own laws and leaders, their fostering of individualities yet never at the expense of the commonwealth, their care for the

body as well as for the mind, their nobly-ordered games, their spacious outdoor life, their intercourse with the wild things of the woods and wastes, their daily adventure face to face with elemental Life and Force, with its moral discipline, with its physical hardening.

And then, vivifying the whole, we need the divine breath that moves through free peoples, the breath that no man of Ireland has felt in his nostrils for so many centuries, the breath that once blew through the streets of Athens and that kindled, as wine kindles, the hearts of those who taught and learned in Clonmacnois.

AN ARTICLE WRITTEN THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE RISING

SINCE the outbreak of the European war, I have often asked myself, "Are we at war with England?" and have satisfied myself by replying in the affirmative. On deeper reflection I must say, our war with that country is only a war of words, one of lip and feeling.

What are the signs of war, in the purely military sense? There are none, but is it so with the enemy? Oh, no; with her it is war, a real war towards us. Our casualty list is large between captured, imprisoned, and deported. By captured I mean those whom she has deluded and seduced into her ranks.

Where are the successes on our side to offset such losses? Paltry, withal the enemy in our midst has not lost a single man.

We all declare, and justly so, that until Ireland is restored to her place amongst the nations of the earth, come what may, we are at war with England. It is very patriotic, no doubt, and truly national, but what is the value of such declarations, if they be not supported by deeds?

I believe that the time has come for a strong and determined offensive against all the entrenchments of the enemy in this country. The effect of such an offensive will be far-reaching. It will show our enemies that we are not conquered; that we are still out for the liberty of one small nationality, Ireland. It will cause an upheaval at home, the news of which will quickly reach our captured brethren abroad. If they have a trace of patriotism in their veins, and many of them have, they will not help the enemy that is shooting down their kith and kin at home.

In short, an offensive at this moment may be the deciding factor in this war. The longer we delay, the better it will be

for our enemies. They want no disturbance in Ireland, and will we help in their desire?

Defeat in Ireland means more for the enemy than any defeat she may sustain in Flanders or elsewhere. The only consequence to us is that some of us may be launched into eternity quicker and sooner than we would like. But who are we, that we should hesitate to die for Ireland?

Are not the claims of Ireland greater on us than any personal ones? Do we not boast of our loyalty and love for the Dear Dark Head? Is it fear that deters us from such an enterprise? Away with such fears! Cowards die many times; the brave die only once.

It is admitted that nothing but a revolution can now save the historic Irish nation from becoming a mere appanage, a Crown Colony, of the British Empire. We do not desire such a consummation of the Island of Saints and Scholars, the land of the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, the land for which the countless have suffered and died.

We call ourselves revolutionists; we glory in the name; we speak with pride of the Dawn of the Day. Were there ever such revolutionists? We want the revolution to start us, and not us to start it. If we really want to free Ireland, now is the time for action. Are we afraid to start up like men and bear the consequences, or is all our talk mere frothing only to delude our enemies as well as our followers?

If we want the revolution, we must make it, and we must realize that such cannot be accomplished without bloodshed. We want war, for war justifies the removal of our enemies in the most expeditious manner. For that purpose we must know who our enemies are, and under no consideration must we allow them to interfere with the onward march of the Irish nation. Either we or they must fall in the fight.

Some will cry out in horror at such a proposal. On what do they base their horror? Is it blood-spilling? Look at the war in Flanders. What blood is being spilled there daily! Do these deaths awake in such people a shudder of horror? No:

war to them is justifiable in all countries except in Ireland. We are at war with England, and it is necessary that we should fight it to the bitter end.

Look at the war in Flanders again. What are the motives underlying this struggle? Are these motives just and noble? Is Ireland's struggle with England more legitimate and more sacred? Yes, it is.*

Our sufferings extend over centuries; no form of torture and persecution but England has tried on us. She is out for our conquest, and will stop at nothing to effect it. There is no hope for the future welfare of an independent Irish nation but in separation.

God, in His wise providence, has separated us by the seas, but crafty, unscrupulous enemies bind us to that execrable government.

If we remove these enemies, will separation follow? I say and believe "yes". These enemies are the connecting links with Dublin Castle. They are the links that bind, and they shall remain while England holds this country. If we want to break the connection with England, we must remove these links, and we must render government by England impossible in this country.

Is it an impossible task? Decidedly not. At the moment the minions of the government in Ireland stand trembling, afraid to disturb the people. They know their power is weak, and they are fearful lest any action of theirs may lose them their government, or at least may have an untoward effect on the Irish troops fighting for them in Flanders and elsewhere.

I fear we do not realize our present strength and our enemies' weakness. Where is the British navy that we were told rules the waves? Recent events show that her ruling is now past. As for land forces, what has England to put against us? She needs every available man to meet the German offen-

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*(Ireland's attitude, both a right and a duty.—Editor.)

sive. Even her conscript army will be needed. She may send some of them to Ireland, but are they such to make us fear?

We are fighting for freedom; freedom for everyone; they are only conscripts fighting against their will. We are superior to them in every respect. We know our country, and by a simultaneous and systematic action, we should shock, demoralize, and rout them.

Comrades, everything favors us. Now or never for the final onslaught. The shades of our immortal dead, the graves of the unavenged, the harrowing cries of our murdered priests, of our violated women, of the coffinless dead who are whitening the Atlantic's broad floor—all rise up and command us to do the noble deed, and fight the last fight for freedom.*

We must not wait till the war is over. England will then be at peace, and will be free to send her reserves against us. Will we wait to fail, or will we fight now to win? Yours is the choice.

I am ready. For years I have waited and prayed for this day. We have the most glorious opportunity that has ever presented itself of really asserting ourselves. Such an opportunity may never come again. We have Ireland's liberty in our hands. Will we be free-men, or are we content to remain as slaves and idly watch the final extermination of the Gael?

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*(What a noble appeal!—Editor.)

ORATION OF P. H. PEARSE OVER O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S GRAVE

(August, 1915)

IT has seemed right, before we turn away from this place in which we have laid the mortal remains of O'Donovan Rossa, that one amongst us should, in the name of all, speak the praise of that valiant man, and endeavour to formulate the thought and the hope that are in us as we stand around his grave. And if there is anything that makes it fitting that I, rather than some other—I, rather than one of the grey-haired men who were young with him, and shared in his labor and in suffering,—should speak here, it is, perhaps that I may be taken as speaking on behalf of a new generation that has been re-baptised in the Fenian faith, and that has accepted the responsibility of carrying out the Fenian programme. I propose to you, then, that here by the grave of this unrepentant Fenian, we renew our baptismal vows; that here by the grave of this unconquered and unconquerable man, we ask of God, each one for himself, such unshakable purpose, such high and gallant courage, such unbreakable strength of soul as belonged to O'Donovan Rossa.

Deliberately here we avow ourselves, as he avowed himself in the dock, Irishmen of one allegiance only. We of the Irish Volunteers, and you others who are associated with us in to-day's task and duty, are bound together, and must stand together henceforth in brotherly union for the achievement of the freedom of Ireland. And we know only one definition of freedom: It is Tone's definition; it is Mitchel's definition; it is Rossa's definition. Let no man blaspheme the cause that the dead generations of Ireland served, by giving it any other name and definition than their name and their definition.

We stand at Rossa's grave, not in sadness, but rather in exaltation of spirit that it has been given to us to come thus into so close a communion with that brave and splendid Gael. Splendid and holy causes are served by men who are themselves splendid and holy. O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him—splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength and clarity and truth of him. And all that splendor, and pride, and strength was compatible with a humility and a simplicity of devotion to Ireland, to all that was olden and beautiful and Gaelic in Ireland; the holiness and simplicity of patriotism of a Michael O'Cleary or of an Eoghan O'Growney. The clear true eyes of this man almost alone in his day visioned Ireland as we to-day would surely have her—not free merely but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely but free as well.

In a closer spiritual communion with him now than ever before, or perhaps ever again, in spiritual communion with those of his day living and dead, who suffered with him in English prisons, in communion of spirit too with our own dear comrades who suffer in English prisons to-day, and speaking on their behalf as well as our own, we pledge to Ireland our love, and we pledge to English rule in Ireland our hate. This is a place of peace sacred to the dead, where men should speak with all charity and with all restraint; but I hold it a sacred thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and hating them, to strive to overthrow them. Our foes are strong, and wise, and wary; but strong, and wise, and wary as they are, they cannot undo the miracles of God who ripens in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. And the seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 are coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and defenders of Realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. Life springs from death, and from the graves of patriot men and women spring live nations. The defenders of this realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they

have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us, and intimidated the other half. They think that they have foreseen everything. They think that they have provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools. They have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.*

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*(Some who heard Pearse that day in Glasnevin told me that the effect of this speech was extraordinary; frequently I was told that it was this speech more than anything else that made Pearse known in Ireland. Most Volunteers know it by heart.—Editor.)

THE FUTURE OF THE GAEL

Delivered as Inaugural Address of the Session, 1897-98, of the New England Literary Society, Dublin, October, 1897.*

"THE Intellectual Future of the Gael," is a subject which must, from its very nature, be of the deepest interest to us; a subject which must be fascinating not only to men and women of Gaelic race, but to all who have at heart the great causes of civilization, education, and progress; to all who bow before the "might of mind," the majesty of intellect; to all, in short, who take an interest in the intellectual life of mankind—and this is, after all, the true life, for life without intellect is death. To all these, then, but especially to us—to us, Irishmen, young, ardent, enthusiastic, trying to grope amid the darkness for a path to higher things—no question can be of more absorbing interest than this: What has destiny in store for this ancient race of ours? Is our noonday of glory gone by for ever? Or have we still a future before us more glorious than we have ever dreamt of in our moments of wildest enthusiasm?

May it not be that the ends we have struggled for were ends never intended for the Gael? The Gael is a splendid soldier; yet it is extremely problematic whether we shall ever be a great military nation like France. The Gael is, and always has been a cunning artificer, a subtle mechanic; yet it is almost certain that we shall never be a great manufacturing or commercial nation like England. Does it not seem that a nobler destiny than either of these awaits us? We are tempted to cry aloud in our despair, "O God! will the morning never come?" Yes, the morning will come, and its dawn is not far off. But

*(Pearse was only seventeen years of age when he delivered this.—Editor.)

it will be a morning different from the morning we have looked for. The Gael is not like other men; the spade, and the loom, and the sword are not for him. But a destiny more glorious than that of Rome, more glorious than that of Britain awaits him: to become the savior of idealism in modern intellectual and social life, the regenerator and rejuvenator of the literature of the world, the instructor of the nations, the preacher of the gospel of nature-worship, hero-worship, God-worship—such, Mr. Chairman, is the destiny of the Gael.*

Before I proceed to fill in this outline it may be well if I digress for a few moments, to consider what races have, up to the present, contributed most to the intellectual advancement of mankind. First of all occurs to every mind the names of the Greeks—the pioneers of intellectual progress in Europe. Who can refuse his admiration to the nation which poured forth a stream of fire which today, after the lapse of three thousand years, is still enlightening and elevating mankind? Mighty changes have passed over the earth during those three thousand years; but the epic sung so long ago by

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

still instructs, and benefits, and delights us. The world's greatest epic poet, the world's greatest orator, several of the world's greatest lyric poets, dramatists, and philosophers—these has Greece given to the human race. Next came the Roman: but the Roman directed his splendid energies towards other ends, and, beyond the work accomplished by one or two great men, his influence on intellectual history has not been great—has not, by any means, been proportional to what he might have done. Amongst modern nations those which have contributed most to the intellectual welfare of mankind are undoubtedly Italy and England. It is the great men of these

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*(To this faith, too, I hold, being intellectually convinced that it is true.—Editor.)

nations along with those of Greece that have made the literature of the world.

But is it not unquestionable that the influence of these men—the Homers, and Dantes, and Shakespeares, and Miltons—is gradually growing less and less? Is it not unquestionable also that at the present moment no literature is being produced in Europe, or in the world worthy of the name? The vigorous minds of the day are engaged in producing writings which must, from their nature, be purely ephemeral—criticisms, reviews, magazine articles—things which, however excellent and highly-finished in themselves, are, as a rule, forgotten as soon as read. Two or three writers are making desperate efforts to achieve fame by selecting the most outre and absolutely startling subjects to write of which even their prolific brains can devise. Nowadays no author can hope for popularity unless, like one popular novelist, he goes to Hell for a hero, or, like another, he makes a practice of libelling all that is sacred and sublime under pretence of zeal for liberty and truth. One novel has Satan for its hero, another has God for its villain.

Now, this may be modern, and up-to-date, and all that; but, I ask, is it pure, good, healthy, natural literature? Is it literature which tends to exalt the soul, to make us better, holier, happier? No, Mr. Chairman, emphatically no. The truth of the matter is that the intellectual and literary tastes of the world have been carried away by a craving for the unreal, for the extravagant, for the monstrous, for the immoral. Men's tastes have become vitiated. There is no healthy out-of-door atmosphere in modern literature. Literature has arrived, in short, at a state of unnatural senility, and the time seems not far off when either of two things must happen—either intellect and literature must disappear from modern life, and with them everything that makes life worth living, or some new and unpolluted source must be opened up, some new blood must be infused into the intellectual system of the world, which has become prematurely worn out. Now, whence is this new blood to come? The answer is plain; there is but one race among the

races of today, which possesses a literature natural and uncontaminated; there is but one race which possesses an intellectual wealth which though as old as history, is yet young and vigorous and healthy, and has a future before it rich with undeveloped possibilities. Needless to say, Mr. Chairman, this race is the Gaelic race—a race whose literature was different from the unnatural literature of today as the pure radiance of the sun is different from the hideous glare of the electric light, as the free breath of heaven is different from the stifling atmosphere of a crowded theatre or music hall.

I have indicated, then, Mr. Chairman, what seems to me to be the true mission of the Gael, and it will be seen that in this mission the creation, or rather the propagation, of a nature-literature plays a most important part. I do not say the creation of a nature-literature, for the excellent reason that it has not to be created: as a matter of fact it already exists, and only wants to be developed, to be matured, to be expanded. Now, this literature is totally different from every other literature in the world, and this is one of the reasons why it proves so entrancing to everyone who makes a study of it. Gaelic literature, we should remember, has grown up among and been developed by the Gael alone. Its sources of inspiration have been entirely native, and in this one point, at least, it can claim superiority even to Greek literature itself. As regards manner and style, it has been absolutely uninfluenced by the literature of any other nation. This is why it is so unique, so peculiar, so unlike everything else we are accustomed to, so refreshing—that is the proper word to apply to it. It has a quaint, old-world magic, and charm, and glamor that mark it as peculiarly fit to accomplish the reformation we have seen to be so necessary.

To give a more accurate idea of the form this reformation is to take, and of its effects, I would draw special attention to two points in the temperament of the Gael; his love for nature, and his veneration for the heroes. The intellectual life and atmosphere of the present day are, as I have said, nothing if not unnatural. The Gael, on the other hand, like all the Celts,

is distinguished by an intense and passionate love for nature. The Gael is the high-priest of nature. He loves nature not merely as something grand, and beautiful and wonderful, but as something possessing a mystic connection with and influence over man. In the cry of the seagull as he winged his solitary flight over the Atlantic waves, in the shriek of the eagle as he wheeled around the heights of the Kerry Mountains, in the note of the throstle as she sang her evening lay in the woods of Slieve Grot, in the roar of the cataract as it floated and splashed down the rocky ravine, in the sob of the ocean as it beat unceasing against the cliffs of Achill, in the sigh of the wind as it moved, ghostlike, through the oaks of Derrybawn—in all these sounds the ancient Gael heard a music unheard by other men, all these sounds spoke to his inmost heart in whispers mysterious and but half understood: they spoke to him as the voices of his ancestors urging him to be noble and true—as the voices of the glorious dead calling to him across the waters from Tir na n-Og.

The Gael believed, too, that the earth, and the air, and the sea were filled with strange beings that exerted a mysterious but potent influence over him. Everyone who has the slightest acquaintance with Gaelic literature knows how this belief appears and reappears on every page; how the creatures of the upper air and the beasts of the forest are represented as sympathizing with the changing fortunes of men; how, during a battle, the blackbird wails in the wood, the sea chatters telling of the slaughter, the rough hills creak with terror at the assault; and how, when anything remarkable occurs, such as the death of a hero, or the overwhelming of a favorite champion by unequal odds, the three great Waves of Erie cry out—the furious red Wave of Rudhraighe, the foam-stormy, ship-sinking Wave of Cliodhna, and the flood-high, bank-swollen Wave of Tuagh.

Closely connected with, and, indeed, directly dependent on this love of the Gael for nature, is his capacity for worshipping his heroes. Hero-worship, no doubt, is often carried to ex-

tremes; we are prone too frequently to mistake the hero for the cause, to place the man before the principle. But there can be no doubt that hero-worship, in its highest form, is a soul-lifting and ennobling thing. What would the world be without its heroes? Greece without her Hercules and her Achilles, Rome without her Romulus and her Camillus, England without her Arthur and her Richard, Ireland without her Cuchulainn and her Fionn, Christianity without its Loyolas and its Xaviers? And what is true of hero-worship in general is true, in an especial manner, of the hero-worship of the Gael. When great men died the ancient Gael did not believe that they had passed away for ever from human ken—he believed, on the contrary, that their spirits lingered round the lonely hills and glens, round old moss-grown lioses and crumbling duns, round the haunted sidhe-brughs and fairy raths—he believed that they hovered near their children, watching over them and taking an interest in their every action. Now, when a man believes that the spirits of the mighty dead, the spirits of those he has loved and venerated, are near him and watching over him, he cannot but endeavor to make himself nobler, better, worthier of the great ones, who have preceded him.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

The spirit of these words of the great modern American poet was perfectly understood by the ancient Gael. Fearghus, Conchubhar, Cuchulainn, Fionn, Oisin, Oscar—these were more to the Gael than the mere names of great champions and warriors of a former time: they represented to him men who had gone before, who had fought the good fight, who had passed from earth to the mystic Tir na n-og, who had become gods—but whose spirits, heroic and immortal, still lived after them. And though well-nigh two thousand years have rolled away

since those mighty heroes trod this land of ours, yet is their spirit not dead: it lives on in our poetry, in our music, in our language, and, above all, in the vague longings which we feel for a something, we know not what—our irresistible, overmastering conviction that we, as a nation, are made for higher things. Oh! that this hero-spirit were stronger than it is! Oh! that men could be brought to realize that they are men, not animals—that they could be brought to realize that, though "of the earth, earthy," yet that there is a spark of divinity within them! And men can be brought to realize this by the propagation of a literature like that of the Gael—to which natural love and hero-love shall form the keywords, a literature which shall glorify all that is worthy of glory—beauty, strength, manhood, intellect, and religion.

The mission of the Gael, however, will not be confined merely to the propagation of this literature. The Gael is, in the fullest sense of the word, an idealist; he is, in fact, the idealist amongst the nations. All that is beautiful, noble, true or grand will always find in him a devotee. He revels in imagination. He loves to gaze on what is beautiful, to listen to sweet and rapturous sounds. Hence, painting, sculpture, music, oratory, the drama, learning, all those things which delight and ravish the human soul, which stir up in it mighty, convulsive passions, and strange indefinable yearnings after the Great Unknown, all those things which seem, as it were, links between humanity and Divinity—these will ever find among the Gael their most ardent and accomplished disciples. What the Greek was to the ancient world the Gael will be to the modern; and in no point will the parallel prove more true than in the fervent and noble love of learning which distinguishes both races. The Gael, like the Greek, loves learning, and like the Greek, he loves it solely for its own sake. For centuries, when it was sought by penal legislation to deprive him of it, when the path to honor and wealth was closed to him, and when learning could be of no advantage to him at least from a worldly point of view, still did he cling to it. The spirit which animated

our O'Clerys and our Keatings still animated their humbler successors. The hunted priests and schoolmasters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries carried about with them from cave to cave, and from glen to glen, not only copies of the Gospels, but copies of the Greek and Latin classics, and volumes of old Gaelic poetry, history, and romance. Hundreds of young men are annually turned out of our modern universities with a classical education far inferior to that imparted in the hedge-schools of Munster during the last century. When love of learning is so deeply implanted in the heart of the Gael that not even persecution, penury, and degradation can eradicate it, surely it ought to blaze forth with ten-fold brilliancy when the night is past and the morn is come. The dream of the great English cardinal may yet come true:

"I contemplate," says John Henry Newman, "a people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come,* and I dimly see the island I am gazing on become the road of passage between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world: I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards everyone else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate on a beautiful bay, and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing university. . . . Thither as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from east and west, and south—from America, from Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered; and last, though not least, from England . . . all owning one faith, all eager for one large true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry over all the earth 'Peace to men of good will.'"

I am aware, Mr. Chairman, that there are many here who

*(The Day of the Dawn is near.—Editor.)

may consider that the picture I have drawn is a far too rosy one, who may say that "The Intellectual Future of the Gael" is an excellent theme on which one may wax eloquent—is a catchy title, perhaps, for the Inaugural Address of a Literary Society—but that, beyond this, the talk about nature-literature, about hero-love, and the rest, is little more than the raving of an enthusiast. Well, Mr. Chairman, I admit that I am an enthusiast, and I glory in being one. To those who would object that the sketch I have attempted to give of the intellectual future of our race is a mere ideal picture, I would reply that it is intended as an ideal picture. If you wish to accomplish anything great place an ideal before you, and endeavor to live up to that ideal.

Now, has the Gael been able to attain the ideals he has hitherto placed before him, or does it appear likely that he ever will? Assuredly not. Nothing seems to me so certain, nothing seems to me so logical a consequence of our temperament, of our history, of our present circumstances, as that, if we are to have any future, it must be an intellectual future. And is there anyone who would not prefer such a future? It is, no doubt, a glorious thing to rule over many subject peoples, to dictate laws to far-off countries, to receive every day cargoes of rich merchandise from every clime beneath the sun; but if to do these things we must become a soulless, intellectual, Godless race—and it seems that one is the natural and necessary consequence of the other—then let us have none of them. Do the millions that make up the population of modern nations—the millions that toil and sweat, from year's end to year's end, in the mines and factories of England, the Continent, and the United States—live the life intended for man? Have they intellect? Have they soul? Are they conscious of man's dignity, of man's greatness? Do they understand the grandeur of living, and breathing, and working out one's destiny on this beautiful old earth? The sea, with its mighty thunderings, and its mysterious whisperings, the blue sky of day, the dark and solemn canopy of night spangled with its myriad stars, the mountains

and hills steeped in the magic of poetry and romance—what are these things to them? What are the hero-memories of the past to them? Are they one whit the better because great men have lived, and wrought and died? Were the destiny of the Gael no higher than theirs, better for him would it have been, had he disappeared from the earth centuries ago.

Intellect and soul, a capacity for loving the beautiful things of nature, a capacity for worshipping what is grand and noble in man, these things we have yet: let us not cast them from us in the mad rush of modern life. Let us cherish them, let us cling to them: they have come down to us through the storms of centuries—the bequest of our hero-sires of old; and when we are a power on earth again, we shall owe our power, not to fame in war, in statesmanship, or in commerce, but to those two precious inheritances, intellect and soul.

Another thousand years will have rolled over the earth, and the bard, and the scanchaidh, and the teacher of the Gael, will once more be held in honor. A better, purer, and happier world will be listening in rapt amazement to the grand old epics and time-honored sgealta of our race. Men's gods will no longer be empire, ambition, and gold: but the homage that is paid to those things today will be paid in that happy age, as it was in days of yore, on the hills and in the valleys of Eire, to the mysterious potencies of nature, the beauty and virtue of woman, the heroic dignity of man, the awful and incomprehensible majesty of the Divinity. This, Mr. Chairman, will be the gospel of the future; and to preach this gospel—world-old, yet new, so true, yet so little realized, so beautiful, and so ennobling—will be the mission of the children of the Gael.

EDUCATION

P. H. Pearse

(From *An Macaomh,* Christmas, 1909)

ALL the problems with which we strive were long ago solved by our ancestors, only their solutions have been forgotten. Take the problem of education, the problem, that is, of bringing up a child. We constantly speak and write as if a philosophy of education were first formulated in our own time. But all wise peoples, of old, faced and solved that problem for themselves, but most of their solutions were better than ours. Professor Culverwell thinks that the Jews gave it the best solution. For my part, I take off my hat to the old Irish. The philosophy of education is preached now, but it was practised by the founders of the Gaelic system two thousand years ago. Their very names for "education" and "teacher" and "pupil" show that they had gripped the heart of the problem. The word for "education" among the old Gaels was the same as the word for "fostering"; the teacher was a "fosterer" and the pupil was a "foster-child." Now "to foster" is exactly the function of a teacher; not primarily to "lead up," to "guide," to "conduct through a course of studies," and still less to "indoctrinate" to "inform," to "prepare for exams," but primarily to "foster" the elements of character already present. I put this another way in the first number of *An Macaomh* when I wrote that the true work of the teacher may be said to be to help the child to realise himself at his best and worthiest. One does not want to make each of one's pupils a replica of oneself (God forbid), holding the self-same opinions, prejudices, likes, illusions. Neither does one want to drill all one's pupils into so many regulation little soldiers or so many stodgy little citizens, though this is apparently the aim

of some of the most cried-up of modern systems. The true teacher will recognize in each of his pupils an individual human soul, distinct and different from every other human soul that has ever been fashioned by God, miles and miles apart from the soul that is nearest and most akin to it, craving, indeed, comradeship and sympathy and pity, needing also it may be discipline and guidance and a restraining hand, but imperiously demanding to be allowed to live its own life, to be allowed to bring itself to its own perfection; because for every soul there is a perfection meant for it alone, and which it alone is capable of attaining. So the primary office of the teacher is to "foster" that of good which is native to the soul of his pupil, striving to bring its inborn excellences to ripeness rather than to implant in it excellences exotic to its nature. It comes to this then, that the education of a child is greatly a matter, in the first place, of congenial environment and, next to this, of a wise and loving watchfulness whose chief appeal will be to the finest instincts of the child itself. In truth, I think that the old Irish plan of education, as idealised for boys in the story of the Macradh of Emhain and for girls in that of the Grianan of Lusga, was the wisest and most generous that the world has ever known. The bringing together of children in some pleasant place under the fosterage of some man famous among his people for his greatness of heart, for his wisdom, for his skill in some gracious craft,—here we get the two things on which I lay most stress in education, the environment, and the stimulus of a personality which can address itself to the child's worthiest self. Then, the charter of free government within certain limits, the right to make laws and maintain them, to elect and depose leaders,—here was scope for the growth of individualities yet provision for maintaining the suzerainty of the common weal; the scrupulous co-relation of moral, intellectual and physical training, the open-air life, the very type of the games which formed so large a part of their learning,—all these things were designed with a largeness of view foreign to the little minds that devise our modern makeshifts for edu-

cation. Lastly, the "aite," fosterer or teacher, had as colleagues, in his work of fosterage no ordinary hirelings, but men whom their gifts of soul, or mind, or body, had lifted high above their contemporaries,—the captains, the poets, the prophets of their people.

Civilization has taken such a queer turn that it might not be easy to restore the old Irish plan of education in all its details. Our heroes and seers and scholars would not be so willing to add a Boy-Corps or a Grianan to their establishments as were their prototypes in Ireland from time immemorial till the fall of the Gaelic polity. I can imagine how blue Dr. Hyde, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. MacNeill would look if their friends informed them that they were about to send them their children to be fostered. But, at least, we can bring the heroes and seers and scholars to the schools (as we do at Sgoil Eanna) and get them to talk to the children; and we can rise up against the system which tolerates as teachers the rejected of all other professions rather than demanding for so priest-like an office the highest souls and noblest intellects of the race. I think, too, that the little child-republics I have described, with their own laws and their own leaders, their life face to face with nature, their care for the body as well as for the mind, their fostering of individualities yet never at the expense of the commonwealth, ought to be taken as models for all our modern schools. But I must not be misunderstood. In pleading for an attractive school-life, I do not plead for making school-life one long and grand picnic: I have no sympathy for the sentimentalists who hold that we should surround children with an artificial happiness, shutting out from their ken pain and sorrow and retribution and the world's law of unending strife; the key-note of the school-life I desiderate is *"effort"* on the part of the child himself, struggle, self-sacrifice, self-discipline, for by these things only does the soul rise to perfection. I believe in gentleness, but not in softness. I would not place too heavy a burden on young shoulders, but I would see that no one, boy or man, shirks the burden he is strong enough to bear.

FROM A HERMITAGE

(Pamphlet by P. H. Pearse, 1913-1914)

UPON the dragon-fly a literature might be written. The dragon-fly is one of the most beautiful and terrible things in nature. It flashes by you like a winged emerald or ruby or turquoise. Scrutinise it at close quarters and you will find yourself comparing its bulky little round head, with its wonderful eyes and its cruel jaws, to the beautiful cruel head of a tiger. The dragon-fly among insects is in fact as the tiger amongst beasts, as the hawk among birds, as the shark among fish, as the lawyer among men, as England among nations. It is the destroyer, the eater-up, the cannibal. Two dragon-flies will fight until nothing remains but two heads. So ferocious an eater-up is the dragon-fly that it is said that, in the absence of other bodies to eat up, it will eat up its own body until nothing is left but the head, and it would doubtless eat its own head if it could; a feat which would be remarkable as the feat of the saint, recorded by Carlyle and recalled by Mitchell, who swam across the channel carrying his decapitated head in his teeth. The dragon-fly is the type of greedy ascendancy—a sinister head preying upon its own vitals. The largest and most wonderful dragon-flies I have seen in Ireland haunt the lovely woods that fringe the shores of Lough Corrib, near Cong. And at Cong, I remember, there is a great lord who has pulled down many homes that no ascending smoke may mar the sylvan beauty of his landscape.

* * * *

Poverty, starvation, social unrest, crime are incidental to the civilization of such states as England and America, where immense masses of people are herded in great Christless cities and the bodies and souls of men are exploited in the interests of

wealth. But these conditions do not to any extent exist in Ireland. We have not great cities; we have hardly any ruthless capitalists exploiting immense masses of men. Yet in Ireland we have dire and desperate poverty; we have starvation; we have social unrest. Ireland is capable of feeding twenty million people; we are barely four million. Why do so many of us starve? Before God, I believe that the root of the matter lies in foreign domination. A free Ireland would not, and could not, have hunger in her fertile vales and squalor in her cities. Ireland has resources to feed five times her population; a free Ireland would make those resources available. A free Ireland would drain the bogs, would harness the rivers, would plant the wastes, would nationalise the railways and waterways, and would improve agriculture, would protect fisheries, would promote commerce, would foster industries, would diminish extravagant expenditure (as on needless judges and policemen), would beautify the cities, would educate the workers (and also the non-workers, who stand in dire need of it), would, in short, govern herself as no external power—nay, not even a government of angels and arch-angels—could govern her. For freedom is the condition of sane life, and in slavery, if we have no death, we have the more evil thing which the poet has named Death-in-Life. The most awful wars are the wars that take place in dead or quasi-dead bodies when the fearsome things that death breeds go forth to prey upon one another and upon the body that is their parent.

* * * *

Keating (whom I take to be the greatest of Irish Nationalist poets) used a terrific phrase of the Ireland of his day; he called her "the harlot of England." Yet Keating's Ireland was the magnificent Ireland in which Rory O'More planned and Owen Roe battled. What would he say of this Ireland? His phrase if used today would no longer be a terrible metaphor, but would be a more terrible truth; a truth literal and exact.

For is not Ireland's body given up to the pleasure of another, and is not Ireland's honor for sale in the market-place?

* * * *

My priest on my desert island spoke to me glowingly about the Three who died at Manchester. He spoke to me too of the rescue of Kelly and Deasy from the prison van and of the ring of armed Fenians keeping the Englishry at bay. I have often thought that that was the most memorable moment in recent Irish history: and that that ring of Irishmen spitting fire from revolver barrels, while an English mob cowered out of range, might well serve as a symbol of the Ireland that should be; of the Ireland that shall be. Next Sunday we shall pay homage to them and to their deed; were it not a fitting day for each of us to resolve that we too will be men?

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND SINN FEIN

By Professor Eoin Mac Neill, 1915

(Part I.)

O'CONNELL'S ALTERNATIVE.

DANIEL O'CONNELL was a Constitutionalist. It is an awkward word to pronounce, making a strong show in front, but somewhat paralytic in the hindquarters. It requires, in fact, an artificial emphasis on the last syllable.

O'Connell was the father of Constitutionalism, the inventor of modern democratic constitutional politics. Before O'Connell, there never was a leader of the democracy against oppression and misgovernment that was not prepared to use physical force if he found it necessary and opportune. O'Connell was the first democratic leader in all history to rule physical force out of order altogether. He was a Constitutionalist, the first Constitutionalist, and the extreme Constitutionalist.

Several causes combined to make O'Connell adopt Constitutionalism as the chief article of his political creed. In his youth he had seen the apparent failure of the Irish Volunteers, of the United Irishmen, and of the Rising of '98, with the apparent consequence of the Union and its attendant evils. It may be easier now than in his time to recognise that, if Irishmen had not taken up arms and organised themselves for the liberation of their country, their subjugation would have been no less inevitable, and probably more complete. It was in a large measure the stand they made, though apparently unsuccessful, that kept the national spirit and the national purpose alive in spite of the Union. It was by the new method of constitutional

agitation that O'Connell carried Catholic Emancipation. This led him to imagine that the powers of constitutional agitation were irresistible. We can see it in the definite assurances he afterwards gave of winning Repeal of the Union, while in the same utterances he committed himself and his followers to complete avoidance of physical force. And yet the Duke of Wellington, a renowned military commander, publicly confessed that Catholic Emancipation was yielded up unwillingly, not to O'Connell's constitutional campaign, but to the fear that the demand might soon take a stronger form. Later still, when English parties recognised that O'Connell was obstinately committed to Constitutionalism, they treated him with contempt, and with worse than contempt. Lest he should move an inch beyond his magic line, they made a criminal of him for a mere metaphorical semblance of resort to physical force, and they broke him.

Another thing that made Constitutionalism a fetish to O'Connell was his killing of D'Esterre in a duel. In this act O'Connell's conscience recognised a crime. He looked back on it with horror.

Finally, an element of faction in O'Connell's later position prevented him from seeing the fallacy of his extreme Constitutionalism, when it should have been as plain as day to him. It must be remembered that a majority can be a faction, and that the leaders of a majority can be factionists. The failure of O'Connell's constitutional methods to make headway towards Repeal brought about the formation of the Young Ireland element in his party, and his resistance to Young Ireland made him *the partisan of his own failure.* He became the head of a constitutionalist faction, a faction that put the leader, the party, and the programme above the Nation and the cause. Irishmen of our own time should beware lest they become partisans of failure. O'Connell went to great extremes in denouncing Young Ireland and arousing against them a certain kind of ecclesiastical suspicion, and this he did the more easily because the panic created by the French Revolution was still

strongly operative in Catholic ecclesiastical circles. "And we are not through even yet with the French panic."

Constitutionalism may be made effective to bring about redress and reform under a constitutional government and against constitutional opposition. In any other state of things, it is of less value, of much less value, than the crackling of thorns under a pot. But to O'Connell, Constitutionalism became a second religion. Let us bear in mind that O'Connell was the ne plus ultra of Constitutionalism.

There are those in Ireland today who claim for their own particular programme the title of *The* Constitutional Movement. Whoever goes beyond that programme, they would have you believe, is a dark revolutionary. Daniel O'Connell, the ultra-Constitutionalist, went far beyond the programme of these people, who on the other hand have done, planned, and approved many things that O'Connell would have forbidden. O'Connell's political principles were in fact neither more nor less than the principles of "Sinn Fein."

O'Connell held and laid down that the Act of Union was null and void, that it was not morally binding, that its persistence was rightly calculated to lead to a desire and a demand for the complete separation of Ireland from Great Britain, and that separation was the only tolerable alternative to Repeal of the Union and restoration of Irish legislative independence. To the semi-Constitutionalists of today, these tenets of the ultra-Constitutional O'Connell are revolutionary and contemptible, for, while they preach trust in the man next door and lavish affection on him, they declare *Irishmen* who hold O'Connell's views to be their enemies and affect to make "Sinn Fein" a term of hatred and contempt. And this attitude of theirs is most pronounced at the very time when they profess to hail with pleasure, the advent of "unity and good will throughout Ireland."

Unity and goodwill embraces the Ascendancy man, the Evictor, the Whig, the West Briton, the Seoinin, and excommunicates and outlaws every man who stands for Ireland in

preference to any other country, to any empire, or to any combination of empires. Such a man is a Sinn Feiner, and that is enough. Down with him! Well, Daniel O'Connell was a Sinn Feiner.

There was in England in O'Connell's time a certain Catholic lord, the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was also the Premier Earl of England, Earl of Waterford in the Irish peerage, and Hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland. He did not own even a house in Ireland, but derived his Irish title and honors by direct descent from Sir John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury and Viceroy of Ireland. This was the self-same Talbot who commanded the English forces in their barbarous invasion of France, when, as the English historian, Lingard, tells us, "he spread desolation and terror to the very walls of Paris," "ravaged the country with impunity," and brought upon it "a more dreadful scourge in the combined operation of famine and pestilence." "A very scourge and a daily terror to the French people," is the account of him given by an older English historian, Hall, "insomuch that women in France, to fear their children, would cry, the Talbot cometh." In Ireland he earned this reputation, "that there came not from the time of Herod, by whom Christ was crucified, anyone so wicked in evil deeds." So, besides being Viceroy, he was made Earl of Waterford and Wexford, and Seneschal and Constable of Ireland, and Richard Talbot, his brother, of hardly less ferocity, was for many years Archbishop of Dublin, and for a time Viceroy of Ireland.

Lord Shrewsbury, his descendant, the Catholic English peer, had supported the demand of the Irish Catholics for emancipation; for it promised relief and benefit to himself and his fellow Catholics of the English aristocracy. But when the Irish went on to demand the restoration of the National rights that had been wrested from them by corruption and atrocities only a generation before, the now emancipated Catholic peer threw all his weight into the scale of tyranny. This characteristic piece of conduct furnished the occasion for O'Connell's

masterly "Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury," written in 1841, a statement of Ireland's position, political, industrial, and financial, which should be in the hands of every Irish reader. In this document O'Connell speaks, not in the florid or impassioned words of the orator, but in close-reasoned incisive sentences, in testimonies drawn mainly from the writings of his opponents or of the officials of English government in Ireland.

The Catholic Unionist aristocrat, fit representative of all that tribe, is quickly disposed of. O'Connell sweeps him from the footpath into the gutter with a broom in which every twig is a quotation from the writings of the Catholic earl before the Irish enemy had made him a free Englishman.

"You now accuse me," says O'Connell to this lately emancipated enemy of liberty, "you now accuse *me* of stirring up strife between the two countries, of calumniating the English, and misrepresenting their dispositions towards the Irish. But, *when it suited your own purpose,* you emphatically proclaimed that

'ENGLAND'S PROSPERITY WAS IRELAND'S OPPRESSION,'

for that

THE DAY OF ENGLAND'S PROSPERITY WAS 'NEVER A DAY OF GRACE OR JUSTICE TO IRELAND.'

You then yourself proclaimed—even more extensively than I did—that

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, 'HIGH AND LOW, GREAT AND SMALL, WERE EQUALLY HOSTILE TO THE POOR SONS OF ERIN.'

I love," adds O'Connell, "to adopt your words."

Ah! yes, "when it suited your purpose." How history repeats itself! We have it here, on the testimony of the English Unionist Earl of Shrewsbury, that "England's prosperity

is Ireland's oppression"—a dictum that afforded the model for O'Connell's own more memorable maxim, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." We have it from the same unbiassed witness, unbiassed at all events on behalf of Ireland, that "the day of England's prosperity was never a day of grace or justice to Ireland." There are some who would have us believe that all this is now changed. Where is the proof of it? Is it in declarations made, like Lord Shrewsbury's, when they suited the purpose? Is it in pledges displayed for years before the Irish people, while it suited the purpose, embodied in the most solemn form possible, a statute signed by the King of England, while it suited the purpose, used in Ireland to extract a blood-tribute while it suited the purpose, and thrown to the dogs, when it had suited the purpose? We have it on the same unbiassed and unquestionable testimony, that "the English people, high and low, great and small, are equally hostile to the poor sons of Erin." We are asked to believe that all this is also changed. Where is the proof of it? Words, words, words, and, as the Attorney-General for England has boasted, "an Act that is not a fact." Will the Irish people ever again believe in words that are not acts, in acts that are not facts, in facts that are not under their own control?

Here are facts, related in detail in a newspaper now spread before me, the "Irish Independent" of June the 8th, 1915. About a fortnight before that date, a party of English seamen from the naval patrol boat, Drake II, were drinking in a public house in Caherciveen, the nearest town to Daniel O'Connell's birthplace and home. Some Irishmen were also in the house. One of the Englishmen insulted the Irish, calling them "Irish bumms." A number of the Englishmen set upon a man named John Kinsella, a fisherman of Arklow, knocked him down, and kicked him on the ground. Suiting the word to the action one of them said that "Irishmen should be always under the feet of Englishmen." *After this,* one of the Englishmen brought an information against Kinsella, the man whom they had insulted, knocked down and kicked. He charged Kinsella under the

Defence of the Realm Act with having said: "England is no good. We would be far better under German rule. We don't forget that England did years ago worse atrocities than Germany is doing at present." The magistrates convicted Kinsella unanimously, but they also found that Kinsella had spoken *under provocation.* Under the Defence of the Realm Act, anything done or said that is likely to produce disaffection, is a criminal offence. It is needless to inquire whether the provocation, which the magistrates found to have been offered to Irishmen in an Irish town by English naval seamen, was a crime in this sense—perfectly needless, when all Ireland knows well that the conduct of Ministers of the Crown has been likely to produce the gravest disaffection in Ireland, and has produced it. About the dispositions of Englishmen, "high and low, great and small," towards Irishmen, we have Lord Shrewsbury's Unionist testimony and the Caherciveen facts, and on the other side, words, words, words. More momentous still and worthy to be deeply pondered on at this time, is the English Unionist peer's avowal that "the day of England's prosperity was never a day of grace or justice to Ireland." No one ventures to say that these days are the days of England's prosperity. They are, we are told, the days of England's difficulty, and how is Ireland treated? If not now, when, we may ask, can Ireland expect "the day of grace and justice?"

Now let us return to O'Connell and the English earl whom O'Connell had emancipated.

"You alleged in your anti-Union paragraph," says O'Connell to the earl, "that Ireland 'consented' to throw herself on the mercy of her

'RELENTLESS MASTER'—

meaning thereby England. You are mistaken. Ireland never consented to the Union, as I shall presently show more in detail.

Ireland never did—Ireland does not—Ireland never will consent to the Union. She suffers

> *it only until the favourable moment comes to dissolve it, and by dissolving it to render the connection with the British Crown perpetual."*

Thus did Daniel O'Connell preach the doctrine of Sinn Fein, and pledge Ireland forever to that doctrine. O'Connell was a lawyer, the ablest lawyer of his time. He knew well that England's statesmen were on the pounce to seize any word of his that could be construed as treason to their rule. Observe the skill with which he is able to state that the alternative to Irish legislative independence is separation from the British Crown.

O'Connell goes on to state in the clearest terms the Irish Declaration of Right: "My conviction," he writes, "is deliberate and fixed upon these points:

> "Firstly—That Ireland has a clear indefeasible right to a Parliament of her own; *the Union being in constitutional principle a nullity;* there having been no competent authority to annihilate the Constitution of Ireland.
>
> "Secondly—That, even if there had been a competent authority to enact the Union, yet the means used for that purpose were so notoriously unjust and profligately iniquitous that *the Union for this cause alone would be a nullity.*
>
> "Thirdly—That, even if the Union were not a nullity from the defect of competence or from the iniquitous mode of obtaining it, yet *there is no real Union at all, nor anything more than an oppressive mockery of a Union.*
>
> "Fourthly—That this Union has inflicted injustice, oppression and misery unparalleled on Ireland; and there is not any hope for present redress or future security save by a restoration of the Irish Parliament."

Alas! in 1841, when O'Connell wrote these words about "injustice, oppression and misery unparalleled," *he* was happily ignorant of the fearful blight, moral as well as material, that was yet to fall on Ireland under the Union. His Declaration of Right is a Sinn Fein declaration, and any man who adopts it in these days, we are told, is an enemy of the Irish Parliamentary Party and of the "Constitutional" movement, whose friends are the defunct Liberal Ministry, the British Democracy, and the Irish faction of West Britons. The so-called Constitutional movement professes to accept what O'Connell the extreme Constitutionalist, declared to be constitutionally null and void.

And now, in these days, when the sacredness of treaties—not including the recent Home Rule treaty—is invoked, and Ireland's duty of avenging broken treaties is placarded everywhere except in Belfast and its neighborhood, let us hear what O'Connell has to say about the most solemn and deliberate treaty ever made between two nations—a treaty embodied by the parliament of each nation in a statute and declared to be irrevocable and perpetual—a treaty which nevertheless one of the two parties to it began *without delay* to undermine by the vilest means, and which a few years later was torn up, drowned in blood, trampled out by atrocities which have had no parallel since then in any white man's land. Thus writes O'Connell:

"Ireland in (1782) insisted that the conditions of her future connection should be defined. Her just demands were acceded to. Her *legislative independence* was formally recognised, or was established *'for ever.'* Her *judicial independence* was formally recognised and established for ever. Ireland had been thus recognised by England, who declared *perpetual* her exclusive right of making her own laws, of interpreting her own laws, of administering her own laws; she had the *exclusive dominion over her own taxation, debt, and revenue.* In short, the result was a recognition in practical effect of all these rights which she was entitled to, and which she had, notwithstanding

some interruptions and English usurpations, enjoyed for centuries.

"There never was a more deliberate and solemn national compact. It was declared on all sides to be 'a final adjustment.' That was the appropriate description of this compact, given to it in the King's speech to the English Parliament—in the Lord Lieutenant's speech to the Irish Parliament—in the responding Address of the British Lords, and also of the British Commons —in the responding Address of the Irish Lords, and also of the Irish Commons.

"But the greatest validity of this compact was its being formed on the clearest inherent right and on the most unquestionable constitutional principle. . . . Such was the 'final adjustment' of 1782. Ireland, with her proverbial fidelity, performed her part. England, with her proverbial treachery, violated the 'final adjustment', as soon as she found, or rather made, an opportunity for its violation.

"That violation has not and cannot have taken away the right. *Fraud or force, or both together, can never take away the right of any property*; still less can they destroy the unalterable indefeasible right to self-government. Such is the actual right of Ireland to self-government; *suspended in its operation for the present, but existing in truth, reason, justice, and constitutional principle,* as fully and as powerfully as if no invasion had been made in its practical working."

O'Connell goes on to show that the abolition of the Irish Parliament by fraud or force leaves the Irish Constitution unchanged. In Cromwell's time, he says, the English monarchy was abolished. Then the English House of Lords was abolished. And finally the English House of Commons was abolished and was superseded by the "instrument of government." But all these institutions continued nevertheless to exist, and upon the fall of the Cromwellian regime they all came again into operation *without any act of repeal or law of restoration.* In like manner, he says, "the Irish Constitution still lives."

O'Connell calls other eminent witnesses who, like himself,

were rigidly constitutional in practice, and yet, like himself, were Sinn Feiners in principle. Chief among these were the celebrated Plunket, an Irish Whig in politics, afterwards Master of the Rolls in England and Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and Saurin, an Irish Orange Tory, who became Attorney General for (or rather against) Ireland. Plunket's eminence as a lawyer, recognised in England as well as in Ireland, gives special weight to his deliberate pronouncement. Speaking against the Union, Plunket said: "I, in the most express terms, deny the competence of Parliament to do this Act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands upon the Constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act, *it will be a nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it.* You have not been elected for this purpose. You have been appointed to make laws, not legislatures. You have been appointed to act under the Constitution, not to destroy it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, not to transfer them; and if you do so, your Act is a dissolution to the Government; and *no man in the land is bound to obey you.*"

Plunket again says:

"Yourselves you may extinguish, but the Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people —it is established in the sanctuary of the Constitution—it is immortal as the island it protects! As well might the frantic maniac hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Do not dare to lay your hands upon the Constitution—it is above your power!"

"You may make the Union," said Saurin, "binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory in conscience. It will be obeyed as long as England is strong, but *resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere question of prudence.*"

O'Connell goes on to show how, even if the Act of Union could have been validly enacted, it was nullified by the use of violence and fraud. He turns against Lord Shrewsbury that nobleman's own words: "Ireland was goaded into rebellion by

the wily policy of a wicked and ambitious minister (Pitt); then terrified by the *atrocities* committed in her *subjugation.*"

He quotes Plunket on the conduct of Castlereagh, "I accuse him," said Plunket, "of fomenting the embers of a lingering rebellion; of *hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic, and the Catholic against the Protestant;* of artfully *keeping alive domestic dissensions for the purposes of subjugation.*" Subjugation! So that the Union in the view of this moderate politician and eminent lawyer, as in the view of the English Unionist peer, was not a law but a conquest.

O'Connell adds his own testimony to what took place within his own adult memory, and to his own personal knowledge: "During the entire time in which the Union was discussed, martial law was proclaimed; the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; there was in Ireland no species of legal protection for property, liberty or life; the persons of the King's Irish subjects were at the caprice of the King's Ministers. The gaols were crammed with victims, unaccused by any species of legal evidence; and *the scaffolds were actually reeking with the blood of wretches untried by any legal tribunal.* All the time the Union was under discussion, courts martial had unlimited power over life and limb. Bound by no definite form of charge, and by no fixed rule of evidence, the courts martial threatened with death those who dared to resist the spoliation of their birthright, and awarded execution against whom they pleased. During that time, *the use of torture was familiar.* Men against whom there was no evidence of guilt were flogged, very many nearly to death, to extort confessions. Some were actually flogged to death, and died under the excruciating torment. There were upwards of 175,000 British bayonets in Ireland. The officers had recognised power of life and death. The 'Ancient Britons' and other private soldiers took that power."

He then shows how public meetings, even when called by magistrates and higher authorities, to protest against the Union, were suppressed by military force. These things are worth remembering, in view of the sickening hypocritical cant

about "militarism" that has been echoed recently by men calling themselves Irish and Nationalist. The High Sheriff of Tipperary convened a meeting of the nobility, gentry and freeholders of the county at Clonmel to petition against the Union. The English Government took a short way to Tipperary.

"A division of the army marched into the courthouse, drove the sheriff from the chair, and dispersed the meeting." The High Sheriff of Queen's County called a similar meeting at Maryborough. "It was dispersed by Colonel Connor of the North Cork militia, at the head of a party of horse, foot and artillery." Again Plunket's words, spoken at the time, are quoted: "I will be bold to say that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses that anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by *the professed champion of civilised Europe* against Ireland, a friend and ally in her hour of calamity and distress." These words will bear comparison with things said in our own time.

O'Connell then deals with the bribery used to purchase votes, calculating the total money paid in bribes as no less than £2,775,000. Withal, the Government could not induce 5,000 persons to sign petitions for the Union, and all its intimidations could not prevent hostile petitions signed by 707,000 persons. O'Connell next shows that the Union, besides being unconstitutional and void by fraud and violence, was at all times a sham Union. It is needless to repeat his proofs for the hollow mockery of the so-called Union is known till our own day, and better than ever in our day, to everybody in Ireland. Things are done daily in Ireland by the arbitrary power of the Government that are not attempted and dare not be attempted in England. The Union, in Plunket's word, is a subjugation. O'Connell again retorts Lord Shrewsbury's words on Lord Shrewsbury: the Union made Ireland "the slave of her relentless master, and not (even) a handmaid; the servile dependent instead of an honorable partner. . . . The Union was abortive of good and prolific of evil, being only a union of words, not of

hearts; of force, not of affection." Many details are added to show the oppressive treatment of Ireland by the Predominant Partner, "her relentless master."

O'Connell then expands his fourth article, the failure and injustice of the Union. He writes:

"In 1782, Ireland *forced* the English Government to recognise her independence. In 1782, Ireland *attained* self-government." (Yes, and in 1914, Ireland's representatives wheedled, fawned, begged, bargained and truckled for a provincial legislature, and in 1914 Ireland attained—) "What ensued?" asks O'Connell. "Peace and prosperity; the most rapid, the most extraordinary strides in improvement of every kind. Prosperity in every department and in every branch, commerce fostered and increased; agriculture encouraged and enriched; manufactures promoted and extended; party spirit checked and decaying; every class daily increasing in wealth and in comfort; the laborer becoming a farmer; the farmer rising into the rank of gentleman; the gentleman falling(!) into the rank of baronet; the baronet elevated to the peerage; commercial men acquiring estates; towns growing into cities; population accumulating; and cheerful merriment, so congenial to the Irish disposition, gladdening the land at every side. *No country on the face of the earth ever made so rapid a progress in improvement of every kind as Ireland did in the fourteen years of her legislative independence.*"

This last statement may indeed challenge the test of universal history. Ireland throve in those years without being niggardly. Public money was lavishly spent, yet the public debt was trivial in amount. All classes spent freely according to their means, yet all increased in prosperity. And we are asked to believe that the Home Rule promised, but not performed, by the Asquith Ministry, is, or would be if it were a reality, superior to "Grattan's Parliament." What do they mean who make so strange an assertion? Will they venture to undertake that Asquith's Home Rule, if it were not shamelessly abandoned, would be able to accomplish as much for Ireland

in sixteen years as was done by the soverign Irish Legislature won in 1782 by the Irish Volunteers? If they promise it, how many will believe them? O'Connell never countenanced the idea of such a legislature as was promised in the late Home Rule Bill, now awaiting "amendment." Though its Irish advocates call themselves Constitutionalists, we have seen, that, to O'Connell's mind, anything short of the restoration of Grattan's Parliament was unconstitutional.

It was not the Irish Parliament that was defective. The franchise was limited and irregular, but so was the English franchise at that time and until 1832, when it was extended somewhat and made less eccentric. O'Connell himself says, and he knew best, that Catholic Emancipation was delayed a quarter of a century by the so-called Act of Union. This means that, had it not been for the Union, the Irish Parliament, manned by the Irish Protestant Ascendancy, supposed to have been exceptionally intolerant, would have emancipated the Catholics of Ireland twenty-five years sooner than their emancipation was extorted, by fear of consequences, from the British Government. The man who led the Catholics to that victory was O'Connell, and he does not conceal his pride in the achievement. All the more remarkable is his avowal that, only for the "Union" that glory would never have been his, he would not have been the Liberator. It is equally certain that the reform of the Irish franchise was delayed even more than a quarter of a century by the "Union." This reform was in fact the most pressing public question in Irish politics at the time when Pitt and Castlereagh began their wicked and bloody intrigue for the "subjugation" of Ireland.

The weak point in the Irish Constitution was this, that the Executive was not dependent on a Parliamentary majority. But like freedom for Catholics and the reformed franchise, the Dependence of the Ministry on a parliamentary majority was not then a recognised part of the British any more than of the Irish Constitution. Pitt himself formed a Cabinet and governed England as Prime Minister during the lifetime of a

Parliament in which his supporters were a small minority. We may be certain that the Irish Parliament, had it not been destroyed, would have speedily effected this reform likewise. It is mere playing with words to pretend that a parliament such as the unamended Home Rule Bill held out was superior to Grattan's Parliament. O'Connell knew well the defects of the suspended Irish Constitution, yet he also declared that he would gladly go back under Protestant Ascendancy rather than submit to the "Union."

Once more hear O'Connell on the achievements of the Irish Parliament:

"I am not speaking of imaginary things, I am not indulging the visions of fancy, I assert only *that which every human being knows to be literally true and which no man can have the hardihood to deny,* namely, that the uprise of Ireland in all the arts and comforts and blessings of commerce, agriculture, and civilisation, for the fourteen years ensuing her legislative independence, and produced by that measure, *has never been equalled in any other country, and in any age or period of time.*" His testimony is indisputable and does not stand alone.

"The bankers of the City of Dublin met on the 18th of December, 1798, and entered into these resolutions against the then threatened Union:

"'Resolved—That since the renunciation of the power of Great Britain, in the year 1782, to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and prosperity of this kingdom have eminently increased.'

"'Resolved—That we attribute these blessings, under Providence, to the wisdom of the Irish Parliament.'

"The Guild of Merchants (Chamber of Commerce) of Dublin met on the 14th of January, 1799, and entered into the following resolution:

"'Resolved—That the commerce of Ireland has increased, and her manufactures improved beyond example since the independence of the Kingdom was restored by the exertions of our countrymen in 1782.'"

These resolutions were adopted immediately after the bloody suppression of the Insurrection of '98.

"A thousand more such documents," says O'Connell, "might be easily procured. There is another fact equally unquestionable: that *the Union has not conferred any one benefit upon Ireland.* In the words of Lord Shrewsbury, 'it has been abortive of good and prolific of evil.' It gave up our national independence. It handed over our inherent right of self-government. It stultified ourselves, and proclaimed our incapacity. It degraded and provincialised our country. It gave her up to the stranger and the unfriendly. It was treason against our native land. What value—what consideration have we received in return? None—none—none! 'The wages of sin is death.' Such are the wages of the Union. The sin was the crime of others—ours was the punishment. This one truth, I repeat, is indisputable—that *the Union has not conferred upon Ireland any one advantage.*"

Since O'Connell wrote these words, nobody has ventured to show that they are other than the simple and naked truth.

If Daniel O'Connell were now alive to teach these doctrines upon which, he declares, "his conviction is deliberate and fixed," he would be told by the Prophets of the "Constitutional Movement" that he was a nobody, a crank, and a mischief-maker. They would tell him that he was one of "their worst enemies," and they might go some way in persuading him that they had much in common with those in whom he recognised the worst enemies of Ireland. When he would adopt Lord Shrewsbury's words and speak of England as our "relentless master," when he would say with the English Catholic Unionist aristocrat that "England's prosperity is Ireland's oppression" and that "the day of England's prosperity was never a day of grace or justice to Ireland," when he would quote Plunket to show that the Union is null and void, and that "no man in Ireland is bound to obey it"; when he would quote the Orangeman Saurin's advice, that resistance to the Union is a moral duty, a duty to be exercised upon any well-founded opportunity;

then assuredly these wiser and more patriotic guides and their expectant followers would yell "Down with the Sinn Feiner!" As he was able to confound the intolerant arrogance of the Catholic anti-Irish nobleman whom he had made a free Englishman, would to God we had among us to-day a leader who, instead of remonstrating through Mr. Augustine Birrell about Lord Chancellorships, would have the honor, the dignity, the national self-respect to tell that sympathetic, Nonconformist-conscience-laden, temporary English office holder in Ireland, that any lecture from him to Irishmen on what constitutes Irish loyalty in Ireland, is an impertinence and can be nothing but an impertinence; that Irishmen alone have the right to determine and decide what is and what is not Irish loyalty.

O'Connell points out that Pitt's policy, put into action by Castlereagh, of "hallooing Protestant against Catholic and Catholic against Protestant," to bring about the Union, was continued afterwards by the leading statesmen of England to preserve the Union.

The Duke of Wellington, says O'Connell, "thrust into the Irish Parliamentary Reform Bill the clause which preserved the rights of the exclusively Protestant freemen. And the express grounds on which he perpetrated these enormities was to preserve, as far as he could, the ascendancy of the Protestant Church in Ireland. He more than once, during Lord Melbourne's government, laid it down as a maxium in the administration of Ireland 'that the Protestants should be encouraged.' By 'encourage' of course he intended, and avowed he intended, that they should be preferred to the Catholics on all practicable occasions."

Of Sir Robert Peel, O'Connell writes: "He began his career in Ireland by organising Orangeism; by joining with Saurin in that corruption of the Irish Bar which now promises us a plentiful crop of bigoted, intolerant, and partial judges." The promise has been well fulfilled. "He reorganised and armed the Orange yeomanry of the North of Ireland." How history repeats itself! "Whilst he proclaimed in the House of Commons,

that the only fault of these Orangemen was their 'excess of loyalty.'" How history repeats itself! In our own time, a British Cabinet Minister has said that the Orangemen were "urged on to riot"—not by the British art of government in Ireland but—"by loyalty and religion." Only within the last few weeks, since the formation of the Coalition Cabinet, the Chief Secretary against Ireland, Mr. Birrell, has publicly and in Parliament certified the "loyalty" of an armed force formed to offer violent resistance to what was, when Mr. Birrell so spoke, an Act of Parliament on the Statute Book, and declared his approval of Civil Servants of the State becoming or remaining members of that force. The late Liberal Government provided a large part of that force with arms, outfit, camps and training at the public expense, and kept them in Ireland while many thousands of Irishmen, with far less training, were hurried out to face the dangers of Flanders and the Dardanelles. A recent test case has proved that this "loyal" force, maintained in Ireland by the British Government at the public expense, is allowed by that Government to exclude from its ranks any man who is a Catholic in religion or a Nationalist in politics. Thus, from Castlereagh to Birrell, the continuity of British rule in Ireland is completed up-to-date.

In the new Coalition Ministry, Mr. Birrell has for colleagues men who have publicly told one section of Irishmen how to "loathe and despise" the majority of their fellow-countrymen, and who have been admitted to the Cabinet without one word of disclaimer of this barbarous teaching.

Several members of the present Coalition Cabinet can be shown to have been long privy to the Ulster Pogrom Plot, of which, in spite of earnest counsels of secrecy, the accumulated evidence is now beyond their control. It is but just to say that this plot is still unknown to the rank and file of the Ulster Unionists.

Let no man believe that British Statesmanship has favored Protestants in Ireland for the sake of Protestantism, any more than it has favored the "balance of power" on the

Continent for the sake of any part of the Continent. Its object has been to weaken Ireland by keeping her divided. Before the Union, Pitt humbugged the Irish Catholic Bishops with friendship, and was thus able as O'Connell testifies to delay Catholic Emancipation for a quarter of a century. Lord Randolph Churchill laid down in private the doctrine that "Ireland must be ruled through the Roman Catholic clergy," and devised our present system of Intermediate Education so that schools and colleges under exclusively religious management might receive State endowment, in the hope that those who were so endowed might be moulded into a sort of extension of the British Civil Service. The Intermediate Programme, it will be noted, has from the outset been modelled on the requirements—not of Ireland—but of the Civil Service Year-Book. This game is by no means played out. Within the past year, underhand approaches have been made to more than one Catholic Bishop to the end that the Irish Volunteers might be discountenanced, and the clever suggestion has been artfully insinuated that the Irish Volunteers have a secret revolutionary tendency. This, of course, is an Imperial falsehood. The entire programme and policy of the Irish Volunteers is what it always was, public and explicit; and secrecy has been confined to such action, as though entirely lawful and permissible in any free country, has been unlawfully and arbitrarily interfered with by the "Prussian methods" of Dublin Castle. Any lie, however, that will serve the purpose will be made to serve the purpose of our Imperial masters.

"Repeal," writes O'Connell, "is a National cause. It involves a question between legislative independence and entire servitude." But, as I have already shown, O'Connell did not regard entire servitude as the real alternative to Repeal. He naturally refused to contemplate submission to National servitude under any circumstances. His real alternative to Repeal was Separation. This was not a passing thought in O'Connell's mind when he wrote his Letter to Lord Shrewsbury in 1841. He hinted it clearly enough in dealing with a noted pronouncement

of Lord Lyndhurst, a Minister of the Crown, who declared the Irish to be "aliens in language, aliens in blood, and aliens in religion." To this declaration, Richard Lalor Sheil replied in a speech in which the heights of oratorical power were contrasted with the depths of servile weakness. O'Connell disposed of Lyndhurst in a sentence, which, though guarded, was neither servile nor rhetorical. Lord Lyndhurst, he said significantly, "has been guilty of most mischievous *discretion*—let me call it dangerous too!" Much plainer, and sufficient to prove that O'Connell's alternative was present to his mind long before 1841, is the language of his Letter to the People of Ireland, dated 4th April, 1833:

"I cannot describe with anything like accuracy the extent of the innate hatred of Ireland which I have witnessed in many men since my last return to this country (England). They hate us, and without avowing it, even to themselves, they fear us.

"Nay, more, I am thoroughly persuaded that *the only way to prevent the final separation of the two countries* is, to attach Ireland to the connection by giving her the protection from insult and injury of a Parliament of her own. . . .

"The inevitable conclusion is arrived at. Before the Repeal of the Union no good can be done for Ireland. Until the Repeal of the Union, Ireland can reap but little benefit from British connection. I repeat that those who oppose the Repeal are blindly, ignorantly, but not the less powerfully or certainly, *driving towards separation.*

"To us, who are not *at present* separatists, and never will be so *if we can help it*—to us who honestly seek the restoration of Irish freedom and the establishment of Irish prosperity, but one duty—one great all-absorbing duty remains—it is, peaceably and legally to effectuate the restoration of an Irish Parliament."

Such were the political ideas which were natural to O'Connell, the great Constitutionalist, which he knew to be natural to the people of Ireland, and which he desired to keep

before the minds of the people of Ireland. They are the ideas at which every expectant job-hunter and job-monger in Ireland now feels himself entitled to cast in public the opprobrious title of Sinn Feinism.

(The Second Part of this Paper will show what were O'Connell's Sinn Fein doctrines on the subject of Irish industrial prosperity and of the financial slavery imposed on Ireland by the British Empire. To realise what Ireland, unaided, but free, can do for herself, and must do for herself, read this continuation.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND SINN FEIN

Part II.

HOW IRELAND IS PLUNDERED.

IN the first part of this paper, it has been shown that Daniel O'Connell, with all the extreme Constitutionalism that proved fatal to him, was nevertheless what is now called a Sinn Feiner, and that in his own mind, if the principles of Sinn Fein should be found of no avail, the only right alternative was to be a Separatist. From his Constitutional impeachment of the Union, let us now pass on to his economic impeachment. Already we have seen his statement, for which he challenges denial or disproof, that "the Union has not conferred any one benefit upon Ireland." He has stated briefly and clearly the moral and political and social evils that he found around him after only forty years of Union government. On the economic results of only forty years of the Union, the most active forty years of his public life, he brings forward no less striking testimony.

Before going further, let me say that this paper is not intended to be a contribution to Irish history. Its purpose is not to justify O'Connell, nor to convict the Imperial government of oppressive, extortionate, treacherous and atrocious conduct towards Ireland in the past. The Irish reader will have read in vain if he has not seen in these pages a lesson to govern present conduct and a warning for the future.

O'Connell sums up his case in this: "He who entrusts his business to others is sure to have it neglected." Passing over the deep-set English prejudice against the Irish Nation, already touched on by him, he says: "Each nation has a sacred duty imposed on it, to attend to its own affairs; that duty is

also a sacred right, which in our case has been most treacherously as well as basely violated. This, as I have said, is manifestly an evil inherent in the Union, and for which there can, of course, be *no remedy but the repeal of the measure.*"

There are people, especially those who prefer the artificial and variable orthodoxies of a party to any honest effort on their own part to think out the great problem of Irish national regeneration, who will say, why go so far as to demand repeal of the Union when we find all English parties opposed to the repeal, and when we may possibly get some minor form of domestic government that may enable us to undo the evils of the Union. It matters little whether we name our demand Repeal or Home Rule. What does matter is the reality. The one great bane of Ireland's existence since Strongbow's landing has been *interference from England* in Ireland's domestic and national affairs. The latest historian of what is called the "Norman Conquest" of Ireland, Mr. Orpen, whose bias is altogether anti-national, insists strongly on the evil effects of *interference from England* with the policy and activity of the "Norman" invaders. In every subsequent age, it is plain to the degree of commonplace that *interference from England* has been the constant and fertile cause of unsettlement, disorganisation and general unsoundness in the state of Ireland. The solemn treaty of 1782 failed in its effect because the victorious patriots of that time failed to rise to the necessity of excluding English political interference at all costs. Recognising, as they did, the supreme importance of safeguarding the rights and liberties they had won, it was their duty to secure, by the clearest and most stringent enactments, that any attempt on the part of any man whose person or property stood within the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament to induce, favor or entertain proposals from any outside quarter to undo the free Irish Constitution would bring the person and property of the delinquent into the gravest peril. On the first discovery, for example, of Castlereagh's intrigues with Pitt or of his intrigues with persons in Ireland, the Irish Parliament should have been

in a position to put Castlereagh under arrest, to bring him to trial for conspiracy against the Constitution, and to punish him by attainder, imprisonment, or even the penalty which he afterwards awarded to himself. The fatal weakness of Grattan's Irish Constitution was that it openly tolerated from the beginning the exercise of *interference from England.* To this cause alone, *interference from England,* is due the sustained attempt to divide the people of Ireland by a line at once political and sectarian—a division that appeared impossible before the Union. The same cause has been unceasingly active down to our time, when the menace of civil war in Ireland has been inspired, fomented and financed by *interfering English politicians.* The one great political necessity of Ireland is to get rid of *interference from England.* Any measure that secures the freedom of Ireland from *English interference,* by what name soever that measure may be called, whatsoever may be its draftsmanship and its details, will solve the Irish political problem; and any measure, even Repeal of the Union, that leaves *interference from England* a thing practicable with impunity, will leave the problem still unsolved. That is the test. If English politicians claim the right to interfere or reserve the power to interfere, then we know where we stand and what we have to expect. We know from history and experience that, in that case, the state of Ireland can never be settled or safe or wholesome. The ancient wound will remain unhealed, the ancient hostility unappeased.

O'Connell proceeds to expose "the second great evil of the Union, the financial robbery of Ireland." As many have dealt with this subject during recent years, it is unnecessary to quote O'Connell in full. Enough to say that he had a sound general grasp of that part of the question. He shows, however, that in making Ireland share in the burden of the British public debt, the British Government openly violated a solemn pledge given to Ireland on that Government's behalf. The pledge was publicly declared by Castlereagh himself, on the 5th of February, 1800. "His pledge was in these words; in respect of the past

expenses, Ireland is to have 'no concern whatsoever with the debt of Great Britain.' Again, he said, 'Great Britain now paid taxes for interest on her debt, ten millions.' (Observe here, that he should have said she paid in interest 16,821,000 pounds. His inaccuracy, however, was not material, because he added) 'for any portion of this, she (Britain) could not call upon Ireland.'" Great Britain, however, did not keep her promise. She fulfilled to the letter Samuel Johnson's candid prophecy and warning: "Do not unite with us; we shall never unite with you, unless to rob you."

It was not alone with the old National Debt of England before the Union, bearing an interest burden of 16,821,000 pounds that Ireland was saddled. She was compelled also to shoulder the enormous increase of National Debt incurred in the war with France, a war to which Irish National sentiment was opposed, especially in the more Protestant North-east; and the debt incurred in the Naval War of 1812 with the United States of America, a war equally unpopular throughout Ireland. Both wars caused Ireland great loss and brought her no compensating gain whatsoever. In addition to her loss, she was compelled to pay an immense increase in taxes. The increase was permanent. The facts deserve the gravest attention, in view of the War Debt which Great Britain is at present incurring and which is mounting up at a rate that makes the increase of "National Debt" during the Napoleonic war seem trifling.

The financial robbery of Ireland by taxation, about which so much has been written and so little done to effect a remedy, has been enormous, amounting, in the words of Lord Macdonnell, to "an Empire's ransom." Yet it is only a minor fraction of the whole sum by which wealthy England has enriched herself at the expense of a people whose poverty has been the subject of English jibes. The chief items of robbery are, the suppression of Irish trade and commerce, and the payment of Irish rents to absentees in England. Already at the time of the Union, the preference of some Irish landowners for English society and English surroundings cost Ireland about

1,500,000 pounds a year. Under the Union, the drain of rents from Ireland to England is estimated by O'Connell at more than 6,000,000 pounds a year, and this part of the robbery increased very much after O'Connell's time. There can be little doubt that in rent for Irish land, England has extracted from Ireland since the Union not less than the appalling sum of 1,000,000,000 pounds (a thousand million pounds sterling). Irishmen are asked to believe that the redemption of Irish rents by means of Imperial loans is a typical exercise of English generosity. Perhaps it is, for it has cost England nothing. Ireland has not yet received an appreciable fraction, in this way, of the amount robbed from her in taxation; and what she has received, she has received on paper. Not one per cent of the purchase money "advanced to Ireland" ever reaches Ireland in any form. It is paid over to bought-out landlords, to be immediately re-invested in British investments, or otherwise spent for the benefit of British interests. And for this sort of "advance," Irish farmers are laid under tribute to Great Britain for two generations! Let us, therefore, not be quick to question that the finance of Irish land purchase truly exemplifies England's generosity.

If the wealth robbed from Ireland in taxation amounts to "an Empire's ransom," if the wealth taken by England from Ireland in the form of rents and purchase instalments paid by Irish people, living in Ireland, for the land of Ireland, reaches a figure so colossal that it seems almost impossible in the finance of a small and impoverished country; where are we to find words, how are we to induce the mind to grasp the sum total of the loss inflicted by the Union on Ireland in the form of depopulation and economic, industrial and commercial, decay and ruin? There can be no doubt that this loss has far exceeded the enormous combined total of overtaxation and land tribute, and must be reckoned, if a reckoning is possible, in *thousands of millions sterling.* It is an absolute loss, a pure economic ruin, on a scale never accomplished by the blighting hordes of Huns and Vandals. The most frightful wars in his-

tory have not brought upon any equal area of inhabited land a sum of economic evils as great as a century of Imperial peace has inflicted on this small country, Britain's nearest neighbour.

The loss has been absolute. Neither England nor any other country has gained by it. On the contrary, England most of all countries except the unfortunate victim, Ireland, has been a heavy loser by the ruin of Ireland. This fact will at once be recognised by anyone possessing the least knowledge of economic matters, indeed by anyone exercising ordinary commonsense upon the subject. No country becomes less wealthy *by the fact* of having a wealthy country for its neighbour. It may lose *through the hostility* of a neighbour country, rich or poor, it cannot lose through the neighbour's prosperity. Nobody pretends that England's prosperity is of itself a cause of Ireland's poverty. Indeed we are often reminded that it is advantageous to Ireland to have so prosperous and populous a neighbor for a customer. The converse holds good. A prosperous and populous Ireland could not fail to be a cause of increased prosperity to England.

Why, then, it may be asked, has England consented to the ruin of Ireland, and why has English statesmanship contributed actively to Ireland's ruin?

With regard to England in general, the people of England, the question is answered by saying that nearly every large population and most men and women, even of the better educated, are savages in regard of economic knowledge, and prefer plunder to thrift. At this moment the English people can be induced to welcome proposals for the commercial ruin of other peoples whose progress and prosperity contribute largely to the progress and prosperity of the English people. It is exactly as though the people of one street in a city were prepared to sack, loot and destroy the shops and factories of a neighboring street. If what we are accustomed to hear about savages is true, this sort of thing might be a matter of course in some savage community. The English people at large, and the ruling

classes, perhaps even more than the multitude, are still evidently in this condition of economic savagery.

A second factor in the case has been the strong and deep anti-Irish sentiment prevalent in England. O'Connell has quoted Lord Shrewsbury's striking testimony to the extent of this sentiment, and has adopted the testimony as corroborated by his own knowledge and experience. Shrewsbury was an English Catholic Unionist, opposed to O'Connell on the Repeal demand, but his candid avowals of the English disposition towards Ireland had been elicited a few years earlier on the question of Catholic Emancipation. When his personal interests were involved, as O'Connell reminded him, Lord Shrewsbury allowed the truth to come out. When it became a national question, the English Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury relapsed into his wigwam of ignorance and prejudice, and thus exhibited the self-same truth in a different manner. England, according to Lord Shrewsbury in 1828, is Ireland's "relentless master." "The day of England's prosperity has never yet been a day of grace or justice to Ireland." "The spirit which actuates this feeling of hostility amongst the peasantry of England to the poor, wandering and expatriated sons of Erin is the same which *has ever governed the higher classes in their treatment of that unhappy country.*" Lord Shrewsbury is a competent witness on this point. In England, he writes, "high and low, great and small, are equally hostile to the poor sons of Erin." The primitive tribal state of the English mind in regard of other peoples, but especially of the Irish, explains clearly enough why England, to her own economic loss, has shown full complacency in the ruin of Ireland.

But what of English statesmen, the rulers of England? Surely they were and are able to rise above the tribe and discern the true advantage of their own country. The fact is that they have not done so. What are the reasons? Lord Shrewsbury supplies one. The same tribal hatred that made the English peasantry hate the Irish "has ever governed the higher classes

in their treatment of that unhappy country." There is a second reason. Since the triumph of Pitt, as to a limited extent before it, the sentiment now called Imperialism has ever more and more taken the place of patriotism in England. This process was brought to its highest pitch by Joseph Chamberlain, whose adopted mission in his later days was to teach his countrymen "to think Imperially," and who scoffed at the "Little Englanders" that contented themselves with English patriotism. Chamberlain succeeded in forcing this view upon the Liberals whom he had deserted—not on their leaders, always in effect a wing of Toryism—but on the Radical rank and file. World-power, not national well-being, is the Imperialist aim. The Imperialist cannot help being anti-Irish. He can never forgive the wrongs that his predecessors have inflicted on Ireland, much less can he forgive that Irish tenacity and "perversity" which, in spite of the often apparently complete success of Imperial force and fraud, refuses to accept what he calls "the accomplished fact"—the subjugation of Ireland.

Imperialism seeks prosperity not through industry and economic progress, but through power, especially through sea-power, through the subjugation and exploitation of weak countries, and through the destruction of competitors. What we call piracy in the case of the Algerians, or brigandage in the case of Sicilian mountaineers can also be carried on with all the pomp and circumstance of high statecraft, and can command the services of science and learning and diplomacy and the support of churchmen and courts of law and chambers of commerce and the newspapers—in that case we call it Imperialism. It is the chief cause of the ruin of Ireland. In our own time we have witnessed the unhappy and criminal attempt to save the position of a party by associating Imperialism with the hitherto unsullied ideal of Irish Nationalism. *Is mairg abhigo holc is go bocht na dhiaidh.* Woe to the man, or the land, that doth evil and gaineth nothing. What shall it profit a nation that it gain the whole world and lose its own soul? But what, unless the devil's laughter, will be the reward of a

nation that loses its own soul, and gains not even the shadow of a gain?

The glorified piracy and barbarity that is called Imperialism explains clearly enough why England, to her own economic damage, has been a willing agent in the economic ruin of Ireland.

The extent of that economic ruin baffles estimate.

Its principal heads are—

The destruction of Irish agriculture.

The destruction of Irish manufactures and of the Irish industrial tradition.

The destruction of Irish commerce and export trade.

The depopulation of Ireland.

O'Connell brings a terrible indictment against the Union on economic grounds, but the worst phase of the Union had not yet shown itself in 1841 when O'Connell wrote, and the seventy years since the Famine have been far more ruinous to Ireland than the forty years of O'Connell's personal experience.

O'Connell's letter does not deal with the ruin of Irish agriculture, achieved a few years later by the repeal of the Corn Laws. But even in 1841 the evil was far advanced. It had been coming on gradually since the Union, and was converted by the action of the parliament of the "United Kingdom," action taken purely in the interest of one part of that realm, into a catastrophe of fearful magnitude for Ireland, a catastrophe from which Ireland has ever since been suffering both morally and materially.

The aggravated absenteeism of landlords, which O'Connell showed to have resulted from the Union, worked out disastrously for Ireland in other ways besides the enormous drain of rent to England. As O'Connell had observed, the prosperity of Ireland under her free parliament led to a great, and for that time natural, increase in her titled nobility. A further increase and advance in the number and dignities of the officially noble was a prominent element in the corruption by

which the Union was effected. After the Union, the Irish homes of these "nobles," when not altogether deserted, as nearly all their Dublin mansions and many of their country seats were, became mere holiday resorts, and the life of Irish aristocratic society was transferred to England—to England, where titled landowners were in most cases men of secure and immense wealth, of wealth increasing with the industrial development of England at the very time while Irish industries, under English rule, were falling into rapid decay. The result was that, to keep pace with the opulence of the English aristocracy, the transplanted aristocrats of Ireland were drawn into a vastly disproportionate extravagance. In the half-century following the Union, half of the Irish titled nobility were ruined, and the other half only saved themselves by marriage into wealthy English families. To keep the feudal ownership of Irish land from total collapse after the Famine, England's great remedial measure was the foundation of the Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland—originally the Encumbered Estates Commission—a piece of judicial machinery which, in order to liquidate the debts of Irish landowners, faciliated the transfer of ownership from an absentee spendthrift gentry to an absentee class of extortionate speculators. Thus the grand fabric of feudalism was preserved for a few decades, and the condition of the serfs called tenants of Irish land was rendered more intolerable. When an estate, or part of an estate, was to be sold, the Court directed a "rental" to be drawn up and printed. This document, usually forming a large volume, was examined for the Court and issued with the Court's authority. All these rentals are now matters of public record. I have seen many of them. It was quite a usual thing in them, in setting out the particulars of the estate, to say that the rents were low and might be raised. The intending purchaser was thus invited by Imperial authority, to speculate in extortion, in the sweat and blood, sorrow and tears, the hunger and madness, often in the lives, of men and women and children. Having bid up on the Imperial warranty, the absentee speculator took care to recoup

himself by acting on the Imperial suggestion. He made the most of the invitation to extort. The Court was and is to this day a machine for the maintenance, where possible for the increase, of England's feudal tribute. It has power to deal with any hostile agitation on the part of the serfs by the arbitrary method of indefinite "imprisonment for contempt," as though it were a real judicial tribunal and not the auction room of an Imperial slave mart.

The records of this Court are the records of absentee extravagance brought about by the Union. The total of the squanderings of Irish wealth in England was enormous. Of one estate alone, that of Lord Portarlington, land to the value of one million pounds sterling was sold to redeem the incumbrances.

The effect of this extravagance on Irish agriculture can be traced. The ordinary agriculture produce of Ireland at the time of the Union comes mainly under four heads: live stock and their fodder; cereals; textile material, chiefly flax and wool; the food for the husbandman's household, chiefly potatoes and milk. The power of raising rent was unrestricted in law, but in practice it could not go beyond or much beyond the annual value of the first two classes of produce above-named. What is practicable has a tendency to become customary, and we have it on the testimony of the time that the fruits of husbandry among the general class of small farmers were divided in this way: potatoes for the home, cereals for rent, flax for ready money against various needs.

When we are considering the effects of the Union, and comparing them with the effects of domestic government, we must remember that the generation that grew up under the free parliament of Ireland and responded to the marvellous influence of national liberty did not pass away with the destruction of national liberty. The economic forces generated under the independent Irish parliament were exhausted gradually under the Union, and it was not until the fourth decade of

English government set in that the calamitous results of "subjugation" became fully apparent. But it would be a mistake to think that these calamitous results were unknown until the repeal of the Corn Laws and the awful Famine Years 1845, 1846, and 1847. O'Connell's letter to Shrewsbury was written in 1841, while the Corn Laws were still unrepealed, and O'Connell shows plainly and abundantly that already, in the fortieth year of the Union, Ireland had been dragged far on the road to economic ruin. O'Connell's testimony cannot be gainsaid. His answer to Shrewsbury was an "open letter," in fact a public repeal manifesto, and the facts stated in it were within the knowledge of its readers. They have never been controverted. On the contrary they are confirmed and greatly supplemented by the evidences published in the semi-official Parliamentary Gazetteer for Ireland, issued in 1845.

So complete has been the devastation wrought by the Union, that people now find it hard to realise that Ireland, under her independent parliament and for twenty or thirty years after its treacherous destruction, *was as much an industrial as an agricultural nation.* Ireland in that period had more textile workers in proportion to her population than any other country in the world. These workers worked in flax, in wool, in cotton, and in the coarser fibres of sacking and ropework. The spinning and weaving of flax and wool was universal throughout Ireland, in factories as well as in homes. The district around Westport is now a "congested district," this title having been conferred on such areas by Mr. Arthur Balfour in order to fasten in the public mind a belief that these are over-populated and might with propriety be depopulated. Some of these "congested districts" contained before the Famine four times their present population, and if the standard of living was low, the inhabitants at the same time were paying an enormous annual tribute to their "relentless master," the Predominant Partner. This Westport district contained 36,000 textile workers and several weekly markets for linen yarn and linen web. Its export of cereals, including flour and meal, was

enormous. At present it has no textile workers, and exports only cattle and human beings, and so it is "congested."

As the extravagance of the absentee proprietors increased, the prosperity of the country declined. To cope with the demand for more rent, the people were forced to grow more and more cereals. Cereal crops invaded all the "arable land," including land only capable of spade tillage. To raise potatoes, people were forced to "cultivate" land that never was tilled before and never again will be tilled. The ridges still mark such places in the moors and wastes. Except in Ulster, where the pressure of extortion was less and where linen-weaving was carried on in factories and industrialised towns, flax, for the first time in Irish history, disappeared from cultivation. The bleaching greens that existed in every townland can still sometimes be located by their name, *tuar*. The *tuirne lin,* the spinningwheel for flax, is still preserved as a curiosity, in some houses, and hunted after by collectors of antiques, and is still known in the songs of people who have never seen it at work. The whole industry of Ireland was forced to concentrate itself on cereals and potatoes—cereals for the Tribute, potatoes to feed the serfs. Oatmeal porridge, "chief of Scotia's food," was from time immemorial chief also among the foods of the older Scotia, Ireland. Even before St. Patrick's time, the porridge of Ireland was known in other lands. St. Jerome, in his characteristic vigor of controversy, speaks of Pelagius as one "whose belly was distended with the porridge of the Irish." Hand mills, in common use a century ago, are still to be found, though no longer used. Water-mills for grinding oats were everywhere. The Tribute, with its relentless demand for the money from cereals, put an end to the filling of Irish bellies with the porridge of the Irish, and drove the people back on a diet of potatoes. Thus at once the standard of living was reduced to the lowest possible degree, and the industries of the household and the manual skill traditional throughout ages were extinguished. Men and women became potato-fed slaves for the production of the Tribute.

When this disastrous revolution in the life and habits of the people was accomplished, the "relentless master" in his own interest dealt a crushing blow at the new state of things which he had forced on Ireland. The Corn Laws alone had made the revolution possible. The repeal of the Corn Laws made the new life impossible, and the first failure of the potato crop that followed began the horrible era of famine, eviction, and the conversion of the most fertile regions in Ireland to feeding grounds for the roast beef of Old England. O'Connell's last speech, the struggling utterance of a dying man, was a pitiful appeal to the relentless master on behalf of a people dying in thousands from famine and famine fever. The relentless master continued to exact the Tribute, and compelled a famishing people to send him their own food.

O'Connell shows from a Parliamentary Return that in 1845, while thousands were perishing of famine in Ireland, England extracted from Ireland 2,145,772 quarters of grain, and 2,481,564 hundredweights of flour and meal, including 372,719 quarters of wheat and 1,422,379 hundredweights of flour and wheatmeal and in the last three months alone of 1845, when the Famine was at its height, 32,883 oxen, 583 calves, 32,576 sheep and lambs, and 104,141 swine. This, during a frightful time of starvation and fever, was almost all pure Tribute, not commercial exportation in exchange for any sort of imports other than English officials, soldiers, arms and Coercion Acts.

So great and manifest have been the calamitous effects of English government since the Famine that a casual observer might be inclined to date the injurious operation of the Union from that time. O'Connell's letter to Shrewsbury, however, was written before the repeal of the Corn Laws, and while the Famine was not yet dreamt of, and in this letter O'Connell shows clearly and in detail the ruinous consequences of the Union. From the evidences he has collected one sees plainly enough that, even if no great catastrophe like the Famine had supervened, the ruin which we have witnessed would have

worked out by degrees. The Famine itself was an effect of the Union, and was aggravated in its own time by the Union, but it was only a grand acceleration of forces already steadily at work, forces set in motion and sustained in action by Imperial Government and by that alone.

O'Connell adverts, in passing, to the well known fact that before the free Irish Parliament was established in 1782, the Irish woolen manufacture, which "was in a flourishing state at the period of the (Williamite) revolution, was openly and avowedly crushed to create a monopoly of that manufacture for England." This industry was revived under the free Parliament and again "flourished in Ireland in all the articles of coarser texture. It gave employment to thousands in the various town of Ireland. At Carrick-on-Suir alone, it kept in constant work and wages more than 7,000 persons, where lately there were not fifty employed! In short, since the Union the woolen trade of Ireland has literally been annihilated."

Linen weaving, as has been said, was universal throughout Ireland. "It flourished," says O'Connell, "till the annual export of the article reached three millions sterling." The Irish had been famed of old for their linen produce. They went to battle at Clontarf with the Norsemen:

"Fine linen shirts on the breasts of the Gael,
And the Foreigners in one sheet of iron."

In Henry VIII's time, a sumptuary law was enacted to restrict the extravagant wearing of linen in Ireland. So much for the legend-mongers who pretend that the Irish linen industry was established by French refugees. "Then," says O'Connell, "came the Union, and *struck off four-fifths of the trade.*"

"Before the Union," he continues, "the refining of sugar was a prosperous and lucrative business, giving work and wages to thousands. There were in the city of Dublin alone, nineteen sugar bakeries. There is now not a single one remaining. This trade is annihilated.

"Before the Union, the glass manufacture was flourishing in Ireland. It is now all but annihilated." (For details, see

a recent paper "Glass-Making in Ireland" by M. S. D. Westropp in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy.)

"Before the Union, the manufacture of cabinets and silks in Dublin gave bread to thousands. It was lately on the verge of extinction, but has revived in some small degree *by the Repeal movement.*

"Before the Union, the business of printing and book-selling—the manufacture of hats—the working in gold and silver plate—watch making, and various other branches of trade were in a prosperous state in Ireland, which are now annihilated or in the last stage of an impoverished existence."

O'Connell, proceeding to show the ruin of Irish industries, quotes statistical returns dating from 1800 to 1840.

Dublin in 1800 had 91 woolen factories employing 4,938 persons; in 1840, twelve factories, and 682 employés.

Cork in 1800 had 41 woolen factories with 2,500 employés. "That trade is now (1841) completely gone."

"In Limerick, at the Union, there were 1,000 woolen weavers. There are not now seventy."

Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow, is now a "deserted village." Before the Union, the flannel manufacture there "gave employment to more than 1,000 looms and to several thousands of operatives. By 1823, the 1,000 looms had declined to 400; in 1826 to 300, in 1827 to 200; in 1828 to 150; in 1830 to 100—and in 1832 to 30. And in two years afterwards there was not a vestige of this formerly important and remunerative branch of industry." All this time, the population was increasing in numbers and declining in the standard of living and the means of livelihood.

In Dublin city, "there were at the time of the Union, engaged in the cotton trade, fifty-five master manufacturers, employing 14,500 persons, *at wages of forty shillings a week.* They have fallen (in forty years) to twelve employers and 625 operatives, and *the wages are now only fifteen shillings a week.*" The cotton industry of Dublin and other places in Ireland has long since been extinguished.

"At the Union, the hosiery business flourished in Dublin, Balbriggan, Cork, Belfast, Lisburn, Clonmel, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Portarlington, Maryborough, and several other places. But in all those places, the home manufacture is now (1841) so inconsiderable that this branch of Irish industry may, in the words of the report, 'for all practical purposes be considered as extinct.'

"To review the entire (textile) manufactures of Ireland . . . it appears that, at the period of the Union, the number of persons directly deriving employment from the woolen, cotton and silk manufactures in Ireland exceeded 150,000 in a population of about 4,000,000. At the present day (1841) the entire number employed in these manufactures throughout the kingdom in a population of 8,000,000 does not exceed 8,000." It will be noted that O'Connell does not include in this summary the linen trade, of which, he has already said, four-fifths had been taken away by the Union. He gives no particulars of the decay of many other industries that flourished in Ireland before the Union and vanished after it, for example, tanning, boot-making, glove-making. The great industrial plan, now so much associated with the success of American industry, of *standardising* the manufacture of articles in general demand in various sizes, such as boots, hose, and gloves, was in full and extensive operation in Ireland before the Union.

O'Connell goes on to describe the terrible decline in the standard of living among a growing population within the generation that followed the Union, quoting, not descriptions of the abnormal times of famine, but the Reports of the Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry in 1834. It was the Union that made necessary a systematic and perpetual scheme for the relief of the poor in Ireland at the expense of the remainder whom the Union also impoverished. In 1830, O'Connell had foretold the introduction of the English Poor Law System. "The landed proprietors of Ireland," he wrote, "are reduced to this dilemma—they must either have a Repeal of the Union or Poor Laws. To one or other of these they must come, Poor

Laws or a Repeal of the Union. Beyond this alternative there is nothing—the Repeal of the Union or Poor Laws." When he wrote again in 1841, the Poor Laws had already been introduced: "They have been fairly tried in two localities and they are found to be a total failure." Nevertheless the State Pauper system was extended to every part of Ireland, and since then, as a result of the Union, in addition to the tremendous burdens of the Imperial land Tribute and the Imperial taxation Tribute and an extravagant domestic administration under Imperial control, the Irish people have had to bear the further burden of a heavy Poor Rate, and what is still worse, the degradation of the honest poor.

Especially remarkable are the particulars quoted by O'Connell from the official report, at a time not of famine or crop failure but when, as he also states, Ireland's agrarian Tribute to England, over and above her taxation which was then aggravated in violation of the pledges given before the Union and to secure the Union, amounted to 6,000,000 a year. (This amount was greatly increased in later years.)

In less fertile parts of Ireland—more fertile, however, than many prosperous parts of the Continent—in the countries of Galway, Mayo and Donegal, the report tells of people living on potatoes, cabbage, and green herbs; of potatoes, the principal diet, only sufficient in supply to make one day's allowance do for three days; of 200 families in one parish unearthing the half-grown potatoes; of sickness and death from this miserable diet; of blood drawn from the live cattle and boiled for food; of people driven to gather shell-fish to keep the life in them—in short, of a reversion to the conditions of the Early Stone Age. In the rich lands of other countries, Longford, Kildare, Meath, Cork, Tipperary, the state of the mass of the people was not much better. The peasantry gathered wild herbs, including nettles, boiled them with salt, and ate them, sometimes with, sometimes without, a potato or a sprinkling of meal for flavoring. In County Cork, "many farmers who would formerly have employed laborers are driven by distress to work them-

selves and make their sons work. Such persons often make their children work, who would otherwise be sent to school. The laborers are frequently unable to work for want of sufficient food." And we are told of laborers, who "remain in bed all day, as they said, to stifle the hunger." And all the time, the "relentless master" was rooting out Irish industries and exacting his enormous Tribute.

The population of Ireland continued to increase from the Union till the Famine, and has decreased steadily since the Famine. Between the Union and the Famine in forty-five years, the population doubled. Between the Famine and the present time, it has been again reduced to the figures of the close of the eighteenth century—so that, by the way, there is human material still in Ireland for as much industry and prosperity as grew up under the free Irish Parliament. In 1841, O'Connell believed that Ireland could support four times her then population, which was eight millions. A recent English Unionist writer admits that she could now support nearly four times her present population.

The Famine was the turning point, and it might be thought therefore that for some reason the Famine was the chief cause of the subsequent decline in population. Not that the question matters greatly, for economic cause and effect could not be more plainly connected than the Union and the Famine. A moment's consideration will show, however, that the Famine was no more than a frightful episode in the continuous consequences of the government of Ireland by England. The Famine brought about many thousands of deaths from starvation and disease, and the forced emigration of still more numerous thousands, of whom a large proportion perished during their barbarous transplanting. The meek endurance of the stricken people encouraged England's exactors, the landlords, especially the new class of speculators in Irish land, to exterminate the people and replace them by cattle that were still more easily brought to the flesh market and yielded as large or even a larger tribute per acre. But the decline of population continued from

the Famine until the first check was put on feudal absolutism in 1871; it continued after the Land League had forced England to reduce the Tribute to what her courts in Ireland deemed equitable, and still continues in spite of the expropriation of two-thirds of the landlords. Evidently the cause at work has been something more permanent in its operation than the Famine. If that cause was the Union, we must expect to see its effects before as well as after the Famine which began in 1845.

But, it may be asked, if the Union has been the cause of Ireland's decline in population, why did the population become actually doubled between the enactment of the Union and the Famine Years?

To answer this, in the first place it must be remembered that a reduction in the standard of living is quite compatible with an increase in population and can indeed facilitate an increase up to a certain limit. The immense population of India is not due to a high standard of living. The slums of great cities are more populous than the wealthy suburbs. A poorhouse, at the same expense, will support many more inmates than a palace. In the most fertile parts of Ireland, at present, the rural population is least numerous and attains the highest standard of living.

In the second place, the growth of population does not react immediately to present economic or political forces. Setting aside what are euphemistically called prudential restraints, which happily have never become a calculable factor in Irish statistics, the growth of population will depend mainly on three factors; the hereditary prolific capacity of the race; the conditions of health at a given time, especially of health in childhood and up to middle age; and the custom of marrying earlier or later in life. The first and third of these factors are not liable to be suddenly affected by a political revolution like the Union.

The Irish people were a prolific race before the Union, and

the Union did not change their hereditary physical qualities. Early marriages were customary among them before the Union. They are no longer customary, as a result of the economic strain under which ninety-nine per cent. of the people of Ireland continually live. But we cannot suppose that a social custom of this kind underwent a rapid change because the power of legislation and taxation was shifted from Dublin to London. A more efficient cause was the policy of the landlords, converted by the Union into absentee exactors of Tribute, a policy gradually carried into effect, of restricting and reducing the number of holdings and therefore of households. There is no doubt, however, that manifold economic pressure, both in town and country, diminished the marriage rate by making the parents of marriageable persons more parsimonious. Three generations under one roof was once normal in Ireland. Now it is exceptional.

Apart, however, from all such matters of argument and inference, O'Connell has shown that, even before the Famine and before the population had begun to diminish,—for he did not live to see the worst,—the adverse influences created by the Union were already in potent operation. The increase of population in the decade 1821-1831 was 965,570. In the decade 1831-1841, from an immensely larger adult population than in the preceding decade, the increase was only 437,980. These figures show clearly that the momentum of Irish prosperity was completely exhausted within the first generation that followed Ireland's "subjugation," and that the conversion of a growing into a diminishing population from 1851 onwards was merely the continuation of a process already plainly visible at work in the second preceding decade. O'Connell treats of this matter, not in the letter to Lord Shrewsbury, written bebore the Irish Census of 1841 was published, but in a speech in Parliament, February 17, 1846, on the subject of the Famine. Had there been no such concentrated calamity as the Famine, the movement in the population rate suffices to show that the subsequent decline in population would still have taken place

as a result of the economic oppression imposed on Ireland by the Union.

Ireland now stands face to face with a new and double menace—the abandonment of her claims to self-government, even of the partial recognition of those claims by the Statesmen who stood pledged for years to their partial recognition—and the imposition of a further intolerable burden of taxation to meet the colossal expenditure of an Imperial trade war, the greatest war in the history of mankind.

Let Irishmen recognise, with Cardinal Mercier, that patriotism is a great virtue and a sacred duty, worthy to be linked with the virtues and the duties that Christianity enjoins on all mankind in common. We are taught that, under the Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother" we are bound also to obey all rightful authority. Is it too much to suppose that the virtue and duty of patriotism, of honor and fidelity towards our fatherland and our nation, are comprised in the same Commandment?

If patriotism is a conscientious duty, towards what object is it directed? There cannot be a duty without an object. A duty does not begin and end within itself. It is towards something. The duty which we owe, something must be entitled to receive. The duty of patriotism is due to our country and nation, towards our fatherland and the family who are its children. An empire which is not a nation cannot command the duty of patriotism. The British Empire, besides Irishmen, includes also Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Welshmen, French Canadians, Afrikanders, Hindoos, Burmese, Kaffirs, American Indians, Australian Aborigines. Whatever may be our duties towards these, nobody imagines and nobody pretends that patriotism is one of those duties. The sentiment called Imperialism is entirely distinct from patriotism, and we have yet to learn that any reputable Christian teacher has placed Imperialism among the Christian duties and virtues. The object of patriotism is nationality.

O'Connell has shown that Irish nationality and Irish pros-

perity go hand in hand, that the extinction of Irish national rights and liberties destroyed in a generation the marvellous prosperity which the exercise of those rights and liberties, even through a corrupt Parliament, had built up in a still shorter time. In fourteen years, the free Parliament, won for Ireland by Irish Volunteers, a Parliament largely composed of rakehelly squireens and the hangers-on of the aristocracy, secured for Ireland such an advance in agriculture, manufactures, public improvements, foreign trade, and every pathway of prosperity as no other country has ever made in fourteen decades of years. The same can and must again be done for Ireland. We have the same resources, when we are free to use them. Our present population is one and a half times greater than the population of Ireland in 1782. Ireland is not a poor country, she is a robbed country. The robbery is still going on. We have to stop it and to secure full control over our own resources, and full liberty to use them for Ireland's sole benefit. Without control we have no security, without liberty we have no impulse.

Under the Union we have suffered such wrongs in peace as no other nation of modern times has suffered in war. "Revenge" is our duty if we accept our duty from our Rulers. We do not accept it. We do not seek vengeance. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." Amen! We even pray that He may never make us His instruments of vengeance. While the mighty ones of the empires are preaching hatred on every side, we ask to be freed from hatred within and without. The losses inflicted on us almost stagger imagination. We do not even demand restitution or indemnity. Our demand is for a complete cessation; No more of interference: let us take our way. "Let my people go." Our journey has begun.

WHEN THE GOVERNMENT PUBLISHES SEDITION

By Arthur Griffith, 1915.

IF the writings of Swift and Mitchel were obliterated from the nation's memory, there would still remain two documents to preach as fiercely as Swift and Mitchel have done what English Government in Ireland meant and means. These seditious documents are issued under the authority of his Britannic Majesty's Government. They are the British Government's Census Report on Ireland and the British Government's Annual Finance Return.

It is idle—British-Imperially speaking—to think of ending sedition and treason in Ireland by suppressing newspapers and imprisoning or shooting their editors, while such pernicious bluebooks and returns are freely sold by Mr. Ponsonby in Grafton Street, Dublin, at a price which places them within reach of many. Even if the price were prohibitive to the Irish, it is still certain that money would be found somewhere to purchase copies. The prohibition of the sale of British bluebooks and official returns relating to the population and finance of this island is the one course consistent with the policy of making the Irish tamely submit to extirpation that England,—masquerading as the British Empire—may wax fatter and fatter.

That the English Government has been wholly unconscious of the danger of publishing and selling these documents in Ireland is not a fact. It has only miscalculated their effect. It correctly argues that few people will read such returns, fewer study them, and that of the few not a moiety will be able to comprehend them, for to most men these marshalled columns of figures must spell confusion. It calculates that the small

number who may grasp the meaning of the figures will be disposed of by self-interest, indifference, indolence, or lack of power or opportunity to make them understood of the people. It has generally been right. The last thing the average man likes is statistical articles, for the Statist, as a rule, is a bore.

Still, the Census and Finance Returns are the most potentially dangerous printed matter England can suffer to be published in Ireland, for every now and then, a man will seriously study and grasp and attempt to make his countrymen grasp their meaning, and if he should succeed, then Ireland will—despite Empire-Leaguery, Union-Jackery, and Place-huntery,—kick. Feebly or forcibly she will kick.

Premising then, that if we were the English Government in Ireland—that if we were apostles of the faith that the bleeding white of this land is essential to England's plutocracy, and that whatever is essential to England's plutocracy, it is a holy and a wholesome thing to do—then we would regard with grim suspicion that respectable old gentleman in Grafton Street, Dublin, who has never wittingly done ill to mortal, and that we should discern in his book-shop whole arsenals of treason. Premising this we shall hereby point out, discover, felon-set, in a word, E. Ponsonby, licensed by his Majesty's Stationery Offices to sell in these islands the General Report of the Census of Ireland as presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of his Majesty. We testify that Mr. Ponsonby sold us this magazine of sedition for the sum of five shillings and threepence, which included the impression of the British Lion and Unicorn, represented in this instance dancing on their hind legs with their tails cocked up, celebrating—possibly—tidings of comfort and joy to be disclosed inside to the well-wishers of England's Absolutism.

And we certify that having carefully examined and collated this return sold us by Mr. Ponsonby with the General Report of the Census of Ireland for 1841, published by his Majesty's Stationery Office, and sold by Mr. Ponsonby's predecessors (now beyond all possibility of punishment for sedi-

tion or treason), we have found the following facts disclosed, which would most seriously hamper Mr. John Redmond and his colleagues.

First, then, this report discloses that in the year 1841 there were on the soil of Ireland, eight million one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, women, and children, that the population was multiplying at the rate of 9 per cent. per decade, and that, therefore, in the year 1911, there should have been sixteen millions of people within our shores. As there were but four million three hundred and ninety thousand, it is evident that eleven million six hundred and ten thousand of the Irish race have disappeared somewhere in the past seventy years. Actually four millions of people have vanished, and the children whom they begot and their children's children who should form the extra eleven million six hundred and ten thousand on our soil to-day are exiles from Ireland—citizens of other countries, whose prosperity, power, and glory they are building up. Some of them are Americans, some of them are Irish-Americans, some of them are Canadians, some of them are Australians, others are Afrikanders. Some of them are proud of their origin, some of them do not know it, some of them are ashamed of it, some of them are still traditionally Irish Nationalists, some of them are British Imperialists, some of them leading citizens of other countries—some of them are good, some of them are indifferent, some of them are bad. What they are does not immediately concern us. This does—they are eleven million six hundred and ten thousand people who have involuntarily lost their heritage and they are eleven million six hundred and ten thousand whom Ireland has lost.

In the year 1841 the intelligent schoolboy in Germany asked to name the first five States of Europe in population would have replied—"France, England, Prussia, Spain, and Ireland." In that year there were no other States or Kingdoms of Europe larger in its people than this island. The Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, and Holland and Greece combined had not so many people as Ireland then possessed.

We had two men to every man in Belgium, more men than northern Italy, and man for man with southern Italy. We had two men to every man in Bavaria, more than two men to every man in Portugal, and considerably more men than Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Albania, and Turkey-in-Europe reckoned together, and for every five men England possessed, we had almost three.

If that intelligent German schoolboy were now asked to name the States of Europe in order of their population, he would not name Ireland fifth, nor even fifteenth. If he were asked whether all the States of Europe had increased in population since 1841 he would reply, "All but one—Ireland." If he were asked whether the cause was that war had ravaged Ireland during the period while peace prevailed elsewhere, he would reply that war had not visited Ireland, but had visited most of the other States of Europe—that France, Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, Bohemia, Saxony, Wurtemburg, Italy, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Denmark, had all been engaged in war within the time, and yet their peoples had multiplied, while Ireland, dwelling in peace, had seen her people diminish as no war in the history of modern Europe had diminished a people.

If he were asked the cause of this unique disappearance of a people, he would reply, had he studied the character of the Irish as contributed from English sources to the German school-books, and printed in some of them until recent times, that the Irish were a people lazy beyond all men, of a disposition treacherous and ferocious, intractable and incapable, so besotted that they would prefer to die of hunger or leave their country rather than toil there for a livelihood. In fact, a people whom any nation less forbearing than the English and burdened by responsibility for them would be inclined to let perish in their viciousness.

However, let us return to Mr. Ponsonby's sedition-mongering publication. Think of the effect of such a fact as this

on the impressionable mind of an honest and robust Irishman on whom the Recruiting-Sergeant has fixed his eye:

Every country in Europe has increased its population since 1841 except Ireland.

Poland, under the Russians, has increased its people.

Poland, under the Germans, has increased its people.

Poland, under the Austrians, has increased its people.

Finland, under the Russians, has increased its people.

Ireland, under the English, has lost three-fourths of its people.

Holland has doubled, Belgium has nearly doubled, Greece has quadrupled, Sweden and Norway have more than doubled, Portugal, Switzerland, and Denmark have increased by 50 per cent., Roumania, Servia, Finland, and Bulgaria have all doubled, or more than doubled, their populations. These comprise all the small nationalities of Europe, except Ireland. Alone in Europe—alone in the civilized world—"the sister island of England," this "integral" Kingdom of the British Empire has decreased in its population. For such a decrease in days of peace history furnishes no parallel.

Imagine, at this crisis in the fortunes of the England who managed this extirpation for us, Mr. Ponsonby permitted to sell a Blue-book which discloses such facts. Would it, we ask with the "Daily Express," be tolerated in any other capital in the world? Certain we are that if this English plan of getting rid of its rivals had been followed by Austria in the case of Hungary, no Buda Pest Ponsonby would be permitted to sell over his counter the Austrian official document indicating how it had been done. We have a good deal of sympathy with the "Daily Express" point of view. If it be necessary in the interest of England to exterminate the Irish, it is certainly an abuse of English freedom of the Press in Ireland to refer to the matter. It is perfectly free to the Press to take England's standpoint, or if it has a conscientious scruple, to remain decently silent.

As England wants men just now, the following potentially

seditious figures, published and guaranteed by the English Government, will show where she can seek for them:

Population of England in 1841	14,995,138
Population of Ireland in 1841	8,175,124
Population of England in 1911	34,045,270
Population of Ireland in 1911	4,390,219

In the seventy years Ireland lost nearly half her population, while England more than doubled hers. In 1841 the English had not two men to our one. Now they have more than eight men to our one. They want our one to do the fighting, and Mr. Redmond has promised them he will see that they get him. It is sedition to object.

In 1841 we find that Ireland had more people than all the British colonies put together. These colonies have now four times the population of Ireland. It took armed insurrection against England in Canada and in Australia, and passive insurrection against England at the Cape to make her take her claws off the colonies and let them govern themselves. Under their own Governments they have quadrupled the population of this island upon which England insisted on keeping her claws.

The following figures, certified by the Government of England, show the number of male inhabitants in Ireland seventy years ago, and now:

Ulster (1841)	1,186,190
Ulster (1911)	770,862
Munster (1841)	1,209,971
Munster (1911)	526,030
Leinster (1841)	968,747
Leinster (1911)	582,967
Connacht (1841)	707,842
Connacht (1911)	312,089

From this the seditiously inclined and all who have, to the insecurity of English rule in Ireland, learned the first four rules

of arithmetic, will be able to deduce that it has been necessary to the English Government in Ireland to destroy more than one-third of the men of Ulster and Leinster, and more than half of the men of Munster and Connacht during seventy years of peace.

Imagine Mr. Ponsonby permitted to sell this information while recruits for the Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Leinster Regiment, the Munster Fusiliers, and the Connacht Rangers are urgently needed to sustain the power that has swept four of every eleven Ulstermen, four of every nine Leinstermen, four of every seven Connachtmen, and seven of every twelve Munstermen out of Ireland.

We glean from Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Ponsonby's predecessor in the Blue-book publishing line, that these Irish refugees, for whom no England and no West Britain wept, fled from the flag which Irishmen are now appealed to to uphold. From the period of the Union, until that of the artificial famine, 95 per cent. of the Irish who went into exile chose to go to the British colonies—only 5 per cent of them making for the United States. The Triumph of the Flag over Ireland from 1841 onwards revolutionized the mind of the Irish emigrant. He fled to the United States to get away from it, a fact which has had some bearing on its fortunes.

Ulster, which our truthful neighbour has always represented as the good, pious, law-abiding, pro-English part of Ireland, and consequently, as rioting in progress and prosperity had in 1841, just 2,227,152 people on its soil. In 1911 it had 1,582,826. It is calculated to breed sedition in Ulster to permit Mr. Ponsonby to retail official returns to this effect across his respectable counter. Some day, despite the Ulster Unionist Council, and the Belfast Press, the Orangemen will get to hear about it and begin to think. And the effort to dissipate the dawn of reason in the Orange mind by assuring it that after all it was only the Papists who were exterminated will be seriously hampered by the injudicious disclosures in these Ponsonby Blue-Books. Happily for England there was no

religious census of Ireland taken in 1841, but we discover these figures for 1834:

Irish Protestant Episcopalians (1834)	852,064
Irish Protestant Episcopalians (1911)	576,611
Actual Missing	275,453
Irish Presbyterians (1834)	642,356
Irish Presbyterians (1911)	440,525
	201,831

It was essential to England to wipe out one-third of the Episcopalians and one-third of the Presbyterians as well as one-half of the Irish Catholics in the life-time of the old men amongst us. One out of every three Irish Protestants has been in the last seventy years extinguished from his country by English legislation. To make omelettes one must break eggs. The fact that the number of Protestants in England has nearly trebled in the same period, is one that, we submit to the English authorities in this country, is likely to make Irish Protestants reflect if they are allowed to realize it. And we know of nothing more dangerous to the security of English Government in Ireland, than that the people of Ireland should be induced to reflect. For years the Parliamentary Party has, with superhuman devotion to the cause of the Loaves and Fishes, gallantly succeeded in preventing them from indulging in any reflection on their country's position. But now there is a daily increasing danger through Mr. Ponsonby.

For instance, an Episcopalian schoolboy, getting hold of the Census Returns and the 1834 figures, might work out that the number of Episcopalians in Ireland to-day should be 1,550,000, and finding that instead, the number is but 576,000, start furiously reflecting as to the wherefore and the why of the disappearance. Or a Presbyterian student of divinity, coming across the Pernicious Blue-Book, might extract therefrom in one minute's arithmetical calculation that the sum total of the

Presbyterians of Ireland today should be 1,200,000 souls, and finding that there were but 440,000, set his mind pondering until it alighted upon the cold truth—that whether Ireland be Catholic or Episcopalian or Presbyterian, it will be devastated in its people and in its trade so long as what is termed the "British Empire" is England—and nothing but England.

"Ireland," wrote Junius a hundred and fifty years ago, "has been uniformly plundered and oppressed." Save for the few years between 1782 and 1800 the policy of plunder and oppression has been pursued unbroken since Junius wrote sedition.

England having destroyed our constitution, suppressed our Parliament, loaded her debt on to our shoulders, ruined our trade and commerce, turned our tillage-fields into cattle-ranches, trebled our taxation and halved our population—all within a century—wants what is left of us to fight for her supremacy over the world. To protest is seditious. Even though her heart and her interest willed, she can never erase the evil she has done this country. She cannot give us back our people, but she could have given us back our political liberties and permitted us by their wise direction to regain within the next hundred years, the place in the world we held a hundred years ago. This she has not done—this she has pledged herself to her Ulster dupes not to do. In the name of Home Rule, she proposes finally to extinguish the Irish nation, if she overcomes Germany, by partitioning it, as with her connivance a century and a half ago Russia, Prussia, and Austria, partitioned Poland. But so long as Mr. Ponsonby flourishes in Grafton St., Dublin, bravely distributing his Britannic Majesty's Census Reports on Ireland and Finance Accounts, so long will sedition prosper.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS

BY

THE O'RAHILLY

IN the following pages there is of necessity frequent mention of Mr. John Redmond and of various actions taken by him with which I most profoundly disagree. From this, however, it is not to be understood that this pamphlet is an indictment of the Chairman of the Parliamentary Party, or that it is published in order to weaken his position, to undermine his influence, or to supplant his leadership.

If his name figures prominently in this record it is solely because a knowledge of the incidents with which he was associated is essential to an intelligent understanding of either the past or the present of the Volunteer movement.

Far from attributing to Mr. Redmond the responsibility for these actions or for their result (the disruption of the Volunteers), I am perfectly convinced that every single step that is recounted here was taken by him, not of his own free will but against his better judgment, and at the imperious dictation of the English masters of this country, who, whether Liberals or Conservatives, Democrats or Aristocrats, are but one in their dealings with Ireland.

Nor need this hypothesis be regarded as unconvincing or far-fetched. It covers all the facts; it explains things that are otherwise incredible, and instead of being improbable it is really rather self-evident. That the British majority in Westminster dominates and will continue to dominate the Irish minority is a mathematical certainty as obvious as the fact that 567 exceeds 103.

Ireland has no longer a Press. The majority of the newspapers which are now printed in Ireland, and which unfor-

tunately still retain their Irish names, have been sold bodily to the British Government in exchange for quarter-page advertisements. I refrain from saying that they were sold "body and soul," because there is not sufficient evidence to show that they ever possessed any souls to sell.

On the other hand, the Government has, with refreshing frankness, suppressed practically every Irish journal that refused to be either bribed or bullied into allowing its editorial policy to be dictated by the War Office. It is true that Eoin Mac Neill's organ, *The Irish Volunteer,* after two attempts to suppress it, is still appearing. The fact is worth noting, and may indicate that even the British Government realises the unwisdom of exasperating men who mean what they say and who have arms in their hands.

But one swallow doesn't make a summer, and since the Irish Press as a whole is either defunct or devoted to the publication of Romance, it is desirable that the public should have an opportunity of hearing some of the real facts with regard to the Irish Volunteer Movement. Hence this pamphlet.

The Irish Volunteers (as distinct, of course, from the Ulster Volunteer Force) were started in Dublin in November, 1913, by a dozen men who came together at Wynn's Hotel to discuss with Eoin Mac Neill the formation of an Irish Volunteer Army. Previous to this, indeed, a journalist in West Meath, who is said to have conceived the possibility of a "Midland Volunteer Force," had published a report of the inception of such a body in Athlone. Whether the Midland Volunteers had any real existence except in the news columns is much debated, and seems open to doubt, but there is no doubt at all that the organisers of the Irish Volunteers absolutely failed to discover any Volunteers either in Athlone or the Midlands until long after the Wynn's Hotel meeting.

As the invitations to that meeting were written and issued by myself, I am in a position to know something of the personnel of the original Committee; and I say now that the men invited were deliberately selected not on Party, Political or

Sectarian lines, but solely because they were amongst the sincerest Nationalists of my acquaintance in Dublin.

Besides Eoin Mac Neill, they included Bulmer Hobson, P. H. Pearse, Sean Mac Dermott, W. J. Ryan, Eamonn Ceannt, Sean Fitzgibbon, J. A. Deakin, Pierce Beasley, Joseph Campbell, and the writer, and in view of the repeated assertions of certain eminently truthful orators and journalists associated with Parliamentarianism, it is worthy of note that of the twelve invited only three were then members of the Sinn Fein party. Lest it might savor too much of Sinn Fein, Arthur Griffith's name was deliberately not included, while Mr. D. P. Moran, the Editor of the *Leader,* and a consistent supporter of the Parliamentary Party, was asked to attend.

As a tribute to the efficiency with which the autocrats of Dublin Castle scrutinise our movements and correspondence even in peace time, it should be recorded that within an hour of our first meeting, two police detectives called at the hotel for our names and the details of our business. Ingeniously asserting that we were sporting men who had met to pull off an illegal sweep, they interviewed the hotel people, obtained all the information that they could give them, and retired, after cautioning the management against allowing us to use the rooms again.

As we were all in agreement that the movement must be broadly National and not confined to, or controlled by, any particular party, our first effort was to secure the cooperation of men prominent in existing organisations such as the Parliamentary Party, the United Irish League, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Gaelic Athletic Association, the Foresters, etc., and each of us was told off for special duty in this connection. But we found that the task was one of considerable difficulty, and refusals were the order of the day. I, for instance, was deputed to secure Lord Mayor Sherlock, who I found was unwilling, and Professor Kettle, who I was informed was unwell. It will be remembered that Mr. Sherlock, who refused our invitation to join the Committee when it was a

week old, became later one of Mr. Redmond's nominees on that body, and that Professor Kettle has since recovered sufficiently from his indisposition to take quite an active part in the Movement.

Such refusals, however, did not alter our determination to maintain the non-party character of the Volunteers. In every case that arose of the appointment of committees, of officials, of organisers, or of public speakers, we insisted that all political views should be fairly represented, and we repeatedly refused to sanction arrangements when this condition was not observed.

While we secured by this policy the assistance of some of our best and hardest workers, we also got hold of a few others who have since caused us rather to regret our success.

The new Committee at once decided to place their policy before a public meeting at the Rotunda; and they modestly began by hiring the Small Concert Room. As the public interest grew they decided that it was wise to secure an option on the Large Concert Room; and as the day of the meeting approached they found that they would need still more space, and took the Rink in addition. As it turned out, the crowd not only filled the Rink and the Room but overflowed into the grounds, where a meeting of several thousand people was also held.

The Committee appealed to the manhood of Ireland to enrol and arm themselves in order to secure and maintain the rights and liberties of the Irish people. The manhood of Ireland responded to the call, and enrolling in thousands, proceeded to arm themselves.

Within a week the British Government, which held office by virtue of the Irish Party's vote, issued a Proclamation prohibiting the importation of arms into Ireland. The first blow had been struck at the Irish Volunteers; and it could not have been struck without consultation with, and *the consent of,* Mr. Redmond.

But, thanks to the spirit of the men of Dublin, the Volunteers survived the blow. We assured our men that, Proclama-

tion or no Proclamation, we would procure arms for them; and the men accepted our assurance. For months we drilled our recruits in halls shadowed by those broad-shouldered and dignified gentlemen of leisure whom Dublin Castle dresses in plain clothes and apparently expects us not to recognise as policemen. For months we preached the doctrine of Irish self-reliance in the teeth of the open hostility of the professional politicians, their organs, their organizations, and their supporters. Men who were elected by Irish voters to free their country from British domination, and who are paid by the British Government 400 pounds a year to stimulate their enthusiasm, publicly denounced Volunteering as a muddle-headed policy which their supporters should avoid. Orthodox Hibernians and United Irish Leaguers were expected to leave the new movement severely alone. The Press, although then in the hands of its original proprietors, boycotted the Irish Volunteers nearly as completely as it does now under its new management. As the *Irish Times* remarked, the Volunteer Movement had, at any rate, "no Press." The coercion of Ireland under the Arms Proclamation provoked no protest from the stalwarts at Westminster. The machine was working smoothly in the effort to stifle the movement.

And still the Volunteers grew. They grew in numbers, in strength and in self-confidence till it became no longer safe for their enemies to display their hostility openly; and a more subtle course had to be adopted to destroy as promising an organization as ever strove for Ireland's freedom.

All this time we had been busily working to surmount the greatest of our problems, the problem of securing arms. With the ports closed, money scarce, and the Government, the Party, and the Press alike opposed to us, it wasn't easy. Curiously enough our utmost efforts failed to secure any assistance from the Irish people on the Continent, the very people who could most easily and effectively have helped us. Unable to telegraph or telephone, and compelled to use the post with the most extreme discretion, it was after prolonged negotiations

that we came into touch with a lot of 11 m/m Mauser Rifles, samples of which we got despatched to London, where I inspected them and found them satisfactory. Our resources were still insufficient to pay for any quantity, and it was only by an individual guaranteeing the cost of a cargo that we got the work of arranging for a shipment under way.

It was while we were busy with this work that we learnt of a new development. We discovered that the Hibernians had received secret instructions to form themselves Volunteer Companies, to affiliate with Headquarters, to secure control of the movement in their districts, and, in fact, to take the very steps that would enable them to control the coming Convention and to swamp the original Volunteers. That this was not *bona fide* recruiting became apparent when the two Johns and Joe, as they are playfully called by an affectionate electorate, publicly announced that they had been converted to the Volunteer idea, and secretly requested that they should be given control of the movement.

All the insidious influences known to the politicians' art were immediately brought into play inside as well as outside of the Committee. The primrose path to place, power and profit was temptingly displayed to Eoin Mac Neill and his associates, but it was in vain, and the request to hand over the Volunteers, wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string as it were, to the mercies of the men who had till then been engaged in an effort to strangle them, was gracefully and politely declined.

The attempt to capture the Volunteers by stealth had failed.

Then came the last and most brilliant coup, the master stroke, to wit, Mr. Redmond's public announcement that the Provisional Committee was not sufficiently representative, and that he should be allowed to nominate twenty-five additional men to make it so. The reply was an offer by the Committee to have a new representative elected by each of the thirty-two Counties in Ireland, and Mr. Redmond's answer was a candid

and undisguised threat that if his Party were not permitted to nominate twenty-five *representative men from different parts of the country* he would proceed forthwith, by establishing a rival authority, to disrupt the movement. Now as the public were at this time keenly interested in the fate of the Home Rule Bill, which had not yet been shelved, it was quite possible that Mr. Redmond could have done this, and since his purpose was palpably, then as now, to emasculate the movement, it was certain that he would have done so.

A matter that could not be understood at the time, but which must be remembered in connection with the crisis that resulted, was that the Provisional Committee had on the high seas at that very period their secret shipments of arms; and were already arranging those elaborate schemes for landing them which afterwards materialised at Howth and Kilcool. They knew that any division in their forces such as would certainly result from the disruption threatened by Mr. Redmond would inevitably lead to the miscarriage of their plans and the probable loss of their arms. Realising the superlative importance of safeguarding the guns, and confronted with the alternatives of either making terms with Mr. Redmond or of splitting the Volunteers, probably losing their arms, and certainly furnishing Mr. Redmond with something that he sorely needed, namely, an excuse for losing Home Rule, they agreed to permit his Nominees to sit on the Committee without, however, co-opting them as members thereof.

The nominations were published, and the list was in itself an absolute breach of faith with the Committee and with the public. It was not a list of "representative men from different parts of the country," as had been publicly promised. Eleven of the Nominees were from Dublin City, the over-representation of which city on the Original Committee Mr. Redmond alleged as a reason for interfering with it.

Most of them were not "representative men" in any sense, or rather they represented fields of activity which well-wishers of the Volunteers would prefer not to be represented. Not a

single military man secured the Party's nomination to the Volunteer Committee, but several eminent Ecclesiastics were appointed, presumably to represent the Church militant. However, the Nominees took their seats, and we patiently awaited developments.

Now I should dislike to malign the Nominees, but if the object of the great majority of them was not to keep the Volunteers unarmed then they were the victims of a chain of circumstances and coincidences that was, shall I say, most unfortunate.

We were given to understand, for instance, that Mr. Redmond at this time had also on the seas a cargo of magnificent rifles destined for the Volunteers, and never was there keener interest in a regatta than we had as to whether Mr. Redmond's steamer or our "White Yacht" of Howth fame would first reach the shores of Ireland. Mr. Redmond's boat, I am told, was called "L'Avenir," which means in French "The Future," and it was a singularly appropriate title, because she never came.

Having left Antwerp and come within sight of the Irish coast, she, for some mysterious reason, which we were not allowed to learn, changed her mind about the Volunteers and returned to Belgium.

Apropos of Belgium, of whose friendship and services to Ireland we have recently heard so much, it is worth while recording the only experience that the Irish Volunteers had of her friendship and services. Immediately after Mr. Redmond's steamer had, with elaborate secrecy, left the Belgian coast, the British Government was informed *by a letter from a Belgian Customs Official* that her manifest and her alleged destination were false, and that her contents were really arms "for the Irish Insurgents."

The enlarged Committee, however, was not concerning itself unduly with the contraband arms traffic. It had other activities which kept it fully occupied. It appointed a Standing Committee with a solid reactionary majority; it passed a

delicious resolution demanding that all rifles already secured by the Volunteers of Munster, Leinster and Connaught should be "loaned" to safe men in Ulster, and it gravely went through the form of requesting Mr. Redmond to hand over the Volunteer funds that had reached him, a request which Mr. Redmond, with becoming dignity, ignored. Things were comparatively quiet at Headquarters, and there being neither any quantity of arms available nor any apparent prospect of them, it looked as if the work of turning the embryo army into a political machine could be accomplished without a hitch.

But when on July 26th the "White Yacht," harbinger of Liberty, suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and, on the stroke of the appointed hour, landed her precious freight at Howth, history was in the making.

Twenty minutes sufficed to discharge her cargo; as many motor cars flew with the ammunition to prearranged caches; and for the first time in a century one thousand Irishmen with guns on their shoulders marched on Dublin town!

The asinine interference of the garrison, the bayonetting at Clontarf and the massacre of women and children at Bachelors' Walk that followed, are incidents which are familiar to all whose memories are not exclusively occupied with the woes of Servia. A week later we landed our second cargo at Kilcool,* and it was when we had thus placed arms in the hands

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* With regard to the Kilcool enterprise a very inexplicable incident occurred which some future historian may be able to unravel. The original intention was to run one yacht to Kilcool on the night of Saturday, July 25th, and the second to Howth on the following day. At noon on Saturday, however, we in Dublin got a code message that the Kilcool yacht had split her mainsail in the Irish Sea, and that the repair would take several days, thus necessitating a postponement. Three hours later, by the most extraordinary accident, I learnt that an unknown lady had just sent a message to Dublin Castle stating that a quantity of arms for the Irish Volunteers had been on that forenoon landed on the coast near Dublin. The plot thickened still further when we found that soldiers were on that same Saturday being conveyed through the south of the city in motor furniture vans. Do these facts account for the amazing behaviour of the Castle on the following day?

of the Dublin Volunteers that the real activity of the Nominees on the Committee began.

The cry was now, "Send all the guns to Ulster," and this when analysed was found to mean, "Divide all the guns among the elite of the Ulster Nominees."

From this period the Nominees no longer maintained even the pretence of cooperation with the original Committee. Insult, abuse, and innuendo became the order of the day. Those who opposed the shipment of the rifles secured by the Dublin men's efforts were denounced in unmeasured terms. Those who suggested that the guns should go to the men who had paid in advance for them were howled down. Ulster had to be defended from the Carson Army, though, curiously enough, its defence was to be conducted with empty rifles.

Indeed, we might have been convinced of the sincerity of this Ulster frenzy had the Nominees in their anxiety not forgotten to demand from the Committee a single round of ammunition!

However, numbers triumphed, the majority was solid, and without a smile they solemnly voted that the guns should not go to the men whose money had paid for them, but that all the available weapons should be "sold" at 25/- apiece to certain of the Ulster Nominees.

Will it be believed that for these "sales" the "purchasers" have not paid to the men who imported the rifles one penny of the price to this day?

No unbiased member of the Committee has any doubt that it was also the deliberate intention of at least a section of the Nominees, by a studied and well sustained policy, to force the resignation of Mac Neill and other members of the original Committee. As it is natural to assume that the policy of Mr. Redmond's Nominees was the policy of Mr. Redmond, it is interesting to note that nothing which might have led to the disruption of the Committee at this period was neglected. Instances in abundance might be cited to prove this. The attacks, the accusations, and the insults by which the Nominees

hoped to provoke us to resign are all on record, but no useful purpose would now be served by recounting them. In the interests of Irish decency let us hope that their publication will never become necessary.

The only redeeming feature in the recollections of this unpleasant period is that there were found amongst the Nominees two or three men to whom this campaign of offensiveness did not appear to commend itself.

This state of affairs however meant, of course, the total neglect of all constructive work, including the arming of the Volunteers, which now was no longer difficult, since the public horror at the Bachelors' Walk assassinations had forced the British Government to withdraw the Proclamation and to open the ports.

The circumstances that prevented us from purchasing at this period twenty times as many rifles as we did purchase were either a series of amazing coincidences or were a deliberate and damnably efficient plot to keep the men unarmed.

Without money we couldn't buy arms. The intervention of Mr. Redmond had stopped the supply of money from America, and of the money that we had already got from America, a large sum had been secured by one of Mr. Redmond's adherents, for which, by the way, we have never received either a single gun or an account of its expenditure. Practically all the money that we had expected to get from the disposal of the Howth and Kilcool guns was, owing to the Ulster "sales," withheld from the Committee. Of the money that was available for the arming of the Volunteers, by subscription, Mr. Redmond had privately secured 6,000 pounds, one of his colleagues 250 pounds, and so on.

A subscription of 500 pounds that had been personally promised to me and to Eoin Mac Neill was collected, unknown to the Committee, by one of the Nominees and sent to Mr. Redmond, who persistently withheld Volunteer Funds from the Committee even while his Nominees, including his brother and Mr. Devlin, were sitting upon that Committee.

The personal subscriptions of several of Mr. Redmond's supporters which had been promised publicly in the Press and on the Platform were never paid to us.

Finally, not a single penny piece reached the Provisional Committee either from any of the Nominees or from any of the eighty Members of Parliament, who had received from the British Treasury during the lifetime of the Provisional Committee the sum of 32,000 pounds.

Was this a coincidence?

There remained for us—the men who wanted the Volunteers efficiently armed—only the monthly affiliation fees and a few other sums that it was impossible to prevent from reaching us.

This source of income was the more precarious as the Joint Committee was daily authorising expenditure with an enthusiasm that would make the Rothschilds look cheap.

The organisation that we had successfully run from two rooms had now to occupy three different office buildings. Rent had to be paid twelve months in advance. It had to maintain an expensive Inspection Office, into which there rushed, with unseemly haste, innumerable militia officers whose interest in the cause of Irish Nationality had not until then been even suspected.

Is it any wonder that money to buy arms was scarce?

On the outbreak of the war Mr. Redmond made his famous declaration about our defending the shores of Ireland if the British troops were withdrawn. Taken in connection with the proviso that accompanied it, the offer seemed reasonable enough, none of us quarrelled with it, and the Committee endorsed it.

I have heard, by the way, on the best authority that the following curious incident occurred when, at this time, the mobilisation of the British Army was ordered. Many reservists and militiamen, principally in Belfast and Derry, decided quite spontaneously, to risk a court-martial and not to join the colors until Home Rule became a fact as well as an Act. Mr.

Redmond, hearing of this, immediately sent to Belfast and Derry the Inspector-General and his assistant with orders to implore these reservists to join the colors without delay, as the action they contemplated would be fatal to Home Rule. They obeyed the instruction, and are now mostly in their graves in Flanders. Posterity can decide whether it was they or the Leader of the Irish Race that displayed most political acumen in the crisis of 1914.

Soon afterwards Mr. Redmond announced the arrival of his Italian rifles, of which he had thousands ready for "distribution," and he made the further remarkable statement that the Government would provide the remainder of the Volunteers with arms.

The Italian rifles are, as far as we can ascertain, for *not one of them was ever allowed to reach the Committee,* similar to those which Mr. Bannerman of New York sells retail for $1.48, and the "distribution" of them was proceeded with, without either the knowledge or responsibility of the Committee, at the modest rate of one pound sterling per gun. Not a single round of ammunition for them is available.

For the arms which Mr. Redmond said the Government would provide for us we are still waiting.

But Mr. Redmond's dual announcement was not without its effect, for it immediately and definitely put an end to all public interest in the Arms Fund.

This may not, of course, have been its intention, but *this is what it did.* However, let us be charitable and assume that this was only another of the unhappy coincidences.

Next the "War Office proposals" came before the Committee. There were several of them, and they were complicated; but since they are now happily dead, it is not necessary to discuss them at length.

Suffice it that they meant practically handing over the organisation, and the men who had trusted us, to the British Government as an auxiliary Imperial force.

Nearly all the original members opposed them *in toto,*

and whatever Mr. Redmond's attitude towards them may have been, very few of his Nominees even spoke in their favor. Their warmest advocate on the Committee, I think, was a gentleman who has since obtained a Government appointment with a salary of about 1,200 pounds a year.

As Treasurer of the Volunteers I was considerably worried about the lavish expenditure of the Joint Committee, coupled as it was with the stoppage of subscriptions, and in view of the curious reluctance of certain Nominees to comply with my request for an audit of the books, the possibility of an intention to bankrupt and so discredit the organisation suggested itself.

Some of us determined, therefore, to secure at once at least as many rifles as would meet the claims of those companies who had sent money to headquarters for them.

To get authority to do so required some finesse, but it was accomplished in this way: Having got the Arms Committee together for the purpose of adopting a standard bore, one or two of us recommended .303, which is the bore of the British Service Rifle. (British Service Rifles, in consequence of the War were, then as now, practically unprocurable). .303 bore was adopted, and I then enquired of the Committee whether we were thereby authorised to purchase any available rifles that would take this cartridge, to which the chairman, with the consent of the Committee, replied that we were.

Armed with this authority I went privately to Birmingham and purchased the entire output of a firm of gunsmiths who made, specially for our order, a Martini-Enfield .303, a very serviceable weapon, which they continued making and supplying to us until the Friendly Government raided and closed their factory last November. When I reported the Birmingham trip to the Committee, those of the Nominees who were present at both meetings repudiated my action, declared it to be entirely unauthorised, *and solemnly entered on the minutes their protest against my having bought arms with the*

money sent to the Committee to buy arms with. This, at any rate, is not the sort of thing that happens by coincidence.

It was in September, by the way, that we learnt accidentally how one of Mr. Redmond's supporters had, immediately after the withdrawal of the Arms Proclamation, refused, without even consulting the Committee, the best offer of arms that we had ever received. This was a proposal to sell us up to 29,000 modern magazine rifles with 600 rounds of ammunition for each, the price for rifle and ammunition complete being only 4 pounds.

From what I have written, the reader will understand that we of the Original Committee had no hallucinations as to the possibility of our continuing to co-operate with Mr. Redmond's Nominees. We understood the importance of an unbroken front. We were proud that it was the Volunteer Organisation that for the first time in centuries had brought together all sections of Nationalist Irishmen. We maintained unity as long as it was humanly possible to do it. Although Mr. Redmond expressly insisted in making the Volunteers a Party organization, we still maintained unity. But we foresaw that a cleavage might become inevitable. And Mr. Redmond's Woodenbridge declaration about our double duty was a clear challenge on a definite issue.

We know of only one duty, our duty to Ireland.

We are Irish Volunteers, not pawns upon the chessboard of British Politics. We told Mr. Redmond so, and we ceased to admit his Nominees to our Councils.

And then came the avalanche. An avalanche of vilification, of scurrilous personal attack, and of patent, obvious, and grotesque falsehood from every source that would be swayed either by Government payment or Castle patronage.

We, who had hitherto been petted, cajoled, canvassed, caressed, wined and dined, we, whose presence on a platform was nearly as desirable as that of an M. P., we, whose postbags had heretofore bulged with invitations to the functions of the elect, suddenly became nobodies, cranks, frauds, factionists,

traitors, disruptionists, pro-Germans, cowards, embezzlers, and lunatics.

At one bound, in fact, we had become bounders!

We made no reply to this campaign of personal vilification, nor do we propose to do so. We regret that any group of Irishmen should descend to such methods of controversy; but as one section has adopted them, we propose that they shall have a monopoly of them.

We put the situation before a Convention of the Volunteers, who endorsed our action, and we are now going ahead with the work of organising, arming, and training our men.

Meantime the subsidised Press campaign continues, and is made easier since the Friendly Government is suppressing every journal that it fails to buy. The kept Press is now engaged in felon-setting us by name, in pointing us out to the Friendly Government as the dangerous men who are opposed to benevolent assimilation. Our private correspondence is published by "National" papers to prove that we are not sufficiently devoted to the Imperial idea, and the good work has already borne fruit in the opening of our letters, the pilfering of our correspondence, the shadowing of our movements, the confiscation of our property, and the dismissal, deportation and arrest of our associates. Faithful to the tradition of British Naval heroism, as expressed in the order "Women and children first," the searching of houses in Dublin began with a police raid on the residence of a lady. She was threatened with arrest, her house was searched, papers were ransacked, private letters (utterly unconnected with the movement) were abstracted, and a small quantity of revolvers and ammunition, the property of the Irish Volunteers, was seized and confiscated.

Many similar, though mostly fruitless, raids have followed, but the Irish Press is too busy dealing with the murders in the baths to have found space to report them.

However, our losses have been trifling, and we are not disheartened. We are consoled by the fact that the country and

the future are with us, and that our men possess *real* arms and ammunition.

A prostitute Press, a Heaven-sent Leader and a Friendly Government are undoubtedly a fairly strong combine; still, it will take more than that to break the spirit of the Irish Volunteers.

40 Herbert Park,
Dublin, 8th April, 1915.

P. S.—Since the above was written events have followed one another with a rapidity that is almost bewildering. The Friendly Government is gone, and has been replaced by General Friend and the Coalition Ministry, which we are told will surely give us Home Rule, although its members include men who are pledged to the policy of sending "Home Rule to Hell."

The Cream of the Nominees are now ornaments of the Westminster Parliament at salaries of 400 pounds a year, and several of their colleagues have become British officers, who, however, display no more anxiety to go to the front than the Carson Army does.

Some of our most prominent Volunteers have been arrested and jailed, and one member of the Committee, a permanent invalid, has been given a savage sentence of four months' hard labor. I myself have been deported from the Desmond-Counties by the "Competent Authority," and Eoin Mac Neill's last meeting was attended by fifty police with loaded carbines, all of which incidents, though they make piquant copy, are suppressed by the Demons' Journal.

The fruitless raids for arms have been less frequent, but singularly enough several houses in which arms or Volunteer documents might be expected to lie have recently attracted the attention of some enterprising burglars. The latest of these burglaries has led to the prosecution and conviction of a mem-

ber of the Citizen Army on the charge of being in possession of a rifle.

Meanwhile Carson is the Solicitor-General for England, which goes to show that whatever may be the deficiencies of the defenders of the Realm they possess at least a sense of humor.

July 5th 1915. Ua R.

PRESIDENT WILSON, FRANCE, AND IRELAND

JOHN X. REGAN, M.A.

PRESIDENT WILSON in his message to the Senate urging the adoption of a treaty with France stated the following as reasons why it should be ratified:

"We are bound to France by ties of friendship which we have always regarded, and shall always regard, as peculiarly sacred. She assisted us to win our freedom as a nation. It is seriously to be doubted whether we could have won it without her gallant and timely aid. We have recently had the privilege of assisting in driving enemies, who were also enemies of the world, from her soil; but that does not pay our debt to her. Nothing can pay such a debt."

If Ireland be substituted for France we believe President Wilson would have been much closer to historical truth. Is there one of these reasons which does not apply, we will not say with equal but with greater force and justice and right to Ireland? Are not the ties which bind Americans to Ireland decidedly, undeniably more sacred? That the classic proof of Ireland's unique service both in the winning of our Independence and its sustaining has yet to be written we know, but the luminous facts of history cannot escape the impartial mind.

Rev. Dr. Ramsay who, according to the best modern authorities, wrote the most reliable history of the Revolution that had appeared up to his time because he shunted away from the old Whig theory blindly aped and copied by many so-called historians, and who was himself a participant in the Revolution, wrote:

"The Irish in America with few exceptions, were attracted

to Independence, for they had fled from oppressions in their native land and could not brook the idea that it should follow them." And in his chapter on the Pennsylvania Line: "The common soldiers enlisted in that state were for the most part natives of Ireland, but though not bound to America by the accidental tie of birth they were inferior to none in discipline, courage, or attachment to the cause of Independence."

War-days saw Lafayette's name hung high in our national sky as a star to which every grateful American should hitch his wagon. It attracted the eye and won the heart of the masses. It kindled enthusiasm. It worked like a charm. Lafayette? Of course. And everybody hurrahed and cheered. A mere glance at the appeals made during the war will reveal how often Lafayette's name was repeated, from President Wilson and General Pershing down, in Congress and out of Congress. It was all the apotheosis of a great name. Administration leaders were not slow to grasp the old cheap and easy device to lure the many. Historical facts? What knowledge of, what time, what care have the multitude for these? Lafayette to them was a name rich in romance, shining with a dramatic touch. From a pragmatic viewpoint the success of the conjurers was as instant as it was superb.

No one should subtract one jot from the value of the aid Lafayette rendered the American Cause. But surely it was one of the ironies of fate that it was while in Metz, Germany, at a dinner-party, that Lafayette heard of the revolting colonies and determined to throw his fortune in with them. His coming when America had few friends anywhere had a fine heartening effect upon the struggling colonists. But great soldier he was not, and his military career in America though estimable, was not extraordinary, and was far from what the political propagandists made it out to be. Apart from the chivalry displayed by his joining the right though the then apparently hopeless cause, it is by no means manifest what distinctive service he rendered. Certainly it was not indispensable.

But the relevant, notable fact that merits stress is the one

these propagandists politicly dissembled. That fact is that Lafayette did not for an instant represent France. To dissuade him from coming his friends left no stone unturned. The King actually forbade him. Even the American Envoys did not look with favor on his coming. When he was about to sail he was arrested, but the eager youth fitting out a vessel at his own expense surreptitiously reached our shores. So the joke of our glorification of France is that the most famous of her sons who came to our aid had the official sanction of neither the French Monarch, nor of the French Republic nor of the French Directory. The French Assembly voted him a traitor, the French Directory kept him an exile. Himself alone Lafayette represented and his inborn love of liberty; and all the facts of history deny that he represented France. Even of what value in a determining sense his services were, is seriously mooted.

And France herself? No one will deny that during the greater part of our struggle she did not lift a finger to aid us. Burgoyne had surrendered, the crisis of the American Revolution had passed before France moved one step to help the colonists. With all due respect to the President's opinion we think that history attests the probability of the successful outcome of the war even if the belated help of the outsiders had failed to arrive. At the eleventh hour assistance was gratefully received and did accelerate the achievement of Independence. But France's motives were not the noblest; no feeling of friendship prompted her action; no chivalry stirred her to strike a blow for human freedom—it was chiefly a desire to cripple and weaken her old enemy England. Not till after Saratoga and the tempting offers of peace by England did France listen to Franklin.

Superior, how enormously superior in quantity and quality is the potent aid rendered by Ireland and the sons of Ireland. Her motive was the holy one of human liberty. As Washington himself expressed it in his letter to the Irish Patriots: "Your cause is identical with mine." From the very start all Ireland stood by us, sorrowed with us in our defeats

and rejoiced with us in our victories, fighting in every battle from the first to the last shot on land and on sea. No one will dispute the testimony of George Bancroft, the historian, when he said in Faneuil Hall: "In the days of the Revolution Ireland was with us to a man."

Irish blood in the Revolution was the determining factor. After twenty years of painstaking research Mr. Michael O'Brien in his book, "A Hidden Phase of American History, Ireland's Part in America's Struggle for Liberty," establishes unequivocally that thirty-eight percent of the Revolutionary army that won American Independence were Irish. His findings cannot be gainsaid because he cites evidence. France came to us at the last moment when the tide of battle had turned in our favor. Ireland was with us in large numbers, astonishingly large, right from the beginning.

But far more important than this because more essential is the fact that it was chiefly the Irish in the colonies who aflame with the love of liberty and independence incessantly stirred and fanned their sacred embers. As Charles E. Hughes remarked in 1908:

" . . . certainly they (the Irish) have contributed the yeast of Independence and not only throughout the colonial period, but ever since they have furnished that spirit of revolt against tyranny and unjust exaction, that insistence upon individual rights and equal opportunity, which not only made possible the foundings of our institutions, but have preserved them in their entirety until this hour."

There is excellent proof in abundance that distinguished Americans at all times in our history have borne testimony to the almost incalculable aid Ireland rendered this country through her sons. Irishmen were not only eminent among those who won our Independence and illustrious on the battlefields where it was sustained, but they were the chief builders whose brains and brawn secured for America her unequalled national prosperity. It is almost superfluous to remark that

neither French blood nor that of any other nation have such a record as proud and glorious as it is indisputable.

Here are a few statements to confirm this assertion.

General Lewis Cass in 1847 remarked in the Senate:

"Ireland has strong claims upon the sympathy of the United States. There are few of our citizens who have not Irish blood in their veins. That country has sent out a large number of the immigrants who have added numbers to our population, industry and enterprise to our capital, and the other elements of power and prosperity.

"Our population of Irish descent have fought battles of the country with as much zeal and bravery as any class of citizens. And from the heights of Abraham where Montgomery fell, to the walls of Monterey, their blood has been poured out like water in defence of liberty."

Governor Ames of Massachusetts at a great anti-coercion meeting in 1887, said:

"I bring the sympathy of the Commonwealth because you are in sympathy with the traditions of the fathers. The success of the cause of Ireland may not come tomorrow, or this year, but its ultimate success in principles of right, of equity and justice, is certain."

General Benjamin Butler at the same meeting read from the first report of the Continental Congress in 1775. "There," said the speaker, "is the petition of the United Colonies to the Irishmen to come over here, and the descendants of those so invited, some of them are here before me. On occasions like this our forefathers looked forward almost with prophecy. When the war came Ireland sent us Montgomery and other compatriots who fought in the Revolution. If war should come let us pay that class of debt first. God forbid that should be, but if it does come may God defend the right. Don't let me be understood as wishing for war. But coercion of nations must end in war. All history shows that such acts end in war,—the great arbiter. One wrong succeeds another until

the appeal to arms is all that is left and I think that a man had better be killed than to have his brethren starve to death."

Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the *New York Sun,* at a protest meeting of N. Y. citizens against coercion, said:

"The question will, perhaps, be asked what business we have with the proceedings of the British Parliament towards the Irish people and what right we have to put in a voice upon the subject. I think our right is unquestioned. We speak in the first place in behalf of humanity, in behalf of justice in the abstract; in behalf of the rights which belong to men as men and which they are about to violate in Ireland in a manner unworthy of the middle ages. We speak to you because the Irishmen in Ireland are our near relations, not merely near to us who are home at Plymouth Rock, but near to all Americans; because the Irish Race make up a vast number of the American people and because they contribute in every way, and have contributed to the progress and the power of this country. Nor are these the only reasons why we have a right to speak on this matter. We have a right because we have contributed to maintain the great contest of freedom which Irishmen led by Mr. Parnell are now so gallantly fighting. Where is the treasury of Ireland? It is in the hearts and the pockets of the Irishmen of the United States. It is in the hearts of all Americans who sympathise with them and cooperate with them and mean to cooperate to the end. If wrong is done in the enactment of a coercion bill the men to maintain a struggle against it will come from here."

The Hon. George Frisbe Hoar said in Faneuil Hall at a pro-Irish meeting:

"It is appropriate that we should meet here to-night, for the two countries are united by the closest ties and owe much to each other. The early American patriots, in their effort for freedom held up as an argument the similarity of the condition between their country and Ireland. And in the Declaration of Independence is the denunciation of the same acts which England is attempting today, the taking of men across

the sea for trial—and in that arraignment of the Tory Government of England. It is one cause, one aim, that unites the oppressed countries. It is as important for England to hear the voice of this meeting as it is for Ireland, and if the British Empire cannot be maintained without a continuance of eight-centuries oppression in Ireland, it ought to go down. Every battle fought in our late war testified to the gallantry and bravery of the Irish Race and showed whatever his prejudice of party the Irishman was true to the flag of his adopted country. Whatever heart may be cold, whatever tongue may be silent, mine shall never be so in behalf of the Irishmen or their country."

Facts are Facts. France's contribution to American Independence and American National Development when juxtaposed with Ireland's is quite insignificant. Without France's aid we should probably have achieved independence anyway. Without Ireland's, we are convinced after an impartial study of facts, the American Revolution might never have been fought. If we can never repay the debt we owe France it is ten thousand times more true that we can never repay the debt we owe Ireland. Let us begin by recognising the Irish Republic established by the ballot of the Irish Nation.

THE FLIPPANT HYPHEN

JOHN X. REGAN, M.A.

"HYPHENATED," in certain quarters, is all the vogue. Yet what mental sloth or oblique bias its use betrays! To impugn loyalty it is employed almost like a hand-grenade. Take for instance, Irish-American. This, according to good use, the basis of all good style, means an American of Irish blood. But an odious cant has attempted to twist and distort its meaning serpentinely in a base effort to attach odium to the term. Surely nobody but a mere sciolist fails to perceive the "hyphen" is a mere quibble. From our days of formal logic we all know the function of the quibble, tergiversation. In practical life quibbling is the pet toy of puerile minds or a decoy set to ensnare the unthinking multitude. It matters little who it was who invented this mean decoy. What does matter is the fortunate fact that words and coiners of words make neither men nor Americans—sterling worth is still the badge of manhood and Americanism.

Is there any intellectual honesty in attempting to hoodwink people by verbality, by verbal ukase decreeing the "hyphenated" un-American? Certainly it is utter verbality to allege that you have the thing because you impute a sinister meaning to the name. Would it not be more scientific, less confusing, more consonant with thought-exactness, which ought to manifest itself in precision of expression, to give new names directly to new ideas rather than to retain an old name and surreptitiously introduce a new invidious and unjust meaning? Methods employed to confuse have never helped intellectual or moral progress.

Would these modern flippant carpers fling the "hyphen" at the father of the American Navy? When hailed by a British

frigate's challenge, *"What ship is that?"* Commodore John Barry replied, *"The Frigate United States, saucy Jack Barry, Commander, half Irishman, half Yankee,—who the hell are you?"*

Would they find fault with Colonel Johnson, "gallant old Tecumseh," as he was called, for paying the following tribute in 1842 to the Irish, at Lexington, Kentucky: *"I have, with some of you, my fellow-citizens, fought by the side of the Irishmen in the ranks of liberty, under the Star Spangled Banner, against the Christian oppressor, as well as the savage foe. I have fought under the bird of Jove—the abiding eagle—by the side of the sons of the Emerald Isle. I have seen the Irishman fall in the ranks, and thank his God that he had one life to give to the cause of American freedom, and regret that he had not another life to lose for her sake. I have witnessed many an instance of their bravery in the field, and I know this country is largely indebted for its liberties to the brave and warm-hearted Irish, who never gave up a post but with their lives—who were never in any engagement shot in their backs. I have great confidence in the Irish people. Blood is the price that is sometimes paid for liberty; and if blood is to be shed for that sacred cause, there are no men on earth more ready to shed their blood at its sacred shrine, than Irishmen."*

Would they find fault with General Winfield Scott who said of the Irish under him in the Mexican war, of whom there were more than two thousand, *"no one ever turned his back upon the enemy or faltered in advancing to the charge"?*

Would they censure Col. Thomas W. Higginson for saying of John Boyle O'Reilly, *"It sometimes seemed as if centuries of oppression, generations of protest against tyranny, were concentrated into a single burning paragraph that came from his pen. . . . I am not one of those who can criticise a man who was so good an American for being not merely incidentally and occasionally, but steadily and underneath it all, an Irishman also. . . . I never have been among those who believed it to be the duty of an Irishman, as soon as he set foot on this*

soil and looked around for his naturalization papers, to forget the wrongs and sorrows he had left behind him. I cannot complain of Boyle O'Reilly, that through life in his spirit he kept the green flag waving beside the Stars and Stripes, any more than I can forget the recorded joy of McClellan in the terrible battles of the Peninsula when he saw the green flags borne by each regiment in Meagher's Irish Brigade come from the second army corps to his relief."

There were no small-minded cavillers in those days to hurl meaningless quibbles at brave Americans of Irish blood. These were known as, and called, Irishmen. That their Americanism was above reproach, went without saying. Have we lost the noble comity of former days?

IRELAND, POLITICS, AND CONSCIENCE *

JOHN X. REGAN, M. A.

RIGHT and wrong, or rather the sense of right and wrong is life's pivot. In human history no words transcend in importance these two—Right impelling the race to progress, Wrong retrograding mankind. These are the everlasting, immutable things. Indelibly imprinted on conscience by the Creator this law has a vital, essential function in every nook and corner of human action, in politics no less than in economics, in national affairs no less than in individual conduct. Politics, unless moral, is inhuman—he who runs may read this truth in the history of every people.

Every day one reads or hears about the cause of Ireland's Independence. But what does this word CAUSE mean? Not only does it denote the political, but it also connotes the human emancipation of Ireland. But arresting stress I wish to lay on an aspect which is frequently ignored, unfortunately overlooked, or but vaguely alluded to by statesmen and critics alike —so torpid in the matter has become the political conscience— and that is the ethical aspect,—the signal, reverence-compelling fact that Ireland's cause is a great, sacred, ineluctably ethical struggle, a struggle supported by moral reasons and motives which their fathers have maintained for centuries and which Irishmen today are fast completing—a struggle urged, levered and impetused by conscience, a struggle rooted and grounded in the eternal principles of right.

The Rebel, the inexpugnably certain rebel against right, has been, is, England—the British "Government"—what Mitchel termed, the English Thing; Ireland has been, is, the im-

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placably zealous champion of right. That, briefly, is the truth. That, tersely, is Ireland's history. Correct thinking is a powerful searchlight that reveals facts. Who seriously calls Irishmen "rebels" or describes their conflicts with wrong as "rebellions" is stark dead, intellectually. In justice, let us give things their proper names—in the interest of truth let us think for ourselves, independently of error and cant.

Nor have I, nor should I have—who should?—any patience with those who speak of or write on Irish history as "gloomy, dull, distressful." These are the terms of the enemy or reflect his psychology, terms at variance with the facts, terms of the wrong-doer, of those who aid and abet the English Thing. For can any struggle merit greater praise, can any struggle be more gallant, more glorious, more heroic, can any struggle shine with more splendid lustre of nobility than the struggle of Right against Wrong? That struggle is the conflict of Ireland with England. England is wrong, Ireland is right.

I have just returned after almost a year's sojourn in Ireland. From the privilege of contact with many of the leaders of the Irish Republic, the rank and file of the Volunteers, the Cuman na mBan, and the people in general—one impression remains pre-eminent above all others and that is the Irish people's inflexible determination to maintain their fight for their country's independence at all costs, because, as they said, "in conscience we are bound to sustain our own government which the majority of our fellow-countrymen voted for and established."

The people of Ireland today are conducting the struggle with holier intensity than ever, I think, against alien, military rule, not merely because it is oppressive rule but especially because it is rule by foreigners. On their side the Irish people know that they have right and justice, that the English are wrong and unjust. By God's Providence this cause of Ireland is simple. Like all the chief obligations of life, the child can understand it and the sage. Time and time again with energetic iterancy this thesis was demonstrated for me in all parts of Ire-

land, not always in the same terms, but invariably with the identical content. "This cause of our country's Independence is a sacred matter, is *de sua natura,* essentially ethical, a subject involving obligation on the part of every Irish man and woman, a matter of Right and Wrong, an inescapable obligation."

One indeed brushes elbow occasionally with the apparently indifferent or supine in Ireland, individuals who are unconcerned, even tell you so, ply their trade, and ostensibly tend their religious duties in passive acquiescence of the foreign military occupation of their country. But these are a negligible few. The pretext upon which these indifferent people fall back is tantamount to an absolute denial of the essentially ethical element in politics—they lean upon the reed of a sophistry in their tacid surrender of their very rights as human beings as well as in their neglect of their duties—theirs is a sinful acquiescence in the invasion of human liberty. For they are citizens of the Irish Republic to which alone they owe allegiance, in which they are bound to fulfil their political duties. They allege that they are not "interested in politics," that they are not "politicians." If by "politics" they mean vote-catching, graft, unscrupulosity, favoritism, mean and petty ambition, lust for self and power, trimming, and the flouting of every moral principle; if by "politicians" they mean that shallow, turpid tribe of corrupt, venal degenerates, and all the other sinister things which undoubtedly attach to the words in modern times, neither their fellow-countrymen nor conscience, it is almost needless to remark, could require them to take part in any such sordid business. It smacks of hell—of all things evil. Here is one of the instances where a noble word has been dragged down by human depravity into the mire of sinful association.

But politics has a noble sense, a true sense, a human sense. Politics, properly speaking, should be and is considered by all honest men, a branch of ethics—the science of natural morality indicating what action is right, and what is wrong,

as befitting or unbefitting a rational creature. And in these days of turmoil and confusion in the world, too serious, too solemn reflection can hardly be had on the obligations we all have in politics. Fogginess and misconception as regards politics, its nature and obligations seem to be everywhere in the world rampant. Men seem not to realize that politics is one of the chief chapters in the philosophy of life, of Right.

Many friends of Ireland hate the Evil Thing of alien military rule, (I insist upon the fact of military alien rule because in Ireland today any impartial observer knows that England is functioning there only as a military machine, behind barbed wire entanglements in Dublin Castle and in Phoenix Park and in her army encampments entrenched in different parts of Ireland—as a foreign government England has ceased to function in Ireland)—more from instinct than from principle. Correct though this instinct is, their influence would be far more potent if this instinct were shown to be supported by principle.

Man, by his very nature, is an ethical animal, that is, a rational animal, bound to do what is right. But man is equally a political animal, that is, he must live in civil society. This is the ethically inescapable condition of human existence. Citizens with duties to our country we are all by God's ordination. Our ethical responsibilities we may shirk, but we cannot evade with impunity our obligations in civil society, our duties political.

Philosophy teaches that the necessities of existence make men political. And the complexity of modern existence accentuates the importance of our political duties.

The end, the purpose of civil society, is not mere existence —it is existence in accordance with man's highest and distinctive attribute—Reason. Aristotle pointedly insisted that the State is formed that men may live, but exists that they may live nobly.

What is the State? The State, the body politic, is a society of free men. The governing by the State, i. e., the constitutional (political or civil) government is a government of free

men and equals. Or, to put it in another way, the State is a political community organized into a distinctive government by the people themselves, recognized by the people, existing and functioning by the consent of the people, for the sake of the people. Hence the State exists for the sake of the people, not the people for the State.

Justice—Right is the true foundation of the State—justitia fundamentum regni. There can be no justice, no right where there is not the explicit, voluntary consent of the community—that is essential.

That Empires are States, one should, of course, strictly speaking, deny. For all empires were founded and are sustained not on Right, but Wrong, not on Right but Might. The only government which merits the title is that whose basis is ethical, whose foundation is Right and Justice, whose title to sovereignty is the consent of the people. Empires rest not on the adamantine rock of Law, of Justice, of Right,—hence merit not the title of States. An empire is not a State, but a gang of robbers, not built on Law, but on Anarchy, not on Right, but the sword. Empire statesmen and empire builders are the rebels of history; those who rise up to resist them are the world's true and noble men. The very word patriotism, love of one's native land, is out of joint with what is called empire-citizenship. The very word empire connotes might, not right. The story of Empires is a history of blood, repression, suppression, colonisation, hangings, tortures, assassinations, reform bills, coercion bills, crime acts, final settlements, questions and problems, government without the consent of the governed, in a word, a story of wrong.

Read the theories of government of Imperialists, read their "solemn humbug," read their "vast, unconscious hypocrisy,"—nowhere will you find any trace of the ethical basis, but everywhere the scouting of right. In expounding their empire-sovereignty, when they come to the heart of things, there is not even the pretence of Right. Lord Thring says: "The means by which the possessions of Great Britain were acquired have been as

various as the possessions themselves. What is the link which fastens each of these possessions to the mother country? The inherent and indestructible right to exercise Imperial powers —in other words, the Supremacy of the Crown and the British Parliament. What, again, is the common bond of union between these vast Colonial possessions, differing in laws, in religion, and in the character of the population? The same answer must be given, namely, the sovereignty of Great Britain. The mode in which the materials composing the British Empire have been cemented together is exactly the reverse of the manner of the construction of the American Union. In the case of the American Union, Independent States voluntarily relinquished a portion of their Sovereignty to secure national unity.

The progress and diffusion of true democracy have resulted in "Empires going with a vengeance." Only two of these political monstrosities survive, Britain and Japan. And they are not wanting eminent thinkers who predict their imminent disruption.

As a profound student of government wrote: "Coercion may enforce subject, as it may enforce cohabitation, but it does not create the natural bond without the natural title. You may make a plantation of slaves and call it a realm; but you cannot have a body politic to rule, nor authority to rule over one, except you have the foundation of consent." (The Rev. Charles B. Macksey, S.J., in "Sovereignty and Consent," p. 25.)

The primary end of the State, the chief purpose and reason of its existence is the community's common weal or general welfare. This "end of civil society does not properly belong to any individual person, or individual groups of persons in preference to others in the community, but to the community as such, to the people as a body politic, a moral person." (idem, p. 20.) To accomplish this end the State must protect the rights of persons and properties.

That every man has an indefeasible right to live out his

own life, and has an indefeasible right to what is requisite to enable him to do so, is indisputable. So also the associations of men, formed by their common consent, possess the same indefeasible rights. Civil, political society is as natural as the family; man's innate tendencies are equally strong towards it; it is equally necessary for God's full plan; it carries a like obligation upon mankind to establish it; its essential elements, juridical as well as others, are prescribed by the natural law. Just as the primary right of every man is to existence, so the primary right of the State (a people, a nation) is to be, *qua talis*, is to existence, *qua* State (or nation). Further the right of the State, set up by the free choice of a free people (no other State is or can be lawful) is not merely to existence, but to complete existence, noble and worthy existence, an existence in accordance with the dignity of human nature.

This right Imperialists deny on the supercilious, unethical, unjust, and inhuman pretext that they can rule any people better than they can govern themselves. Abraham Lincoln spoke the truth when he said that Almighty God never made one people good enough to rule over another people. Political slavery is the monstrous offspring of imperialism, a policy conceived and executed in wrong. In the last analysis imperialism is a despotic infringement of human freedom itself.

The question is being asked today whether representative government is not a failure. Paternalism, maladministration and graft are not so much the objects of attack as representative government itself. This, of course, is a mistake. The real root of this deplorable state of affairs is the neglect of the electorate properly to fulfill their duties by keeping in touch with politics. Many acute observers declare that this shirking of political duty may spell the ruin of representative government. The consequences of citizens omitting to vote, voting indiscriminately, or for selfish purposes, and neglecting to keep a watchful eye on governmental performance, are large and menacing.

There are some people who fancy that the Irish people

should give over their struggle for separation because it is costing so much suffering, so much material loss. The critics are ignorant of the intense spiritual character of the Irish people, of their devotion to principle. Irishmen realize that the *essential obligation* and rights of Irish citizenship are not the arbitrary choice of Irishmen but are determined, as in every true State, by the natural purposes and exigencies of civic coalesence. "The civic bond, like the marriage bond, is a definite, specific compound of obligations and rights. As in marriage, the binding force of this bond also comes from God through the natural law. This bond is actuated in the concrete by the consent of the citizens. In a word, the one substantial thing in the establishment of a State, as of a family, in joining a civic unit together with the civic bond as in joining a family unit with a marriage bond, is the voluntary and free consent of those who establish the union." (Idem, p. 17.)

Some one has said that the true thermometer of civilization is the keen feeling and perception of what is Right and Wrong. For what else does civilization mean? Civilization is the fine and practical perception of all the rights and duties involved in citizenship having in their far-reaching ramifications their start and finish in God. Eminence in character of men and society—advance up the hill of perfection—the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity and their concomitant fruits, happiness, nobleness and wisdom—this is civilization. The genuine greatness of men and of nations consist of this eminence, this progress, these spiritual qualities. The roots of human progress, whence blossom the grace and beauty of life, true success and power, are probity, honor, the denial of self, and susceptibility to the sweet and elevating influences of high ideals. These are essential to what Aristotle called (more than 2,300 years ago his voice rang out—ah, the startling lack of human progress), "the good life," the perfection of life—the noble and worthy existence of the State, the body politic, civil society.

Measured by this criterion, this thermometer of civiliza-

tion, I know of no people whose national character registers a higher degree of historical virtue and of humanity than the Irish character. The longanimity of the people, the splendid list Ireland possesses of martyrs for her sacrosanct championship of Right against Wrong, martyrs whose lives were eminently noble and crowned with an heroic death—all these are the true tokens of civilization and rise above and outlive the empty pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest Empire.

Irishmen's ideals have been and are today, high, severe, yes, even ascetic—their common life has been distinguishd by a dignity, magnanimity and virility—however mean and deplorable are the exceptions to the standard commonly cherished and practised. These are the happy ideals that brought the smile to Pearse's countenance as he joyfully faced death,* that made Mac Swiney exclaim:—

> Thou wilt be dead tomorrow.—Nay, tomorrow
> The land will be awake. What recks it then
> Who will be dead, or I or anyone
> Amongst us who must fall? The land will live.

The radiant and fragrant beauty of this civilization shining in her centuried conflict for Right against Wrong—that is the outstanding meaning and nobility of Ireland's cause. In Ireland there is a notable stressing of *ethical values*. Hence I found the conviction so prevalent among Irishmen that nobody whose conscience was awake and active could escape the moral obligation of energetic and whole-hearted activity in behalf of the Republic, because, as they insisted, the struggle is ethical, supported and impelled by motives of conscience.

Under the most narrowing oppression, the most diabolical injustice, we behold patience without weakness, humility without pusillanimity, fearlessness without pride, all crowned with the pearl beyond price, the unswerving and unflinching determination to spurn the gain of the whole world rather than suf-

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*(As Fr. Aloysius, who attended Pearse to the end, told me.)

fer the loss of her national soul—this is Ireland's story—this Ireland's history, a conflict of Ireland's Right with England's Wrong. Let come what may, while conscience lasts this conflict shall endure.

More fundamentally than day from night, than light from darkness—aye, toto caelo, the Irish mind differs from the British. Temper, instinct, principle, vision, I include in mind, and the broad psychology of life. Spiritual, catholic, generous, refined, faithful, robust, tender—this is the Irish mind. And the very antonyms of these words best describe the British mind—material, insular, selfish, gross, perfidious, effeminate and cruel. Ever since the days of Elizabeth it has permitted itself to be ruled by the intellectual and moral cecity of the Cecils. Today the ethical limpness, not to say corruption, of the British mind is manifest in the prevailing idolatry of physical comfort, of sensuous gratification, and of luxurious living. The worse than Pagan ethics of the English Chancellor reflecting the British mind is evident from his words in support of divorce: "The principle that marriage was indissoluble disappeared by almost universal admission from our institutions 359 years ago. We, therefore, today approach the question on the basis that marriage was not, and is not, to be treated as indissoluble. Those who took the other view did not live in this world, and their arguments were the whisperings of the abandoned superstitions of the Middle Ages."

I should like to believe that none of us Irish have been in the least degree contaminated by the pernicious doctrine of English political writers and political economists, to whom right and wrong, justice and injustice are purely the result of human convention, who allege that the "feeling of moral obligation" comes from the accumulated experience of ages —that inbred selfishness, plus the fear of the policeman *(here is the British condonation of their entire empire system, its orientation and its defence)*, is the account of "the sense of duty or moral obligation." The British mind, I mean as it has shown itself in political science and political prac-

tice, measures all good by the standard of pleasure or utility. Its superciliousness impels it to ignore, as it does, that profound distinction of the school men between Right and Enjoyment.

The British mind does not understand man to be an "ethical animal, having perception of justice and injustice, of right and wrong." It fails to recognize the objective element in morality. The bewitchery of trifles, the spirit of wordliness blind the British mind so that it does not see that the idea of duty differs by the whole diameter of existence from the concept of agreeable feeling. Do not the whole cast of British political notions and the entire range of their political practice scorn all sound ethics and believe that right is something created by human experience—that right may exist by the sheer exercise of might? Just as certainly as right and wrong are irreconcilable and stand at opposite poles apart, the Irish mind differs radically from the British.

Wrong is the British mind, utterly wrong on the all vital subjects of political science and practice. This signal fact should not be overlooked in the consideration of Ireland's cause. "From their fruits ye shall know them," said our Blessed Savior. British mentality makes the State rest on utility—considers the primary end of government to be the protection of the persons and property of men. All sound ethics are rejected. English politicians are afflicted with a logoneurosis in their conjuring with the sacred words, freedom, democracy, self-government—for they have done all that they could to empty the words of their rightful meaning. *The "freedom" of imperialists concedes to their political slaves anything except any impeding or clogging of the omnipotent wheels of all-sovereign imperialism.*

Right, profoundly, indisputably right, is the Irish mind in its political and human philosophy. The Irish mind knows that the primary end of the State is not to protect the persons and property of men, but to protect the *Right* of the persons and property of men. For the Irish realize that the State is a

moral person, an ethical organism made up in the aggregate of moral persons. The Gaelic mind knows that the State is as essential to human existence as the family, and equally *involves obligation for its institution and maintenance;* that the *State, nation, people, is a natural unit,* that it is a juridical social unit whose elements are held together by a *civic bond,* embodying all the *essential obligations of cooperation,* and all the essential rights of social protection and opportunity (Idem, passim)—the Gaelic mind perceives that these essential *obligations* and rights are not the *arbitrary choice* of men, but that they are determined by the natural purposes and exigencies of human life as *ordained by God;* finally the Gaelic mind *knows* that "the *one substantial thing* in the establishment of a State, as of a family, in joining a civic unit together with the civic bond as in joining the family unit with the marriage bond, is the *voluntary and free consent of those who establish the union, the State.*"

Again, Irish mentality is *acutely* aware that these *political principles are vital and of supreme importance* because they are ethical, that they enter into the very marrow of spiritual life, that there can be no impunitive evasion or omission of their *obligations,* that Right, Conscience, is at the bottom of all true political existence, and that upon the knowledge ond practice of this right depends the *true life, the spiritual life and death of nations.* The Gaelic mind knows that Right is eternal and everlasting, an immutable idea, an essential part of the Divine economy.

To say that the British political conscience is dull and callous is to put it mildly. All the signs by which one can form a judgment go to prove that it shall not awake until Britain bites the dust and wears sackcloth. British political eyes are blind to principle, to Right and Wrong. Is not the truth of that written clear and large over their far-flung empire of wrong? In fact there are no first principles in English politics, or last principles—there are no principles at all—and no laws giving expression to principles—the whole governmental struc-

ture and policy are a mere matter of expediency, utility, convention, all revolving round the centre—self-interest. In the late fifties Lord Salisbury blurted out the truth when he said that in English politics "no one acts on principle or reasons from them." Disraeli wrote to Bulwer Lytton: "Damn your principles! Stick to your party." (Think of it, even his English principles.)

Wolf Tone defined Irish freedom as "The Rights of man in Ireland." Padraic Pearse declared that "true political independence requires spiritual and intellectual independence as its basis, or it tends to become unstable, a thing resting merely on interests which change with time and circumstances." Irish patriots invariably insist on the essentially ethical character of their struggle. Professor O'Rahilly cites St. Thomas to prove that men are bound under pain of sin to rise up and overthrow the usurper,—"If men have both a just cause, and the power and if the common good does not suffer, they would be right in promoting sedition, and they would sin if they did not do so. (Politics, vi)" Again,—"When anyone seizes by force on the government, against the will or with the forced consent of the subjects, and when recourse cannot be had to a superior for a decision as to the usurper, then the man who, in order to free his country, slays the tyrant, deserves praise and reward." (Sent., d. 44, q. 2, a. 2.)

Let me point out the striking applicability of St. Thomas's conditions to Ireland. The justice of Ireland's cause is evident to anyone who knows the true nature of government and the true end and purpose of the State. To the Irish mind it has ever been so vivid and precious a truth that men have died for it in every generation, and the whole nation has suffered indescribably, and is suffering unspeakable outrages to sustain the Republic of Ireland which has been established and for which they will die rather than disown.

Have Irishmen the power? Ab esse ad posse valet illatio —from what has been done to what can be done, the inference is valid. Already the Irish people have evinced their capacity

by establishing the Republic, and every day are vindicating by way of further corroborative proof their ability by sustaining it despite all the wiles and odds of might and brute force.

That the common good will not suffer is manifest from the enormous good the Republic is doing for the Irish people. One of the very practical demonstrations both of the force and advantage of native government over foreign rule is had in the number of estates that are being purchased by combinations of the people under the direction of the Republican government. Independent of the red-tape and invidious favoritism of British officialism the people are securing advances through a bank, and very expeditiously the lands are passing into the hands of the people. That is an instance of the power of the *de facto* and the *de jure* government, that is one of the ways the Republic is functioning. Now contrast this Republican performance with the slow and bureaucratic malversation of the usurpers. In the 25th "Report of the Congested Districts Board for Ireland" we have their incompetence written by themselves so plainly that he who runs may read:—

	Acres
Lands purchased from 1891 to 1917.....	2,257,515
Lands resold from 1891 to 1917.....	539,340
Lands in hands of C. D. B.....	1,718,175

Why had these 1,718,175 acres not been resold? Why had the C. D. B. kept them still in their hands? This greater bulk of the acres which they had purchased the C. D. B. were retaining on their hands, one may very reasonably presume, for plantation and other exploitation purposes. The validity of this presumption readily appears to anyone who read the policy as adumbrated by Carson a short time ago when he advocated that Connacht lands should be parcelled out to soldiers. Carson is the modern Cromwell.

The Republican courts are functioning throughout the greater part of the country and with extraordinary efficiency. Even the London Times last May was constrained to admit that

in Ireland "The King's writ runs nowhere save in armored cars." The decision rendered in the following case speaks for itself. Two brothers were disputing the division of property left them by their father. The court's decision was for one of them to divide the land into equal halves and for the other to take his choice. For speed and justice these courts are inferior to none.

There is no stand-at-a-distance attitude possible for an honest man, for a citizen of any country, in regard to politics. Neither clergyman nor layman can shirk his political duties without guilt. And the guilt is grave because of its far-reaching consequences. Not only rights do citizens possess in politics but also duties. These are solemn obligations of conscience which have been wont to be shunted and shifted to the shoulders of others, to the degradation of manhood and the destruction of representative government. Though probably the most insidious and pernicious peril of the age, yet through inadvertence, irresponsibility and sloppy thinking, this neglect of political duties goes on apace. Everybody seems to believe, at least in practice, in an all but absolutely vicarious character of politics. Or they will whine over the "hopelessness" or "rottenness" of politics as if that exempted them from the dictates of right and conscience. Much as I might like to, I cannot shuffle off my duties as a political animal. At bottom politics is a matter of conscience.

I think that it would make for the progress of mankind, of manhood, for the peace of the world, if this simple, true but momentous truth were kept before the eyes of the people, of citizens, the fact that politics is of its very essence an ethical matter, a branch of ethics, that at the basis of politics national and international lies the question of what is right.

The Irish people understand their rights as citizens of their own country and their duties to support their Republic, duties rooted in conscience. The Irish nation knows its goal—complete separation from everything British. The alien Thing is in a state of panic and frenzy. Ireland is cool and deter-

mined. What is to prevent Ireland from reaching her goal? Guns? Tanks? Bayonets? Lloyd George's pack of murderers? All these are mortal, passing things, and engines of human depravity, the agents of British rebellion against Right, against God. Irishmen will continue to follow the high example of their Fathers and ever look at the matter from the point of Justice, of Duty, of Principle, of Conscience. For principle is the strongest and most indestructible thing in the world.

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